





# INVINCIBLE

BOOK 03

*Shen Jian*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

**Invincible**

(无敌天下)

by

**Shen Jian**

(神见)

# Synopsis

---

The strong are lonesome. Overcoming the loneliness pushes you to stand invincible at the top.

Pro-disciple of the Shaolin Temple on earth, Huang Xiaolong was reborn into a Martial Spirit world, carrying Hua Xia's secret knowledge, the Body Metamorphose Scripture. In a Martial Spirit world, only those with Martial Spirit are able to train in battle qi and become a warrior. Huang Xiaolong born with a heaven-defying rare Martial Spirit was mistakenly taken for common variant Martial Spirit during the awakening ceremony conducted by the tribe and thus sidelined. However, Huang Xiaolong with his common "variant" Martial Spirit again, and again displayed unnatural talent, defeating geniuses, shocking the clan and the entire Martial Spirit World

# Acknowledgement

---

All rights reserved.

English Translation by Qumu @ [WuxiaWorld](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

This is a free eBook. You are free to give it away (in unmodified form) to whomever you wish.

No part of this eBook may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the author.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

# Chapter 201: My, Chen Qingfengs Methods

---

“Just now was a misunderstanding?” Huang Xiaolong’s icy gaze swept over their faces like a blizzard, not slowing his pace as he continued walking closer to the Guo Brothers.

“Yes, yes, of course it was a misunderstanding!” Guo Zhi tried his best to keep the smile on his face.

Guo Zhi had a portly stature to begin with. Adding the forceful smile on his face, his appearance was a sight to behold.

“That’s right Xiaolong Bro, when your sister marries into our Guo Family, we’re all brothers.” Guo Fei laughed, “We’re one family.”

“Right, right, one family!” Guo Zhi nodded his head with vigor.

By this point, Huang Xiaolong stood about three meters from them, watching the panic and fear written all over the brothers’ faces, he snickered but it did not reach his eyes, “What were the words you used earlier? A paltry little Huang Family smelly pissant wants to enter our Guo Family... Or did I have a problem with my ears and heard wrongly?”

Guo Zhi and Guo Fei’s faces clouded over like dark skies.

Before the onlooking crowd, Guo Zhi suddenly raised his hand and struck hard at his own face. Then he smiled amiably at Huang Xiaolong, “It is my mouth that has a problem, I put my foot in my mouth. Xiaolong Bro, I hope that you do not bear any ill feelings because of this!”

Guo Fei followed Guo Zhi’s action, steeling himself, he raised a hand and executed a merciless slap on his own face. After that, he forced himself to smile at Huang Xiaolong, “That’s true Xiaolong Bro, you’re generous and magnanimous, surely you won’t mind these small matters with us right?”

When the people around saw the two Guo Brothers, Guo Zhi and

Guo Fei slapping themselves in the face, there was a feeling of absurd irony.

But Huang Xiaolong shook his head at them, “Unfortunately, being magnanimous is not something I practice, therefore-” until here, Huang Xiaolong softly raised both his hands, and a frightening fluctuation of battle qi energy pooled in the center of Huang Xiaolong’s palms.

The Guo Brothers faces turned ashen, quickly retreating backward in a flustered manner.

In that precise moment, a dignified voice thundered, “Who dares harm my Young Lord?!” followed by the sound of whistling wind as two figures flew over at rapid speed.

When the Guo Brothers saw the new arrivals, their faces lit up.

Huang Xiaolong retrieved the battle qi rotating in his palms.

Then, everyone’s vision blurred as two old men dressed in black robes appeared in the street: one had very long, striking white eyebrows whereas the other actually had white-colored irises!

Guo Zhi and Guo Fei rushed to their safety at the sides of these two old men, “Steward Chen, Steward Lu!”

The two of them were the Duanren Empire, Guo Family Manor’s stewards. The Guo Manor has four main stewards, and also four big experts!

The one with the long white brows was Steward Chen, Chen Qingfeng, and the old man with the white irises was Steward Lu, Lu Yifan.

“Young Lords, are you alright?” Chen Qingfeng nodded at Guo Zhi and Guo Fei as he asked.

The Guo Family’s four main stewards held a high position, hence they did not need to salute like the others guards and servants when encountering Guo Zhi and Guo Fei.

Hearing this, Guo Zhi snapped back in an instant. A finger pointed at Huang Xiaolong with eyes that spewed venom, he roared, “Luckily both Stewards rushed here in time, otherwise, we would have been killed by this mongrel bastard!”

“This mongrel bastard nearly crushed our throats just now. Two Stewards, you absolutely must end him here!” Guo Fei quickly added.

“No, don’t kill them. Capture him and those two old dogs, leave the rest to us!” Guo Zhi suddenly interjected, pointing at Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, and Fei Hou.

If Huang Xiaolong simply died, it wouldn’t be enough to calm the hatred burning in his heart.

Thinking of the previous scene where he was lifted into the air by his neck in public, that humiliation made the cold gleam of Guo Zhi’s eyes peak. His eyes fixed a deadly stare on Huang Xiaolong, wishing he could gnaw on his raw flesh.

Not to mention when he and his brother pleaded for mercy from Huang Xiaolong, they even went as far as slapping their own face!

Guo Zhi touched his cheek where a stinging pain pulsed under the skin. To ensure his life, he exerted full power on that slap earlier.

Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan observed the three people on the other side, Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, and Fei Hou.

“Rest assured Young Lords, none of them will be able to escape!” Lu Yifan looked at Huang Xiaolong’s group and said with full confidence and coldness.

Chen Qingfeng smirked as he looked at Huang Xiaolong, “Little brat, this is the first time someone has dared to hurt my Guo Family’s Young Lords in Duanren Imperial City! Are you going to surrender yourselves or do you want me to make a move?” At this point, Cheng Qingfeng boasted, “Frankly, I hope you choose to



surrender because if I were to act, you would suffer greatly!”

The crowd also stirred, whispering amongst themselves.

“I didn’t expect the Guo Manor’s Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan to come personally. Huang Xiaolong has come to a dead end now! Steward Chen Qingfeng is a Xiantian Ninth Order warrior!”

“This Huang Xiaolong is really too proud and reckless. I heard some rumors saying that not too long ago in Duanren Institute, he actually ordered Heartless Young Noble to kneel down and apologize! How many days has it been, yet he already provoked the Guo Family!”

“Offending the Guo and Yao Family... no matter how good his talent is, it’s all in vain!”

The majority of the experts in the crowd shook their heads, while those younger generation people who were jealous of Huang Xiaolong’s talent gloated in their hearts.

Huang Xiaolong stood unmoving, the air rang with his cold words as he stared at Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan, “If all of you act like a dog, kneel down like a dog, and bark like a dog a couple of times, then scram off, I can spare your lives!”

In the split second Huang Xiaolong’s words rang in the street, the crowd broke out in a riot. Loud gasps of shock could be heard and warriors shook their heads even more obviously as they showered Huang Xiaolong with gazes of pity. In their opinion, they had seen many proud and arrogant youngsters, yet they hadn’t seen someone as reckless and arrogant as this. He truly didn’t know the immensity of the heavens.

However, this delighted Guo Zhi and Guo Fei who were watching from the side.

They were very well aware of Steward Chen Qingfeng’s methods, he was extremely cruel. One time, the brothers saw with their own eyes as Chen Qingfeng tortured an enemy till he was an inch from

death but not dying. Recalling that scene, cold shivers ran down their spine.

Huang Xiaolong's words definitely angered Chen Qingfeng, and once Chen Qingfeng was angered, Huang Xiaolong would die a miserable death!

It was exactly like the brothers predicted. A horrible pressure exploded from Chen Qingfeng, increasing immensely. An icy killing intent burst forth from his body. The clear sky above suddenly darkened, then pieces of black-colored snow floated down.

The onlookers in all four directions immediately withdrew further back.

“Little punk, it seems you do not understand my, Chen Qingfeng's, methods!” he said with a voice matching the falling black snow, “I will let you know what you're in for!”

But, before he could make good on his words, a giant palm print descended from the void above, covering the entire sky akin to a mighty ancient mountain, slamming down on top of Chen Qingfeng's head.

A booming sound reverberated in the air which caused the entire street to shake. The durable Bright Marble Stone cracked and crumbled.

A curtain of dust and sand covered the street.

When the thick dust cloud dissipated, what entered their vision was Chen Qingfeng, flat as a pancake, imbedded several meters deep into the street floor. A giant human-shaped crater was created!

Everyone looked at that human-shaped crater with awe, as well as Chen Qingfeng within that crater.

In the next moment, everyone sucked in a cold breath of air as they looked at Zhao Shu. Just now, it was Zhao Shu who attacked.

Guo Zhi and Guo Fei who were waiting to watch a good show around how Chen Qingfeng would torture Huang Xiaolong, were now dumbstruck staring at the huge hole in the street. The ‘cool, exuding dominance in all eight directions’ Chen Qingfeng didn’t even have the energy to fart. Both of the Guo brothers were stupefied on the spot.

# Chapter 202: What Exactly Happened?

---

Chen Qingfeng, a Xiantian Ninth Order expert, was flattened like a pancake on the street.

The one standing next to Chen Qingfeng, and the same person who arrived together with Chen Qingfeng, Lu Yifan, felt as if baleful cold winds were howling in the air. His back felt chilly from the cold wind. He, with his domineering peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order strength, actually felt a layer of goosebumps rise on his skin!

At this time, Zhao Shu's gaze shifted over.

The goosebumped Lu Yifan felt as if his legs were kicked by a powerful bull. Both of his legs trembled, nearly causing him to fall to his knees.

"Se, Se, Se!" Lu Yifan's tongue was in a knot. After saying 'se' over and over again for a long time, he still couldn't muster up enough courage to say the word 'Senior' to its completion.

When Lu Yifan was about to cry out the latter part of the word, Zhao Shu suddenly raised his hand and struck out with his palm. A giant palm print so powerful that it seemed to cover half the sky appeared above Lu Yifan's head.

Lu Yifan looked at the humongous palm print hovering above him, his face turning ashen. Before he could do anything else, his vision darkened, followed by a resounding blast.

Lu Yifan only felt his body shake violently for a second before the impact hit him like an ancient divine mountain. The sounds of bones breaking could be heard as a crushing sound surrounded his body.

He lost consciousness almost instantly.

In the final seconds before Lu Yifan lost control of his consciousness, he suddenly thought of the scene where Chen

Qingfeng was smashed into a pancake before him, branded on the street pavement.

When Lu Yifan met the same fate as Chen Qingfeng, being flattened into a pancake and kissing the street, the surrounding crowd once again drew in cold breaths.

The Guo Family's two main stewards had just been easily flattened by someone who looked as though he was simply swatting flies?

Dead silence filled the normally prosperous and bustling street.

The way the crowd looked at Zhao Shu was filled with astonishment and amazement.

This unassuming and robust middle-aged man behind Huang Xiaolong was this strong!

He easily dealt with Chen Qingfeng, and Lu Yifan, half of the Guo Family's main stewards. Only a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert that was extremely close to that next level of terrifying existence could accomplish a feat like this!

Huang Xiaolong looked at the two huge human-shaped craters and the unconscious Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan inside, his expression showing the same level of indifference as it had before. Turning around, he did not forget to deal with the Guo Zhi and Guo Fei brothers.

However, both Guo Zhi and Guo Fei were staring at the two human-shaped craters in the street with a dumb look on their faces. While staring at Cheng Qingfeng and Lu Yifan, neither of them noticed Huang Xiaolong approaching.

It wasn't until he moved to within two meters of them that they felt the frigid cold killing intent emanating from Huang Xiaolong's body, jarring them out of their stupor.

Both of them abruptly turned their necks, and when they saw that Huang Xiaolong was within two meters of reaching them,

their hearts felt like they were pierced with a poisonous needle. Guo Zhi and Guo Fei jumped back in reflex.

“Xiao, Xiaolong bro!” Guo Zhi’s face turned so ashen that it looked like it was covered by a thick layer of dust. His tongue seemed to stick to the roof of his mouth, no proper words could come out.

“Xiaolong bro?” Huang Xiaolong smirked as he stepped closer to the brothers, “Are you sure you don’t mean... mongrel bastard?”

When Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan had just arrived, every sentence that came from the brothers mouths included the words ‘mongrel bastard’.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong words, their expressions grew even more unsightly.

“No, we, just now, us!” Guo Zhi opened his mouth wanting to provide an excuse, but he was lost on where he should start. Could he use the same excuse and claim his mouth had a problem, that it was misspoken?!

Guo Fei smiled the best he could, “We were too excited at that time, confused and unhinged for a moment. That’s why inappropriate words came out, it was just some nonsense. That’s right, nonsense. Xiaolong bro, we’re one family, how could we call you a mongrel bastard.”

At this point, Guo Fei’s face tightened and he quickly slapped his own mouth, “No no no, Xiaolong bro, I didn’t mean that!”

Huang Xiaolong had already walked up to them and stopped, standing very still. In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong’s hand swung out and slapped the two across from him. A five finger handprint burned red on both brothers’ faces.

“We’re one family?” Huang Xiaolong repeated, his voice was icy cold.

Guo Zhi and Guo Fei felt burning pain coming from their faces,

but hearing Huang Xiaolong's question, they squeezed a smile, agreeing: "Yes, yes, we're one family!"

But, the instant the answer spilled out from their lips, Huang Xiaolong raised his right hand and sent another slap over. Another red five-finger handprint marked Guo Zhi and Gui Fei's faces.

"We're one family?" Huang Xiaolong coldly asked again.

After being slapped twice by Huang Xiaolong, the left and right side of the brothers faces became so swollen that their heads grew to a size similar to that of a mythical beast's!

"N-no, we're not family!" The pronunciation that jumped out of their mouths was lacking accuracy.

As soon as they finished saying that, Huang Xiaolong's palms turned, hitting the two squarely in the chest and sending them flying.

A dark black palm print emerged on Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's chests. Shrill shrieks of wraiths could be heard coming from the palm print itself.

"Scram!" Huang Xiaolong spat.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong say the word 'scram' was like Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's ears had heard a melody playing from heaven itself. After scrambling and clawing their way on all fours to get up from the ground, they ran for their lives. Neither of them had time to think of Chen Qingfeng, Lu Yifan, or the strange black palm print on their chests.

The crowd's jaws dropped as they watched the gaffe ways the brothers got up and ran.

Not until the two fleeing silhouettes disappeared did the crowd shift their focus. Reverence filled their eyes as they looked at Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, and Fei Hou.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the people in the crowd, and his gaze

made those from the noble and big families younger generation that were gloating earlier step back unconsciously in fear. In the next second, all of them ran away on their own accord.

“Young Lord, do you...?” Zhao Shu came over and inquired.

“No need.” Huang Xiaolong shook his head. He understood what Zhao Shu meant, but people who gloated at others’ misfortune were never short in supply. Huang Xiaolong couldn’t possibly punish every single one of them.

“Let’s leave.” Huang Xiaolong said as he took a last look at Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan lying on the street.

“Yes, Young Lord!”

Huang Xiaolong’s group of three left the scene, sent off by the fear in the crowd’s eyes.

When Huang Xiaolong’s group disappeared from view, only then did the street break out in a commotion.

After that, Huang Xiaolong no longer had the mood to walk around, thus they went back to Southern Hill Estate.

Shortly after Huang Xiaolong returned to Southern Hill Estate, the Guo Zhi and Guo Fei brothers who ran back the entire way in a panic had also reached the Guo Mansion. The moment their feet crossed over the doorway, cries of ‘Dad, save us!’ reverberated in the mansion grounds.

“Dad, save us!”

Their deafening cries alerted the mansion’s experts.

At this time, Guo Shiwen was discussing with the Guo Family’s Chief Steward, Zhang Yue, about Imperial City’s Million Treasures Auction slated to take place in the upcoming month. When he heard his sons, Guo Zhi and Guo Fei’s voices, his concentration was broken. Jumping to his feet from his chair, he headed straight to the manor’s main entrance.



Chief Steward Zhang Yue quickly stood up as well and followed behind Guo Shiwen.

When Guo Shiwen reached the main hall's door, he saw that their faces were swollen to the size of a pig's head and the dark black palm prints on their chests.

Seeing their miserable state, Guo Shiwen rushed out and snapped angrily: "What exactly happened?!"

This was the first time someone dared to hit his, Guo Shiwen's, sons. And on top of that, with such grave injuries!

"Dad, Dad!" Seeing their Dad, Guo Zhi and Guo Fei cried out even more miserably, dashing over to their father.

"Speak, what happened?!" Guo Shiwen snapped.

"It's Huang Xiaolong, it was Huang Xiaolong! That mongrel bastard hit us!" Guo Zhi said, "Dad, you cannot let that mongrel bastard Huang Xiaolong get away with this!"

"Huang Xiaolong?" Guo Shiwen was taken aback.

# Chapter 203: This Matter Wont Be Forgiven So Simply

---

“Yes, it was Huang Xiaolong!” Guo Fei interjected!

Guo Shiwen looked over to Chief Steward Zhang Yue with a baffled expression, Huang Xiaolong’s name was strange to his ears.

Zhang Yue took a small step forward, explaining to him, “Huang Xiaolong is this year’s Imperial City Battle first place winner. Patriarch was away for some time, hence you have no impression of him.”

Some time ago, Guo Shiwen went out to handle some business at an external Million Treasure House branch and had just come back recently. Being busy day in and day out with the family business, he hadn’t had the time to pay attention to these things. But then again, with his identity, he didn’t need to follow events such as the Imperial City Battle closely. In his eyes, the Imperial City Battle was nothing more than a game for kids.”

“This year’s Imperial City Battle first place?” a tiny frown appeared on Guo Shiwen’s forehead, “I heard that Xie Family’s little kid, Xie Puti, also took part this year?”

“Yes indeed. In this year’s Imperial City Battle, Xie Family’s Xie Puti also took part.” Zhang Yue replied respectfully. “But, in the last round, Xie Puti lost to Huang Xiaolong. This Huang Xiaolong’s talent is quite amazing, he has superb twin martial spirits!”

“What? Superb twin martial spirits!” Guo Shiwen was stunned.

“Yes, and both of his superb twin martial spirits are a Primordial Divine Dragon. One is the Black Dragon, and the other is a Blue Dragon that has never been seen before!” Zhang Yue added.

“A never seen before Blue Dragon!” Guo Shiwen’s eyes narrowed inexplicably.

“Dad, on the the street just now Huang Xiaolong humiliated us, nearly crushing our throats!” Guo Zhi swiftly cut in, “We cannot let that mongrel bastard Huang Xiaolong off!”

Guo Shiwen looked at the two of them. Suddenly, he clapped his palms together, sending out two spheres of flames that spiraled into their chests. The dark black handprint that Huang Xiaolong left on their body disappeared at rapid speed.

Feeling the pain in their chests disappear, Guo Zhi and Guo Fei were overjoyed.

“Where are Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan?” Guo Shiwen asked Zhang Yu, “Go and summon them here.”

“Yes, Patriarch!” Zhang Yue answered with respect.

Hearing this, an uneasy hesitation showed on Guo Zhi’s face as he said, “Dad, Steward Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan, just now, they, they...!”

“Spit it out!” Guo Shiwen’s frown creased deeper.

Guo Zhi nearly jumped out from his skin, “We ran into Huang Xiaolong in the streets, later, the two stewards also came. They are still there now!”

“They’re still there?” This puzzled Guo Shiwen and Zhang Yue. Both were unable to catch the meaning behind those words.

Being the focus of Guo Shiwen and Zhang Yue’s gaze, Guo Fei stammered out an explanation, “Both the stewards, Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan, were wounded. They, they are still lying there. I’m not sure if they’re still alive.”

“What?!” Guo Shiwen and Zhang Yue both exclaimed in shock with widened eyes.

Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan were wounded and still lying on the streets, and the brothers was unsure if they were dead or alive?!

Guo Zhi and Guo Fei cast their head down, too scared to face Guo

Shiwen's expression.

"Was it a bodyguard beside Huang Xiaolong?" Guo Shiwen questioned in a surly tone.

"Yes, one of Huang Xiaolong's bodyguards." Guo Zhi hurried to answer, describing Zhao Shu's facial features to his father.

When Guo Zhi finished, Guo Shiwen and Zhang Yue exchanged a look.

"How did Huang Xiaolong's bodyguard wound Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan?" Guo Shiwen asked another question.

"Huang Xiaolong's bodyguard waved his hand a single time and a giant palm print appeared in the sky above, swatting down on Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan. Then, both stewards were directly buried into the ground." Guo Fei said.

"What?! You're saying the other side just used a single wave of his hand?" Guo Shiwen and Zhang Yue were shocked once again.

"It's true, that bodyguard just used one move!" Guo Fei answered honestly.

The atmosphere in the big hall suddenly became stagnated.

Guo Shiwen paced back and forth, and no one dared to make a sound.

After what seemed like a long time, Guo Zhi walked up and muttered cautiously, "Dad, we cannot let this matter be forgiven!"

Guo Shiwen looked at his sons, his words were spoken slowly through his lips, "Of course we won't let this matter be forgiven so simply!" He, as the recognized Guo Family successor had both of his sons humiliated and wounded in public. Where would the Guo Family's face be if he let this matter go?

At that time, Zhang Yue stepped forward as well, "Patriarch, if the other side needed only one palm to wound Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan gravely, then he is very likely a peak late-Xiantian Tenth

Order expert, someone very close to breaking into Saint realm.”

Guo Shiwen scoffed, “So what if he is a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert.” A ruthless light flickered in his eyes as he said, “Even if he is a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert, he dared to injure my son. There is only one ending, death!”

Death!

A powerful aura burst out from Guo Shiwen’s body.

At the same time in Yao Manor.

Yao Fei’s expression was extremely gloomy as he listened to his subordinate’s report.

“What is the name of that middle-aged man that wounded Chen Qingfeng and Lu Yifan?” Moments later, Yao Fei asked.

A middle-aged man in an indigo robe came forward, “According to this Subordinate’s investigation, he is called Zhao Shu.”

The man who responded was Yao Fei’s left and right-hand man, his name was Xiao Teng.

“Zhao Shu.” Yao Fei repeated the name.

Xiao Teng moved closer, adding: “Young Noble, this Zhao Shu is probably very close to breaking into Saint realm.”

“It seems, Jin Mu and Zhang Fei’s death are related to this Zhao Shu person.” Yao Fei snickered, “Peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order? No wonder Huang Xiaolong was so arrogant.”

“Young Noble, with regards to Huang Xiaolong, should we... ?” Xiao Teng hesitated.

“A mere peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert. Our Yao Family has a foundation that was built over two thousand years ago, would we be afraid of a greenhorn that’s wet behind the ears?” Yao Fei scoffed, “Regardless of what identity that Huang Xiaolong has, people who have offended me will suffer the same consequences, and that is to die miserably.”

“Continue sending people to watch over Huang Xiaolong’s movements!”

“Yes, Young Noble!”

Deep in the silent night.

Huang Xiaolong stood in his yard. The scene of Li Lu being taken away once again replayed in his mind.

“Ao Baixue!” His knuckles turned white as he thought of the words Ao Baixue said.

There was barely seven years left before the next Deities Templar’s disciple selection. And one of the conditions to become a Deities Templar disciple was to reach Xiantian Tenth Order.

Xiantian Tenth Order!

Monstrous though Huang Xiaolong’s talent might be, and as fast as his cultivation speed was, there was no way he could advance to Xiantian Tenth Order in seven years!

Was there no other way? Huang Xiaolong’s brows locked together.

“Sovereign!” Suddenly, Zhao Shu’s voice sounded.

“Come in.” Huang Xiaolong calmed himself and answered.

“Sovereign, did you need something from me?” Zhao Shu asked after he stepped in.

“Zhao Shu, do you know of any method that could help me break through to Xiantian Tenth Order within seven years?” Huang Xiaolong asked directly.

Hearing this, Zhao Shu sighed secretly in his heart. He could easily see through his Sovereign’s intention. Shaking his head, Zhao Shu said, “Sovereign, there’s no way, unless...”

“Unless what?” Huang Xiaolong swirled around and his eyes lit up.

“Unless Sovereign can spend time cultivating in Divine World.” Zhao Shu said.

“Divine World!” Huang Xiaolong blanked for a second before shaking his head with a bitter smile. This was something impossible. Only Deities Templar knew the space tunnel to enter Divine World, and according to what Zhao Shu explained previously, it required several peak late-Saint Tenth Order experts working together with an ancient array before a tunnel could be opened.

Then, out of nowhere, a thought struck Zhao Shu and he blurted out: “There’s another way, maybe it could... !”

## Chapter 204: Then My Surnames Not Guo

---

“There might be a way.” Huang Xiaolong blanked for a moment and then thrill took over, “What way?!”

“Godly Mt. Xumi!” Zhao Shu sounded dignified at the suggestion.

“Godly Mt. Xumi!” Huang Xiaolong repeated in a daze. The next moment, a sharp light flashed in his eyes, “You’re implying the same Godly Mt. Xumi on the Heavenly Treasure List?”

Zhao Shu nodded, “Correct, the number one wonder that sits at the top of the Heavenly Treasure List. Godly Mt. Xumi possesses a very unique mystical power and yields a liquid called Geocentric Buddha Elixir. If one could swallow the Geocentric Buddha Elixir, their cultivation would progress as rapidly as a stallion flying a thousand li in a day. If I were to take a guess at what wondrous treasure between heaven and earth could help Sovereign break through to Xiantian Tenth Order in the shortest amount of time possible, then it could only be the Godly Mt. Xumi!”

“Godly Mt. Xumi!” Huang Xiaolong inhaled deeply.

Zhao Shu continued, “To subdue the Godly Mt. Xumi, that person must possess two of the the same kind of superb talent martial spirit, and one of them must be at least grade thirteen or above. Coincidentally Sovereign, you’re someone with two of the same kind of superb talent martial spirit, with one being a Blue Dragon above grade thirteen.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded. A certain light shone in his eyes as his voice gravely sounded, “However, I heard the Godly Mt. Xumi only appeared one time several million years ago and has never appeared again since.”

This was the most crucial point.

Even if Huang Xiaolong had two of the same kind of superb talent martial spirit and fulfilled the requirement to subdue the Godly



Mt. Xumi with one of his martial spirits being above grade thirteen, he didn't even know where the Godly Mt. Xumi was. How was he going to get a hold of it?

"The truth is, this Subordinate has a rough idea as to where the Godly Mt. Xumi could be." Zhao Shu suddenly released some unexpected and earth shattering news.

"What?!" Huang Xiaolong's eyes rounded wide with the shocking revelation.

Zhao Shu nodded his head, "A few years ago, Subordinate stumbled upon the Godly Mt. Xumi's possible location from an ancient buddhist scripture. If I'm not mistaken, the Godly Mt. Xumi should be in the Blessed Buddha Empire's Buddha Cavern."

"Blessed Buddha Empire's Buddha Cavern!" Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up.

On Snow Wind Continent, there were seventeen empires.

Blessed Buddha Empire was definitely one of the three most powerful empires amongst all seventeen. However, Blessed Buddha Empire was located on the most southern point of Snow Wind Continent, the distance from Duanren Empire was no joke.

"Yes, Blessed Buddha Empire's Buddha Cavern!" Zhao Shu confirmed. Despite that, a small doubt surfaced, "Sovereign, this Buddha Cavern is Blessed Buddha Empire's sacred cavern, to enter is easier said than done!"

Although Zhao Shu had surmised the whereabouts of the Godly Mt. Xumi from an ancient buddhist scripture, the Buddha Cavern was heavily guarded by many experts due to its exalted existence as the sacred cavern in Blessed Buddha Empire. This was also one of the reasons that deterred Zhao Shu from going to the Buddha Cavern.

Of course, the actual reason Zhao Shu did not adamantly pursue the Godly Mt. Xumi was because he did not possess two of the same

kind of superb talent martial spirit, so that decimated his chances of trying to subdue the Heavenly Treasure List's number one treasure. Since there was no chance, there was no use in him going to Blessed Buddha Empire.

"Blessed Buddha Empire, Buddha Cavern!" Huang Xiaolong's brows scrunched together tightly.

Now that the whereabouts of the Godly Mt. Xumi was known, Huang Xiaolong was relieved. But for it to be at Blessed Buddha Empire's Buddha Cavern...

"Sovereign." A short while later, Zhao Shu called out and pulled Huang Xiaolong back to the present after seeing how immersed he was within his own chaotic thoughts.

Huang Xiaolong awoke from the trailing thoughts running through his head.

"Has Sovereign decided to make a trip to the Blessed Buddha Empire's Buddha Cavern now, or...?" Zhao Shu asked.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "We'll talk again later."

Even if it didn't exceed one year, journeying from Duanren Empire to Blessed Buddha Empire would take at least eight to nine months if relying on Huang Xiaolong's current speed. Moreover, reaching Blessed Buddha Empire didn't mean he could just waltz into their sacred cavern. Thus it would be best if he first found the Absolute Soul Pearl in Duanren Institute before thinking about obtaining the Godly Mt. Xumi.

The Absolute Soul Pearl might carry less novelty compared to the Godly Mt. Xumi, but regardless of that, it was still a Heavenly Treasure ranked at fourth place. Subduing the Absolute Soul Pearl could enhance Huang Xiaolong's cultivation speed just the same.

Subsequently, Huang Xiaolong asked Zhao Shu questions pertaining to the Godly Mt. Xumi and Blessed Buddha Empire which Zhao Shu answered as honestly he could with what little

knowledge he had.

In fact, Zhao Shu only guessed that the Godly Mt. Xumi was in the Buddha Cavern due to the buddhist scriptures he previously saw. As to its exact location, Zhao Shu had no real inclination.

The word 'enormous' was not enough to properly describe Blessed Buddha Empire's Buddha Cavern, for it was several times bigger than Duanren Square.

Even if Huang Xiaolong succeeded in entering the Buddha Cavern, locating the Godly Mt. Xumi itself was going to prove to be an arduous task.

Not long after, Zhao Shu left.

After Zhao Shu left, Huang Xiaolong once again pondered. His plan now was to subdue the Absolute Soul Pearl at the earliest possible time and then rush to Blessed Buddha Empire.

Nonetheless, whether it was the Absolute Soul Pearl or Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong was determined to obtain them!

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong triggered the God Binding Ring and entered the ancient battlefield to begin his practice.

The night passed.

Exiting the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong left Southern Hill Estate, heading directly to the inner division grounds while carrying the Golden Token with him. His plan was to continue the same hunt he had for the past weeks, trying to sense the Absolute Soul Pearl's presence through the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring.

But when the passing Duanren Institute students saw Huang Xiaolong, the emotions they secretly held towards him were drastically different from before.

There was reverence, schadenfreude, jealousy, and even admiration.

The news about Huang Xiaolong turning the Guo Brothers into pig-faced fools had already spread to every corner of the Institute.

Although Guo Zhi and Gui Fei's status was less illustrious when compared to Duan Wuhen, Yao Fei, and the several superfamilies, their existence held similar regard. Yet, both of them had been smacked around so hard that they became unrecognizable!

Huang Xiaolong ignored the strange looks being thrown his way and 'wandered idly' within the inner division for the whole day.

Night once again descended.

Looking at the time, Huang Xiaolong decided to leave for the day, planning to return to Southern Hill Estate and then continue searching tomorrow.

However, just as Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the inner division grounds, a group of people far off in the distance rushed up to him. They were led by none other than the Guo Zhi and Guo Fei duo who had been beaten to a pulp by Huang Xiaolong the day before.

As Guo Zhi, Guo Fei, and their gang whirled through like a blizzard, all the other students steered clear away from them.

Watching Guo Zhi and Guo Fei coming for him, Huang Xiaolong sneered and did not move. He stood still at the same spot, welcoming their arrival with a calm expression on his face.

Guo Zhi's group of people reached Huang Xiaolong very quickly, spreading out in an encirclement.

Just a day had passed and the brothers' swollen pig-faced heads had mostly recovered, likely due to the miraculous effects of some expensive medicine.

"Lil' doggy Huang, with that old dog Zhao Shu is not at your side, I want to see who else can save you this time!" Guo Zhi chuckled sinisterly, laughter twisting with hate. His eyes filled with venom as he glowered at Huang Xiaolong.

"Oh really?" the temperature in Huang Xiaolong's voice dropped.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong's nonchalant reaction, the rage in his heart erupted. A finger pointed at Huang Xiaolong, he was close to hollering, "Huang Xiaolong, you mongrel dog bastard! If I don't cripple you today and beat you up until your Mom can't recognize you, then my surname's not Guo!"

"Go, attack, I want this mongrel dog taught a lesson. Just make sure he doesn't die on the spot!" Guo Zhi roared, signaling his lackey with a wave of his hand.

Just when Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's lackeys were about to move out, a lazy and slow yet dignified voice cried: "Wait!"

The Guo Brothers could not help but stop.

"Who the fuck dares to interfere in my affairs!" Hearing someone speak up and disturb him, he barked and spun around.

## Chapter 205: Are You Alright?

---

Guo Zhi spun around to see the person who spoke and then his body instantly stiffened. The anger on his face dissipated like a puff of smoke but he failed to smile.

A person wearing a golden-yellow robe embroidered with eight mighty yellow dragons strided towards him. It was none other than Duan Wuhen, and he had a group of the Institute's top students behind him.

The lackeys who were standing behind Guo Zhi and Guo Fei turned ashen with fright when they saw Duan Wuhen, immediately falling to a salute: "Greeting to His Second Imperial Prince Highness!"

Duan Wuhen's expression looked frosty as he stopped in front of Guo Zhi, "What did you say just now?"

Fear and trepidation rose in the hearts of the brothers and their lackeys.

"Misunderstanding, it was a misunderstanding, that is, just now was a misunderstanding!" Guo Zhi forced a smile while waving his hands frantically, "I did not realize it was you. If I knew, how would I dare?! I wouldn't!" He did feel that the voice sounded familiar, but he did not link it to Duan Wuhen. If he honestly knew earlier, even if he was dealing with the pain of a gallstone, he wouldn't dare snap at Duan Wuhen.

Duan Wuhen's eyes were like sharp blades as they swept across both brothers' faces. And before Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's frightful faces, he walked over and came to a stop in front of Huang Xiaolong.

In front of Huang Xiaolong, the difference on Duan Wuhen's expression was like night and day. He then asked Huang Xiaolong with a blooming smile: "Brother Xiaolong, are you alright?"

Brother Xiaolong, are you alright!!

Everyone around felt like they were struck with heavenly lightning from the ninth heaven, each person turning dazed and stiff.

Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's eyes were wide-eyed with shock as they stared at Second Imperial Prince Duan Wuhen with disbelief. What did the Second Imperial Prince Duan Wuhen say just now? Brother Xiaolong? He, he actually called Huang Xiaolong... brother?!

Duan Wuhen's voice sounded again, "They did not frighten you, right?" Just as the question came out, Duan Wuhen hurried to explain himself, "No, no, no, what I meant was, did they disturb you?"

Watching the flustered manner Duan Wuhen displayed while trying to explain to Huang Xiaolong, the Guo Brothers felt their knees become so weak that it was as if they were about to blackout.

All the while the rest of the people in the surrounding area, including the top students who arrived with Duan Wuhen were stunned, their faces agape.

What situation was this?!

Duan Wuhen was Duanren Empire's Second Imperial Prince, and Huang Xiaolong? If comparing identities, Huang Xiaolong was only an ordinary new student of the institute!

Everyone's minds went blank, unable to figure out what was happening right in front of them.

"I'm alright." Huang Xiaolong said to Duan Wuhen.

In the next moment, the crowd saw Duan Wuhen seemingly breathe in relief at Huang Xiaolong's answer.

Initially, Duan Wuhen wanted to refer to Huang Xiaolong as 'Young Noble' as per his father, Duanren Emperor's order, but Huang Xiaolong was concerned it would be too shocking if others

heard it. Hence, he suggested Duan Wuhen call him brother when in public. Even so, it was enough to jarr Guo Zhi and Guo Fei to the core.

"Brother Xiaolong, in your opinion, how shall we deal with them?"

The eyes of the crowd couldn't help but look at Huang Xiaolong while Huang Xiaolong looked at Guo Zhi and Guo Fei, causing the brothers' hearts to tighten with unease.

Huang Xiaolong strode slowly towards the frightful brothers.

"Huang, Huang, Huang!" Guo Zhi panicked, stammering as he tried to speak yet no words seemed right. After all, Duan Wuhen called him brother, and it didn't seem as though he was qualified to call Huang Xiaolong 'brother' the same way Duan Wuhen did.

Guo Fei wasn't faring much better than Guo Zhi.

Stopping before them, Huang Xiaolong's words were icy, "I already gave you a chance yesterday."

The color drained from Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's already pale faces.

But in the next moment Guo Zhi suddenly fell to his knees sobbing, "Brother Xiaolong, it's our wrong. Please give us another chance!"

"Right, right, we won't dare antagonize you anymore in the future!" Guo Fei followed suit and fell on his knees, begging desperately.

"Pity, it's too late." Huang Xiaolong's cold voice cut through the sobbing cries.

Guo Zhi and Guo Fei froze, then when they wanted to say something more, Huang Xiaolong's palm snaked out and struck squarely on their chests. The Guo Brothers wailed as their body arched in the air then fell to the ground, rolling until they crashed into two ancient looking trees one hundred meters away.



A deafening 'boom!' resounded, both ancient trees shook and swayed as if they were about to fall.

A few breaths later, the two ancient trees gave out and fell... right onto the two people beneath them.

"Young Lord!" The Guo Brothers' lackeys cried out. However, when they rushed out to help, a terrifying sword intent slashed in their path, cutting a long thin rift on the ground.

The lackeys jumped back swiftly in fear.

The terrifying sword intent came from Duan Wuhen. Retrieving his hand, Duan Wuhen stated coldly: "Whoever dares to approach any closer, die!"

Die!

Since that was the case, none of the Guo Brothers' lackeys dared to move forward.

"My Qi Sea!" The Guo Brothers who were pinned under the two ancient trees suddenly screamed shrilly.

Huang Xiaolong's earlier palm attack struck accurately and had affected their Qi Sea, crushing them.

The Qi Sea was where battle qi was stored and gathered within the body. If the Qi Sea was crushed, the damaging consequences were not hard to imagine!

By this point, the crowd had finally discovered that Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's Qi Sea had been crippled. This result increased the budding fear in the brothers' lackeys.

Even as he watched the shrieking Guo Zhi and Guo Fei, Huang Xiaolong's face was unperturbed.

A deadly air filled the area.

"Brother Xiaolong, we... ?" At this time, Duan Wuhen came up and inquired.

"Let's go."

Duan Wuhen was stunned but inwardly, he sighed in relief. He thought Huang Xiaolong was really going to kill both of the Guo Brothers. Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's identities differed from the average Guo Family disciple's. If both of them really died, the troubles that followed would not so easily be resolved.

Only after Huang Xiaolong and Duan Wuhen had left did Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's lackeys scramble to their sides and brought them away to seek help.

Before long, the news about Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's Qi Sea being crushed by Huang Xiaolong had spread like wildfire in Duanren Institute.

In less than a day, this news had rattled the Institute like a tsunami.

"You heard it right, Second Imperial Prince actually referred to Huang Xiaolong as a brother!"

"What is this Huang Xiaolong's real identity? Didn't they say he comes from a small family within Luo Tong Kingdom? Also, that bodyguard of his, Zhao Shu, was actually someone with strength infinitely close to the Saint realm!"

"Now that Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's Qi Sea has been crushed, I wonder how the Guo Family will react?"

Voices from discussions echoed in almost every corner of Duanren Institute. As time wore on, the big families of Duanren Empire also came to receive this piece of news.

Yao Mansion.

Hearing Xiao Teng's report, Yao Fei was also slightly taken aback; but it wasn't because Huang Xiaolong crushed Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's Qi Sea. Rather, it was because Duan Wuhen called Huang Xiaolong brother.

"Young Noble, it seems this Huang Xiaolong's identity is not so simple." Xiao Teng broached the subject hanging in the air.

Even with Duan Wuhen's identity and status, he had actually called Huang Xiaolong brother. Anyone would surmise there was more to Huang Xiaolong's identity.

Yao Fei broke out in a sudden laugh when hearing the remark, "Isn't it more meaningful that way? It would be extremely dull if everyone was weak and useless."

"Where has the Huang Family reached now?" Yao Fei suddenly asked.

"They should be arriving in Grand Beginnings Kingdom in another two days." Xiao Teng answered.

"Grand Beginnings Kingdom." A light gleamed in Yao Fei's eyes.

## Chapter 206: Saint Pavilion

---

Yao Fei pondered quietly for a while and then his hand indicated for Xiao Teng to come closer and said something to him.

"Yes, Young Noble, please rest assured." Xiao Teng answered respectfully at Yao Fei's instruction.

With another wave of his hand, Xiao Teng withdrew.

At the same time, somewhere within the Guo Mansion, Guo Shiwen's face appeared extremely gloomy as he looked at both of his sons being carried back. A scary killing intent brewed strongly in his heart.

"Huang Xiaolong!!" Guo Shiwen gritted his teeth and then let out an abrupt wrathful roar.

The Guo Family experts in the main hall shivered with trepidation. It was the first time the Guo Family members had experienced this level of rage from Guo Shiwen.

All kept quiet, reducing their presence as much as possible.

This even included Zhang Yue, the Chief Steward of the Guo Family.

There was a silent rage brewing inside of Zhang Yue too, a burning desire to slaughter. Guo Zhi and Guo Fei were the Young Lords of the Guo Family yet someone was daring enough to crush their Qi Seas, crippling them! This was a humiliation for the Guo Mansion, a naked provocation!

It was apparent the other side did not place the entire Guo Mansion in their eyes!

This Huang Xiaolong was too emboldened!

Today, the Guo Family had become the after dinner topic and joke for many of Duanren Empire's big families.

As the Chief Steward of the Guo Family, Zhang Yue too was

greatly angered by Huang Xiaolong.

"Patriarch, this matter, should we let Ancestor know?" Moments later Zhang Yue walked up and asked.

Guo Shiwen's eyes were cold with hatred, "Father is in closed-door practice at this crucial moment in an attempt to break into the Saint realm. Don't alert him with this matter."

"Yes, Patriarch!" Zhang Yue answered. He hesitated before continuing, "Huang Xiaolong's younger sister, Huang Min, has an engagement agreement with Young Master Guo Tai. Patriarch, this matter...?"

"Engaged?" Guo Shiwen scoffed, "Arrange for this secret letter to reach my younger brother, Shiyuan's hand. Tell him to rescind that little brat Guo Tai's engagement!"

"Huang Xiaolong's little sister... cheap material such as her wishes to enter my Guo Family?!"

Zhang Yue received the secret letter and acknowledged Guo Shiwen's instruction with respect. He then ventured, "Then, as for Huang Xiaolong?"

"Father will definitely succeed in breaking through to Saint realm during his secluded practice this time," Guo Shiwen replied coldly, "We'll deal with Huang Xiaolong and Zhao Shu once and for all after Father comes out!"

"Patriarch is wise!"

Three days passed.

The other big and super families that were waiting for the Guo Family's lightning fast and frenzied retaliation towards Huang Xiaolong were expecting to watch a good show, but what surprised them was that the Guo Family did not take any action.

All was calm and peaceful.

This response made those waiting dumbfounded.

The Million Treasures Firm managed by the Guo Family was one of Duanren Empire's three biggest firms with branches all over Duanren Empire's territory. With unimaginable wealth and a foundation close to a thousand years, it was only slightly below the Xie and Yao Family level hegemonies. Yet when both of their Young Lords Qi Sea's were broken, they actually endured in silence?!

This was so unlike the Guo Family's style of handling things!

Even taking into consideration that Huang Xiaolong was a brother-in-arms with Second Imperial Prince Duan Wuhen, it still did not make sense for the Guo Family to be so quiet. Not even a fart could be heard?!

In short, the Guo Family's reaction was too abnormal.

Not paying attention to the whispers around him and however the Guo Family wanted to react, Huang Xiaolong arrived at Duanren Institute almost like clockwork to 'wander idly' around the inner division grounds, attempting to capture any presence of the Absolute Soul Pearl until late evening before returning to Southern Hill Estate. Then, he triggered the God Binding Ring and once again entered the ancient battlefield to continue his practice.

Three days passed and there was zero harvest, he still failed to sense the Absolute Soul Pearl's location.

Another ten days passed in the same way.

On this night Huang Xiaolong stood in the middle of the yard, his eyebrows creasing slightly while in deep thought.

Half a month had passed, and in this half a month he practically covered every inch of the inner division grounds. He even went as far as the female dormitory. Still, he was unable to sense any reaction linked to the Absolute Soul Pearl. Nothing!

"Could it be... the Absolute Soul Pearl is not inside Duanren Institute?" Huang Xiaolong's thoughts branched out.

Just then, a thought struck his mind like lightning. There was one spot in Duanren Institute that he did not go.

"Saint Pavilion!"

Saint Pavilion was Duanren Institute's restricted zone.

The Saint Pavilion was a space opened up by Duanren Institute's Saint realm experts.

But, this Saint Pavilion was not a place Huang Xiaolong could enter nonchalantly even with Duanren Emperor's Golden Token because Saint Pavilion was only open annually, once. To open it, all the Saint realm experts of Duanren Institute would pool their strength. Inside the Saint Pavilion existed a saint spiritual energy that was beneficial to one's battle qi cultivation. And every time it was opened, only ten Duanren Institute students were sent inside to cultivate for one month.

"Saint Pavilion." Huang Xiaolong mumbled to himself. Moments later, he summoned Zhao Shu, telling him that on his next trip to the Duanren Imperial Palace, he was to inform Duan Ren that Huang Xiaolong would like to go in and have a look the next time the Saint Pavilion opened.

As the founder of Duanren Institute, Duanren Emperor could name three students to enter the Saint Pavilion for practice every year whereas the remaining seven names were divided between the seven big families—Xie Family, Yao Family, Guo Family, Yan Family, Zhao Family, and Chen Family.

Early in the morning, Zhao Shu returned from Duanren Imperial Palace and reported to Huang Xiaolong that he had mentioned the matter to Duanren Emperor. Duan Ren, of course, agreed. He also included information about things that Huang Xiaolong needed to pay attention to.

"Two months later." Huang Xiaolong repeated to himself.

Two months later was the time of Saint Pavilion's next opening.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong had no other option but to wait for two months, for not even Duan Ren could change the timing as he liked.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong waited patiently while practicing, waiting for Saint Pavilion's opening in two months time.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong was practicing Asura Sword Skill in the yard when Fei Hou suddenly burst in, reporting, "Sovereign, a rapid rumor is spreading through the Imperial City claiming the Guo Family's Guo Shiyuan has just announced the rescindment of Guo Tai's engagement with Young Miss!"

Hearing this, Huang Xiaolong halted his practice. The temperature in his eyes dropped sharply, "It was Guo Shiyuan that announced it in person?"

"It is so, according to the rumors flying around!" Fei Hou respectfully replied.

"Go confirm if Guo Shiyuan said it with his own mouth!" Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded cold, "Also, find out what Guo Tai's response is to this."

"Yes, Sovereign!" Fei Hou answered respectfully and retreated.

After Fei Hou left, the Blades of Asura in Huang Xiaolong's hands slashed out. Two enchanting Flowers of the Other Shore bloomed in mesmerizing splendor, disappearing before one could catch a glimpse. Barely a breath later, a giant boulder in the nearby courtyard crumbled into stone dust.

These days, Huang Xiaolong's practice included imbuing Ethereal Palm's effect into the Flower of the Other Shore's attack, making it even more unpredictable, powerful, and undefendable.

Against the current Huang Xiaolong, even it was an early or mid-Xiantian Second Order warrior, he was confident he could kill them in one move!

Huang Xiaolong practiced in the yard, repeating the moves from



Tempest of Hell, Tears of Asura, Wrath of the Nether King, State of Abundant Lightning, and Flower of the Other Shore again and again!

Huang Xiaolong finally stopped several hours later and breathed out a mouth of foul qi, thinking to himself: It appears that I will be able to start practicing the sixth move soon.

His Flower of the Other Shore had reached a plateau.

At this time Fei Hou, who went out to investigate the rumors, returned and reported to Huang Xiaolong, "Sovereign, we have updated information. It has been confirmed that it was Guo Shiyuan himself that announced the news, but Guo Tai did not agree."

This made Huang Xiaolong's expression change slightly for the better.

"First, don't let Second Miss know about it." Huang Xiaolong reminded with a solemn voice.

"Yes, Sovereign." Fei Hou said.

"You retreat first." Huang Xiaolong excused him.

Fei Hou acknowledged and once again left the yard.

"In another seven months, Second Sis, Mom and Dad, and the rest will arrive in Imperial City." Huang Xiaolong frowned. The news couldn't be kept under wraps for long, his little sister would find out sooner or later.

# Chapter 207: Eye of Reincarnation

---

"That old guy Guo Chen is in closed-door practice to break through to the Saint realm." Huang Xiaolong sneered. He naturally knew the reason why the Guo Family wasn't anxious to deal with him.

They did not retaliate earlier because they were waiting. Waiting for old man Guo Chen to come out from closed-door practice after successfully breaking through to the Saint realm in order to deal with him.

Since that was the case, he would accompany the Guo Family in their little game.

Thus, another month passed in similar days.

Within the God Binding Ring's ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged, running both the Body Metamorphose Scripture and Asura Tactics. The heaven and earth's spiritual energy and the netherworld's spiritual energy gathered towards Huang Xiaolong simultaneously.

At the same time, the black and blue dragon hovered high above him, devouring the true dragon qi tumbling down from the ancient dragon world.

Multiple strands of fiery red true dragon qi entered the twin dragon martial spirits and Huang Xiaolong's bodies.

Huang Xiaolong breathed in and out according to a certain rhythm as black and blue colored lights coruscated.

In just two months of practice, the true dragon qi within Huang Xiaolong's body was ten times more than when he started. It existed in harmony with the netherworld battle qi in Huang Xiaolong's Qi Sea and meridians.

Now, in the space above Huang Xiaolong's Qi Sea, true dragon qi condensed rapidly, gradually forming into the fiery-red shape of a

Primordial Divine Dragon, whereas the netherworld battle qi also started taking shape in the image of an Archdemon of Hell.

As time flew by, these two vague images became more and more condensed and real.

Sensing the changes in his Qi Sea, Huang Xiaolong was stupefied. According to Zhao Shu's description, only those peak late-Tenth Order warriors who were approaching the Saint realm would experience signs of battle qi taking shape.

But Huang Xiaolong's battle qi already started to take shape in his Qi Sea?!

When it came time to break into the Saint realm, the corporeal shapes in his Qi Sea would become even more condensed, evolving into a real solid entity.

Huang Xiaolong was delighted with the changes in his Qi Sea. Indeed, after the battle qi began to take shape, his speed in absorbing true dragon qi and netherworld's spiritual energy had increased significantly.

Ten days passed.

Huang Xiaolong spent all of his time cultivating in the ancient battlefield. By now, he could run both the Body Metamorphose Scripture and Asura Tactics simultaneously with ease.

Within these last couple months of practice, Huang Xiaolong's strength had gone from late-Xiantian First Order to peak-late Xiantian First Order.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong took out that same piece of illustrated diagram. He had fully comprehended the fifth move of Asura Sword Skill: Flower of the Other Shore, hence, he could now learn the sixth move.

Huang Xiaolong read the description for the sixth move from the piece of illustration.

The sixth move: Eye of Reincarnation!

After studying what was written and the illustration, Huang Xiaolong closed his eyes to recall what he learned. When he had full grasp of the Eye of Reincarnation's movements and the route of battle qi circulation, he placed the piece of paper back into the Asura Ring.

But Huang Xiaolong did not start practicing. Instead, he visualized the movements and battle qi circulation route over and over in his head.

More than an hour later, the Blades of Asura suddenly emerged in Huang Xiaolong's hands and he swung out with lightning speed.

Countless cold sharp blade lights appeared, revolving in a strange circular shape.

As the blades lights spun in that peculiar circle, a red eyeball that exuded strong killing intent emerged in midair.

The eerie eyeball glowed a ghostly dark red, and the area within its red glow seemed to enter a surreal, dreamlike illusion.

In the next moment, the red eyeball rotated and issued an enormous amount of frigid blade intent, enough to perforate the wall one hundred zhang away.

At the same time, the Eye of Reincarnation issued something called Light of Reincarnation. This forced the victim to experience reincarnation, causing them to succumb to excruciating pain.

This was the most terrifying power of Eye of Reincarnation.

According to what was written, once this move, Eye of Reincarnation reaches its major completion, all living beings within one million li would be affected, each entering into a different illusion.

After the first attempt, Huang Xiaolong stopped, closing his eyes to recall the earlier comprehension. An hour later, he made the

second attack attempt.

This time, the dark-red glow coming from the Eye of Reincarnation was a little bit stronger than the previous attack. And the area expanded from the previous ten zhang to a dozen zhang. The light of reincarnation also grew stronger.

After every attempt, Huang Xiaolong would stop to recall and comprehend.

And like this, the process repeated.

As Huang Xiaolong repeated the process of practice and recall, the attack power of Eye of Reincarnation gradually improved.

After another ten days passed, there was now only a single day remaining before the Saint Pavilion opened. Huang Xiaolong exited the ancient battlefield.

With ten days of practice, Huang Xiaolong managed to double the Eye of Reincarnation's power compared to ten days prior, and his battle qi cultivation had progressed by a lot.

Currently, the battle qi in his Qi Sea had taken shape. Adding the Fire Dragon Pearl and the ancient battlefield's unique spiritual energy, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation increased with a noticeable difference every day.

As he exited the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong called for Zhao Shu and Fei Hou to ask about the current situation in Imperial City and Southern Hill Estate.

"Sovereign, some days ago, the Yao and Guo Family held a joint auction." Fei Hou said.

Huang Xiaolong was surprised, detecting the implied meaning from Fei Hou's remark: "Yao and Guo Family joining hands?"

"I'm afraid that is the case." Fei Hou nodded.

Zhao Shu sneered, "Now, the entire Imperial City is saying that Sovereign is hiding in Southern Hill Estate because you're afraid of

Yao Fei and the Guo Family's retaliation, not daring to venture outside the main door."

Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, "Let them say whatever they like." Then, he asked Fei Hou, "How far have my parents reached?"

"Replying to Sovereign, Patriarch Huang and the rest have reached North Flood Kingdom, it will take another four months for them to reach Imperial City." Fei Hou answered respectfully. "Master has joined up with them."

Knowing that Yu Ming was with his parents, Huang Xiaolong felt more at ease.

"That's right Sovereign, this Subordinate also found out Yao Fei will enter the Saint Pavilion when it is opened this time too. Other than Yao Fei, there is also a Guo Family disciple called Guo Xufei, a Xiantian Eighth Order expert. Xie Puti from the Xie Family will also be entering when the Saint Pavilion opens." Fei Hou added.

Huang Xiaolong sneered when hearing this.

Although there was saint spiritual energy inside the Saint Pavilion, it didn't provide much benefit for high-order Xiantian warriors. It was obvious that Yao Fei and that Guo Family's disciple were aiming for him!

"Sovereign, rest assured, tomorrow when the Saint Pavilion opens, I had Duan Ren arrange for two high-order Xiantian experts to go in as well." At this point, Zhao Shu interjected.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

There was a nine in ten chance that the Absolute Soul Pearl was located inside the Saint Pavilion. Since he was entering the Saint Pavilion tomorrow, he needed to seize this chance to locate and subdue it.

The next morning, the sun shone brilliantly.

Huang Xiaolong left Southern Hill Estate. Without Zhao Shu or

Fei Hou accompanying him, he headed in Duanren Institute's direction alone, and went straight to the Saint Pavilion's entrance—the Institute's back mountain.

## Chapter 208: Saint Pavilion Opens

---

When Huang Xiaolong arrived at the outer division's back mountain, he noticed that the usually lively back mountain area was actually empty.

The outer division grounds had been closed off for the Saint Pavilion opening. Huang Xiaolong could only enter the outer division grounds to the back mountain after his identity was confirmed.

"Xiaolong!" Just as Huang Xiaolong reached the back mountain he ran into Xie Puti who walked over to him with a face full of smiles.

Huang Xiaolong also smiled when he saw Xie Puti.

"You brat, hiding in Southern Hill Estate for a couple of months in practice, not even showing your shadow. I had to drink so much Sapidity Wine alone to a point that it's almost tasteless!" Xie Puti laughed and said, landing a jesting punch on Huang Xiaolong's shoulder.

Huang Xiaolong replied, "We'll go and have a few cups after leaving the Saint Pavilion!"

Xie Puti broke out in a boisterous laughter hearing Huang Xiaolong's words, "Good, it's a deal! But, how can a few cups be enough? At that time, we'll clean the place out!"

Huang Xiaolong grinned in agreement, "It's my treat next time."

"All the more reason for me to drink more." Xie Puti laughed.

The two of them laughed, talking as they walked towards the meeting point.

"I heard Duan Wuhen even gave you his Golden Token." Xie Puti grinned, "And he even called you brother?"

Seeing Xie Puti had also misunderstood that the Golden Token in



his hands was given to him by Duan Wuhen, Huang Xiaolong only smiled without giving an explanation, "This time Yao Fei and the Guo Family's Guo Xufei are going in too, huh?"

Xie Puti nodded. "You must be more careful, although it's forbidden for students entering Saint Pavilion to fight and kill amongst themselves, anything can happen. Yao Fei is like a poisonous snake. Being marked by him... he won't be satisfied unless you die."

"I will." Huang Xiaolong nodded.

A short while later, both of them arrived at the predetermined area in the back mountain. They noticed Yao Fei had already arrived, along with seven other students waiting at the spot as well.

Including Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti, that made a total of ten people. All were now present.

When Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti appeared, everyone turned to look at them, each held a different meaning in their gazes.

A murderous light flitted quickly across Yao Fei's eyes. Though it was well hidden, Huang Xiaolong still captured it, and other than Yao Fei, Huang Xiaolong detected a strong killing intent coming from another person. A young man that looked between twenty-eight to twenty-nine, wearing a dark grey robe. Up on his temple, there was a faded red sword scar.

"He's Guo Xufei of the Guo Family." Xie Puti reminded Huang Xiaolong from the side.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Even if Xie Puti hadn't said it, he had already guessed who that person was. After all, only Yao Fei and the Guo Family wanted him dead.

As Huang Xiaolong appeared, two middle-aged men clad in violet robes nodded lightly at him, which Huang Xiaolong reciprocated.

According to Zhao Shu, these two would be the people Duan Ren had arranged to protect him inside the Saint Pavilion space.

Although all ten were now present and accounted for, none of them spoke or uttered a sound. The atmosphere appeared somewhat awkward.

At this moment, an immense pressure suddenly descended like the infinite milky way from the void above, rolling down and spreading out to every inch of space in the back mountain.

Huang Xiaolong and the rest looked up to the sky where the projection of six tall figures emerged. The aura emanated by these six figures felt surreal as if they existed in another space. Huang Xiaolong and the nine people below were unable to clearly distinguish the faces of these six silhouettes.

"Greeting the Emperor and all Honorable Saint Masters!" Xie Puti and the rest quickly saluted respectfully skyward, Huang Xiaolong could only emulate their actions.

Although these six figures' faces were indistinguishable, everyone knew they were Duanren Emperor and the five protectors of Duanren Institute. All five protectors were referred to as Saint Masters by all Duanren Institute students.

"Rise." An aloof voice came from the void above. The ten people below, including Huang Xiaolong got up.

Subsequently, a thousand zhang aureate light burst out from the six figures above as they moved their hands. A prism of colors then shone down from the void above them.

Multiple rays of light formed into a diagram in the sky, and in front of the students below, turned into a hexagon shaped array formation.

"This is?!" Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed.

"This is an ancient sacred array." Xie Puti informed Huang Xiaolong through voice transmission.

"Ancient sacred array!" Huang Xiaolong was shocked. He did not expect an ancient sacred array to exist in Duanren Institute.

Every ancient sacred array contained massive energy. Once initiated, it could produce unimaginable power.

"This ancient sacred array is called Hexagon Star Array. Duanren Emperor got it from an ancient cave more than a decade ago, but I heard this Hexagon Star Array is incomplete and is missing a certain part of it. Even so, when initiated by the Emperor and five Saint Masters, its power is astounding." Xie Puti's voice sounded again in Huang Xiaolong's ears.

Incomplete!

Huang Xiaolong nodded with a dignified expression.

Up above at this time, Duan Ren and the other five people were standing at six different bright corners of the hexagon array. Each person shot out a runic pattern from their hands that gathered in the middle of the big array, spinning and turning. With a blinding burst of light, a huge space door materialized in midair.

Strands of saint spiritual energy floated out from the spatial door.

Saint Pavilion!

Huang Xiaolong stared fixedly on the spatial door.

"The Saint Pavilion has opened, students that enter the Saint Pavilion are forbidden from any infighting and killing. Anyone that violates this rule will be expelled from Duanren Institute, is that clear?" At this time, Duanren Emperor's aloof yet dignified voice floated down from the void.

Everyone was stumped.

"Yes, Emperor!"

"Good, go in then. When the one month period ends, all of you will immediately be sent out regardless of what you are doing.

When Duanren Emperor finished, one of the students leaped up and blurred through the spatial door, followed by a second student, then the rest.

"Let us go in." Xie Puti said to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Both of them leaped up together and with a flash, disappeared through the spatial door.

Watching this, Yao Fei and Guo Xufei who hadn't yet moved from their spot also followed behind, entering Saint Pavilion's space right behind Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti.

When all ten students had entered, the spatial door slowly closed and vanished from view. Everything in the surrounding area returned to normal.

The instant Huang Xiaolong entered Saint Pavilion, a burst of saint spiritual energy washed over him. When one inhaled deeply, the energy would make them feel extremely comfortable in every corner of their body. Surveying the surrounding, this Saint Pavilion was basically a small independent world; there were green hills and sparkling emerald colored water. Towering ancient trees spread out, and even many low and mid-level demonic beasts existed within.

Without warning, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring in Huang Xiaolong's body shook once. Detecting the changes from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring, Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed inwardly. It seemed his guess was right, the Absolute Soul Pearl was indeed inside the Saint Pavilion!

Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti floated down to the ground below.

But, in the same instance, two figures flickered and blocked right in front of them. Who else could it be other than Yao Fei and Guo Xufei.

Seeing them, Xie Puti scoffed, "Yao Fei, Guo Xufei, what do you

want to do? Students that enter Saint Pavilion are not allowed to fight or kill each other, this is the Institute's rules! You dare to violate the Institute's rules?"

"Institute's rules?" Yao Fei snickered smugly, "Don't talk to me about Institute's rules this and that. If I, Yao Fei want to kill someone not even a Saint realm expert can stop me! Xie Puti, I only want to kill Huang Xiaolong, you can still survive if you beat it now. Otherwise, I cannot guarantee that I will not mistakenly kill even you!"

# Chapter 209: Searching for Absolute Soul Pearl

---

Yao Fei raised his hand. A group of black-colored flames gathered in his hand, growing bigger! This small group of dull black flames emanated a terrifying energy that made the heart palpitate with apprehension.

The black flames within Yao Fei's palm were different from Xie Puti's Black Phoenix Flame. Xie Puti's black flame contained an aura of dominance, pride, arrogance, and destruction whereas Yao Fei's black flame felt as if it was hellfire that sprouted from the deep abyss of hell, chillingly cold and frigid akin to a poisonous giant serpent with its jaws opened wide.

The flames shared similarities to Huang Xiaolong's Asura qi, yet was different.

At the same time, the Guo Family's Guo Xufei also released his battle qi and his aura soared. Around him emerged a dozen butterfly-esque tiny flying birds that exuded a dark and nefarious aura.

The tiny flying birds had dark green eyes and two little claws on their bodies that glowed a pale moss green.

This was Guo Xufei's martial spirit—the Underworld Ghost Butterfly!

A martial spirit that raised chilling goosebumps on the average warrior's skin.

In Martial Spirit World, there was a type of necro-martial spirit. In general, necro-martial spirits were nefarious, evil, and had a nauseating physical appearance. This Underworld Ghost Butterfly was a type of necro-martial spirit.

A dozen Underworld Ghost Butterflies appearing around Guo Xufei didn't mean he had a dozen of the same martial spirit, but

was instead one of Underworld Ghost Butterfly's abilities.

Replication!

This ability was similar to the martial spirit of the black-clad assassin sent by the Guo Brothers to kill Huang Xiaolong, the Violet-pupils Bat.

As the black flame shrouded Yao Fei's palm, he struck towards Huang Xiaolong, and Guo Xufei made his move almost simultaneously. Waving both his arms, countless Underworld Ghost Butterflies swarmed onto Huang Xiaolong in an attack.

Xie Puti was startled.

In the next moment, two palm prints similar to scarlet burning fire whistled through the void, meeting Yao Fei's palm and Guo Xufei's Underworld Ghost Butterfly.

A thunderous collision resounded and ripples shook across space.

Yao Fei's black flame palm print dissipated and Guo Xufei's Underworld Ghost Butterfly dispersed into nothing.

A powerful aftershock swept out in four directions.

Yao Fei managed to withstand the turbulent force but Guo Xufei couldn't resist, staggering backward for more than a dozen meters.

Pu!

The impact caused Guo Xufei's blood to flow in reverse and the warm crimson liquid rose to his throat and shot out of his mouth, dyeing the ground red.

The four people turned and saw two figures heading over, piercing through space.

"Jiang Yang!"

"Liu Zhi!"

Yao Fei's expression sank as he saw their arrival.

These two were the Xiantian experts sent by Duan Ren to protect

Huang Xiaolong, Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi!

“Young Noble Huang, are you alright?” Landing on the ground, Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi approached Huang Xiaolong and asked. Their demeanor was polite and courteous.

“I’m fine.” Huang Xiaolong shook his head.

“Jiang Yang, Liu Zhi, what is the meaning of this?!” Yao Fei barked as he stared coldly at the two new arrivals, Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi.

In the inner division of Duanren Institute, there was a Heaven List. Only the inner division’s strongest students could be listed on the Heaven List. Yao Fei was one of them, and so were Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi. They had never crossed paths before this, yet out of nowhere they actually interfered in his matters, which angered Yao Fei.

“No special meaning.” Jiang Yang replied in an unconcerned tone, “Our task when entering Saint Pavilion was to protect Young Noble Huang’s safety.”

The iciness in Yao Fei’s eyes increased, “Duan Wuhen asked you to do this?”

Neither Jiang Yang nor Liu Zhi said anything.

Yao Fei coldly faced Huang Xiaolong, “Huang Xiaolong, thank your lucky stars this time. I didn’t expect Duan Wuhen to not only help you receive a spot for entering Saint Pavilion, but he even went as far as sending two people inside to protect you. He really went through a lot of trouble!”

“But you won’t be so lucky next time!”

Throwing a warning, Yao Fei flickered and disappeared from the location.

With Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi guarding Huang Xiaolong, it was impossible for him to take Huang Xiaolong’s life as he had



planned.

Although neither Jiang Yang or Liu Zhi could contend with him in a one on one fight, them going two against one was sufficient to suppress him.

As for Guo Xufei, he was merely a Xiantian Eighth Order expert that could not be of any help.

Seeing that Yao Fei decided to leave, Guo Xufei too hastened to flee, disappearing from the area in a flicker.

Watching both of them leave, Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi did nothing to stop them. Their sole task was to protect Huang Xiaolong's safety so that he could leave the Saint Pavilion in one piece one month later. As for other matters, neither cared.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Yao Fei and Guo Xufei's disappearing figures and sneered. But an icy glint flashed in his eyes; it looked like he needed to solve this poisonous snake, Yao Fei, after he got out of Saint Pavilion.

Initially, Huang Xiaolong intended to leave Yao Fei and play around a little with him. But now, since he was about to journey to Blessed Buddha Empire's sacred Buddha Cavern to look for Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong preferred not to leave a poisonous snake around that endangered his family's safety.

"Xiaolong, let's go." at this time, Xie Puti spoke.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

The four people leaped into the air, leaving the scene.

Xie Puti jabbed Huang Xiaolong, "You kid, I was wondering why you were acting so calm and fearless. So from the beginning, you knew Duan Wuhen sent Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi to protect you. You caused me to worry in vain."

Huang Xiaolong grinned at his words, "When we go out, I'll drink a few more cups of penalty wine."

“No way, it should be you buying me a few more jugs of wine!”

Both broke out in laughter.

The four traveled together for a while. As time passed, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring’s vibrations had become more frequent, proving he was getting closer to the Absolute Soul Pearl.

“Xiaolong, let’s cultivate separately. There are many treasures here in the Saint Pavilion space, let’s see who has better luck.” Xie Puti suggested.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, “Okay.”

Even if Xie Puti hadn’t said it, he would have suggested the same. They may be like-minded people, but reining the Absolute Soul Pearl in was better kept a secret from him as to prevent any unforeseen troubles.

After Xie Puti had left, Huang Xiaolong used a similar excuse saying he wanted to cultivate alone to separate from Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi.

Listening to Huang Xiaolong’s request, Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi exchanged a look, then Jiang Yang said in a serious tone, “Since it is so, Young Noble Huang, please hold on to this transmission talisman. If you come across any danger, send us a message, we will rush over as fast as we can!” Jiang Yang withdrew a half palm-sized talisman seal carved with a strange pattern and handed it to Huang Xiaolong.

Receiving the talisman, Huang Xiaolong nodded: “Okay.”

Both of them cupped their fists at Huang Xiaolong and left.

Huang Xiaolong waited until both of their figures vanished from sight before turning around. Sensing the direction of the Absolute Soul Pearl, Huang Xiaolong flew towards the range of mountains up ahead.

Not long after, Huang Xiaolong came to a valley.

Approaching the valley, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring that had been shaking inside his body suddenly stopped moving. Huang Xiaolong was stumped. According to their reaction earlier, the Absolute Soul Pearl should be somewhere in this valley, but why did the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring suddenly stop reacting now?

Huang Xiaolong leaped up, entering the valley. The entire valley was filled with a sea of thick, dark-gray fog so thick that he could barely see his own fingers clearly! Relying on his eyesight, Huang Xiaolong could only see a hazy ten meters around him.

Huang Xiaolong could always see at least three hundred meters ahead of himself since breaking into the Xiantian realm, regardless of thick fog. There was definitely something strange going on if his vision was limited to within ten meters.

# Chapter 210: Terrifying Valley

---

Finding the peculiarity of the surrounding thick fog, Huang Xiaolong increased his vigilance. He wasted no time, immediately transforming into Asura Physique. Spreading the Wings of Demon behind him while moving forward with caution, his eyes surveyed the situation around him.

There was dead silence in all four directions, so silent that it felt eerie. From time to time, shrill cries of unknown beings could be heard coming from the front, sending cold shivers down one's spine.

Huang Xiaolong moved slowly and cautiously through the thick, dark-gray fog for an hour. There was nothing in the surrounding area other than the dark-gray fog.

It seemed peaceful the entire way as Huang Xiaolong moved deeper, but the uneasy palpitations in his heart grew increasingly stronger. An innate feeling of impending danger came from the very core of his soul.

This feeling of unease gave Huang Xiaolong an illusion that he was walking step by step into the deepest part of hell.

Another hour passed.

The only difference was that the dark-gray fog grew more dense the further he went. When Huang Xiaolong first entered the valley, he could make out at least ten meters around him. Now, he could barely see his own fingers as he stretched his hand out in front of himself.

Huang Xiaolong continued to walk straight when suddenly, the gray fog around him moved like flowing water accompanied by the strange shrieks that started to grow clearer.

When the dark-gray fog moved it seemed to trigger the strange cries.

Huang Xiaolong's nerves stretched thin, a grave expression shown on his face as he readied himself to react to any changes at any moment, circulating his battle qi. The sharp shrieks continued echoing in the valley. Huang Xiaolong surmised the cries came from some kind of living being that was probably not part of the demonic beast races. It sounded closer to an evil fiend from the underworld.

All of a sudden, something powerful lunged at him from the front, piercing through the fog and startling Huang Xiaolong. Wings of Demon flapped as he steered to the side, displaying his martial spirit ability—Phantom Shadow at the same time to avoid the thing attacking him.

A dark black creature rushed out from the fog. It was shaped like a human but had four arms and glowing scarlet eyes. Its entire body was ablaze with a terrifying flame.

Huang Xiaolong barely succeeded in dodging the collision with that strange creature. The strange black creature brushed past Huang Xiaolong, sending a wave of scorching heat from the terrifying flame burning on its body towards him that made him feel like he fell into a sea of vengeful fire. A strong prickling pain shot through the surface of his skin from the burst of high temperature.

Under general circumstances, by relying on his Asura Physique and the many years of swallowing Fire Dragon Pearls, even being burned at high temperatures with mortal fire wouldn't harm him one bit. Yet this flame... just the residual waves of heat coming from it was enough to cause Huang Xiaolong pain. One could imagine the terror of this unknown flame.

The strange creature did not pursue Huang Xiaolong. Instead, it ran straight back into the thick dark-gray fog as if it did not see him.

But, moments after Huang Xiaolong avoided the strange black

creature's attack, just within a few breaths' time, another strange black creature lunged at him again from the front.

Alarmed, Huang Xiaolong once again displayed Phantom Shadow.

And the same thing repeated every few breaths' time.

One after another, these strange black creatures seemed endless. When one disappeared into the fog, another would appear almost immediately. And the thing that made Huang Xiaolong's face turn ugly was that every time a new one appeared, their attack speed and the flame on their body became more terrifying.

In the beginning, the flame on these strange black creatures only released a wave of residual heat that left a burning sensation on Huang Xiaolong's skin whereas now, this kind of burning sensation penetrated into his body, affecting his internal organs.

The pain was excruciating.

After dodging more than a dozen of these strange black creatures, Huang Xiaolong actually felt trepidation when he spotted yet another creature appearing and coming straight at him.

In the blink of an eye, the creature had reached in front of Huang Xiaolong. Even displaying Phantom Shadow as quick as he could, one of his arms caught a tiny wisp of the unknown flame. A shocking pain washed over him as if he was roasting in hellfire. The piercing pain was too much to bear even for someone like Huang Xiaolong, he let out an anguished scream.

After the pain passed, Huang Xiaolong studied where the flame burned and saw there was a wound like that of a tunnel that bore into his flesh, bloodied, driving deep down to the bone!

Huang Xiaolong was stupefied.

This was the first time something managed to penetrate his physical defense, injuring him to this extent.

In that instant, Huang Xiaolong no longer hesitated. He immediately summoned his black and blue dragons and soul transformed.

Fusing with the twin dragon martial spirits, a layer of black and blue dragon scales covered the surface of Huang Xiaolong's skin. The bone deep hole in his flesh slowly healed.

Another strange black creature appeared and rushed at him, Huang Xiaolong veered away with a quick side step.

After his soul transformation, Huang Xiaolong's speed greatly increased. Yet even through the thick dragon scales that covered his entire body, Huang Xiaolong still felt the flame heat emanating from the black creature's body.

Half an hour later.

Huang Xiaolong managed to persevere for another half-hour after soul transforming, however the subsequent half-hour after that became an arduous struggle. Another one of the strange black creatures ran out from the dense gray fog, faster than any of its kind before it. Huang Xiaolong failed to dodge even with his increased speed from the soul transformation.

Both of Huang Xiaolong's arms were hit with some of the flame from the strange creature's body, dancing on the dragon scales protecting his body. The dragon scales could be seen falling off piece by piece with the naked eye.

The last creature's speed was five to six times faster compared to the first one!

Barely a few minutes later, every piece of scale on Huang Xiaolong's body had fallen off. Huang Xiaolong was hardly recognizable due to his miserable appearance. His body was riddled with blood stained fleshy holes that were scorched bone deep from the flames.

I didn't expect I would die here! Huang Xiaolong thought in self-

contempt, “Will I cross back to Earth after I die?”

Huang Xiaolong’s consciousness began to slip and his body swayed unsteadily. On the verge of tumbling to the ground, the dense dark-gray fog around him abruptly vanished without any prior warning. Oddly enough, the shrill shrieks from those strange black creatures had also vanished.

Huang Xiaolong looked around blankly. When the dark gray fog vanished, the entire valley revealed itself before his eyes.

Littered around the valley were black stones. Other than the stones, there were some random black trees of the strangest shape. Every tree only had two branches, like two arms of a person.

Huang Xiaolong steadied himself and took a pellet out from the Asura Ring. Swallowing the pellet, he initiated Instant Recovery. Blue lights shimmered around his body almost instantly, helping him slowly recover.

Almost half an hour passed when the blue lights dissipated. The wounds of Huang Xiaolong’s body healed and closed up, looking much better than it did before.

From the surface, no one could tell that Huang Xiaolong had been recently injured.

He took a deep breath, lifted his foot and continued onward further into the valley. An hour later, he reached the other end of the valley.

On the mountain wall at the end of the valley was a dark, black hole.

From within that black hole that elongated into a tunnel came a cacophony of heartbreaking whimpers.

Huang Xiaolong hesitated for a moment, but in the end steeled himself and stepped in. Since he had come this far, he was unwilling to leave at this juncture without knowing what was at the end.



The Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring inside his body trembled once as he took the first step into the black tunnel. From the moment he entered the valley, they had not shown any reaction whatsoever until this very moment. Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed in his heart. Judging from the reactions, the Absolute Soul Pearl was indeed in this valley; within this black tunnel!

Huang Xiaolong followed the path of the black tunnel that contained nothing but complete and total darkness, absorbing all light. His eyes could see no more than three hundred meters ahead of him. Though there was no thick fog inside the black tunnel, Huang Xiaolong dared not relax his vigilance. He maintained his soul transformation, always paying attention to the changes in direction.

But it was as if there was no end to the black tunnel. Huang Xiaolong followed the path for several hours yet with no end in sight.

# Chapter 211: Permutations

---

In the long black tunnel, there was nothing else but a stretch of endless darkness.

This was, in short, a psychological torment!

Imagine someone trudging forward in a small space that differentiated no day or night for several hours on high vigilance for any unexpected danger that might appear. An average person would have gone insane.

Huang Xiaolong willed himself to move forward.

However, other than the first step he took, there wasn't a single reaction from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring, both had been silent ever since.

Roughly a day passed in the black tunnel.

Huang Xiaolong had spent a day walking forward in the darkness yet there was still no signs of an end. Even for someone as strong-willed as Huang Xiaolong, he started to feel an anger rising and irritation.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong simply stopped walking and sat cross-legged on the spot, meditating and adjusting his breathing to eliminate the anger and annoyance he felt inside his heart.

Just like this, time passed unknowingly. Only when he had calmed down did Huang Xiaolong get up and continue onward.

Hours and days went on as such; moving onward in the darkness and stopping to sit down to meditate. This happened in so many intervals that Huang Xiaolong had even lost count of the days.

When he was starting to feel numb, he suddenly caught a glimpse of light up ahead in the endless darkness.

Light, hope!

For the current Huang Xiaolong, the tiniest spark of light

represented boundless hope!

Huang Xiaolong leaped forward, no, he sprinted to the source of light with all his might.

However, though that tiny light looked close, it was further than Huang Xiaolong had expected. Even after an hour of flying, he had yet to reach where the light was.

As Huang Xiaolong flew forward persistently, the sand-grain sized 'hope' became bigger, reaching the size of a large sphere.

And it became increasingly bigger, gradually enveloping Huang Xiaolong. The scene before him changed in an instant when the light enshrouded his body. He exited the endless black tunnel and came to a mountainous open space.

The grounds surface was littered with white bones everywhere!

There were human, beast, and some unknown creature's bones.

Heaps upon heaps, mountains piled next to each other.

Some bone mountains peaked as high as a hundred zhang!

These white bones emanated an evil Yin energy that formed a fiendish gale that swirled in the air above like wailing ghost cries.

Looking at this scene, Huang Xiaolong frowned.

What kind of place was this? How could such a place exist within Saint Pavilion? These heaps and mounds of white bones from humans, beasts, and strange creatures shouldn't exist in Saint Pavilion.

Perhaps... this space was no longer part of Saint Pavilion? A thought suddenly flashed in Huang Xiaolong's mind.

Huang Xiaolong continued to walk forward as if he had arrived in an underworld of white bones.

In the next moment, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring in his body trembled violently. Huang Xiaolong's

eyes lit up. Getting a sense of the Absolute Soul Pearl's location, the Wings of Demon spread out and he shot out in a certain direction.

This time around, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring did not behave as they had before, stopping after a small reaction. Both shook with increased intensity. In the end, both flew out of Huang Xiaolong's body!

Hovering in midair, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring exuded a blinding light before both flew forward of their own accord, whistling through the wind.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong quickly chased after them.

Huang Xiaolong had just flown for a short while when the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring issued a long humming sound. Their speed increased even more.

Huang Xiaolong needed to exude all his effort to keep up with the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring.

Just as abruptly some distance ahead, the two heavenly treasures stopped in midair, prompting Huang Xiaolong to search around for clues. Almost immediately, he saw a human fist-sized purple pearl hovering not too far away!

The Absolute Soul Pearl!

No doubt this purple-colored pearl before him was the Absolute Soul Pearl!

But Huang Xiaolong had a grave expression on his face. A dark-gray fog swirled around the surface of the Absolute Soul Pearl. The same thick gray fog Huang Xiaolong came across when he first entered the valley, but it was much more condensed and had a gray liquid-esque appearance.

From time to time, there were dark shadows flickering across the surface, accompanied by echoing shrieks. Those were none other than the strange dark creatures that Huang Xiaolong was

powerless against... and a little afraid of.

Under Huang Xiaolong's observation, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring flew towards the Absolute Soul Pearl, hovering in circles over the fist-sized purple pearl. Yet when the two heavenly treasures moved too close, the dark-gray fog around the Absolute Soul Pearl's surface would start to surge, blocking the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring's approach.

The strange dark creatures' cries became more frequent and grew in intensity, almost as if they might escape and burst out from the gray fog at any time.

In midair, the brilliant glow of three heavenly treasures glittered.

The Linglong Treasure Pagoda glistened an ember red, the God Binding Ring illuminated a brilliant golden light, and the Absolute Soul Pearl glowed a deep mesmerizing purple.

Three different colors of light twined and clashed.

As Huang Xiaolong watched, the black and blue dragon martial spirits in his body flew towards the Absolute Soul Pearl.

With the twin dragons joining the fray, the fragile balance and calm between the three heavenly treasures were broken. The Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring's light soared, while the Absolute Pearl's deep purple glow gradually diminished.

As the light on the Absolute Soul Pearl grew bleak, the piles of white bones around the spacious mountain—the human, beast, and strange creature bones, moved.

Huang Xiaolong's face tightened.

These white bones were likely numbered in the millions, at the very least hundreds of thousands. Hundreds of thousands of white bones crashed over Huang Xiaolong like a giant wave. Terrifying evil Yin energy filled the area, transforming into a ferocious fiend and baring its sharp teeth at Huang Xiaolong.

With no place to retreat or dodge, he was drowned in the wave of white bones, overwhelmed by the evil Yin energy. His vision darkened, consciousness sinking into oblivion.

There was a feeling of entering a dream for a very, very long time. In that dream, he was surrounded by countless white bones. When the white bones disappeared, a vast sea of blood manifested. Then a hell of evil fiends with sharp claws and ferocious teeth appeared after that. Scene after scene changed, all depicting the gore and carnage of Hell. Evil spirits, the Chinese myths of Hell's guardians, Ox-head and Horse-face, headless ghosts, etc.

Images repeated, overlapped, and even intertwined.

Huang Xiaolong was swept away in a river of memories that didn't belong to him, unable to retract himself as he floated along.

A long time passed before a blinding light flashed in his eyes. Clarity slowly returned and he woke up.

Opening his eyes, there was a face in front of him, a blurred image that slowly became clearer.

Xie Puti!

Huang Xiaolong shook his head in order to clear it more. Trying to get up, he took in the surroundings and asked at the same time, "Where are we?"

Xie Puti looked at Huang Xiaolong with a weird expression when he heard his question.

# Chapter 212: Soul Mandate

---

Noticing the weird expression on Xie Puti's face, Huang Xiaolong bent his head down to check himself. His clothes were still on, there was nothing wrong as far as he could tell.

At this point, Xie Puti exaggeratedly reached out to touch Huang Xiaolong's forehead, saying, "I say bro, are you still dreaming?"

"Dreaming?" Huang Xiaolong was genuinely confused.

"We're already out of Saint Pavilion." Xie Puti said, "But when you were transferred out, you were sleeping and no matter how I tried, you wouldn't wake up! Please don't tell me you spent the entire month inside Saint Pavilion... sleeping?"

Guilt flashed across Huang Xiaolong's face at Xie Puti's baffled expression, and he smiled and nodded awkwardly in admission.

Xie Puti's eyes rounded in shock and he pointed a finger at Huang Xiaolong. He then burst out into a hearty laughter, "Damn bro, you're too fierce! I think you're the first person that entered Saint Pavilion to sleep. Moreover, you slept the entire one month~!"

What Xie Puti said was nothing but the truth. In the history of Duanren Institute's opening of the pavilion, there hadn't been any student that went inside to take a nap!

"We are in one of the yards in my Xie Manor." Xie Puti clarified after his laughter stopped, "We've been transferred out for half a day. Seeing that you wouldn't wake up, I brought you over here to my Xie Manor first. How about it, let's head to Sapidity Wine House for a few hundred jugs of celebratory wine!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded in agreement.

Although he badly wanted to return to Southern Hill Estate to check if there were any strange issues with his body, he had promised Xie Puti before entering Saint Pavilion that they would go for a drink. Hence, he was too embarrassed to refuse.

“Great, good bro, let’s go!” Xie Puti pulled Huang Xiaolong enthusiastically out of Xie Manor towards Sapidity Wine House’s direction in Duanren Institute.

On their way, Huang Xiaolong subtly immersed his spiritual sense into his body to check its condition.

The second his spiritual sense entered his body, a burst of frenzied joy hit Huang Xiaolong.

The Absolute Soul Pearl!

Right above his soul sea hovered three of the Heavenly Treasures — Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring, and the Absolute Soul Pearl. The three Heavenly Treasures positioned themselves in a triangle, each shrouded in a soft halo.

An amber red, an aureate gold, and a deep purple glow. Three different colored halos intermingled, blending together.

The Absolute Soul Pearl did not push the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring away like it had in the bone valley, but rather co-existed peacefully.

What happened? Huang Xiaolong was happy but also confused.

When he lost consciousness, drowning in the thousands of white bones and evil Yin energy, he thought he was going to die. However, not only did he not die, he even succeeded in reining in the Absolute Soul Pearl.

The Absolute Soul Pearl!

The fourth treasure on the Heavenly Treasure List!

Huang Xiaolong took a deep breath.

He had finally gotten his hands on the Absolute Soul Pearl! Next, he would journey to the Blessed Buddha Empire to search for Godly Mt. Xumi!

Six years!



Regardless of anything else, he must break through to Xiantian Tenth Order by then!

Continuing to scan the changes in his body, Huang Xiaolong noted that his battle qi cultivation had broken passed peak late-Xiantian First Order, moving through early-Xiantian Second Order... eventually reaching peak early-Xiantian Second Order and could break into mid-Xiantian Second Order at anytime. Even his internal force had advanced by a large stride!

His battle qi and internal force growing stronger was nothing but wonderful news to Huang Xiaolong.

Was that evil Yin energy not actually harmful, but instead beneficial? Otherwise, Huang Xiaolong could not find a logical explanation for his drastic increased strength in battle qi and internal force in merely one short month of time!

“Bro, are you alright?” Xie Puti noticed that Huang Xiaolong’s thoughts seemed to be off somewhere in the distance and asked out of concern.

Realizing where he was, Huang Xiaolong pulled his attention back to the present as he shook his head at Xie Puti: “I’m fine.”

He reaped a good harvest from this one month spent in Saint Pavilion! It was well worth the sleep he took!

Hearing that, Xie Puti laughed, “It’s been quite a while since we came here; us brothers will enjoy till we’re both drunk or neither of us can go home!”

Huang Xiaolong laughed, “We won’t get drunk even if we drink for months!”

Both burst into laughter.

Indeed, with their Xiantian realm cultivation, it would be hard to get drunk even if they drank nonstop for several months.

A short while later, the two of them walked into Sapidity Wine

House, and because they were early this month, there were over four hundred jugs remaining. Huang Xiaolong ordered the waiter, "Send all the remaining four hundred plus Sapidity Wine jugs up here!"

More than four hundred jugs, that amounted to over four million gold coins!

The waiter was stunned and he turned to look at Xie Puti.

Xie Puti laughed, "This time my bro is treating me. Since he told you to serve them up, then serve them up!"

The waiter looked at Huang Xiaolong with disbelief and shock.

Huang Xiaolong threw a golden card at him.

Catching the golden card in bewilderment, the waiter said, "Young Noble Xie, Young Noble Huang, please wait a moment. I'll go have all the remaining Sapidity Wine sent up!" Quickly turning around, the waiter went to arrange the wine, not forgetting to set up a table of excellent side dishes for them.

Not wasting time, Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti clinked their wine cups, savoring the wine and food.

This time, Huang Xiaolong achieved his purpose of entering Saint Pavilion, reining in the Absolute Soul Pearl, and increasing his battle qi and internal force. These good events contributed to his good mood.

But not long after they started drinking, Guo Zhi and Guo Fei were seen walking into Sapidity Wine House, walking and chatting at the same time.

"Didn't expect that in the Saint Pavilion's opening this time, Duan Wuhen would arrange Jiang Yang and Liu Zhi to protect doggy Huang. Damnit, that Guo Xufei failed to kill him!"

"Don't worry, when Ancestor comes out after successfully breaking into the Saint realm, that will be the day Huang Xiaolong

and Zhao Shu meet their maker!”

“I heard doggy Huang went in Saint Pavilion to sleep. Now, the entire Imperial City is singing rumors that doggy Huang is a sleeping pig!”

Both laughed sinisterly as they talked and failed to notice Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti sitting inside the restaurant. Perhaps it was more accurate to say the Guo Brothers never imagined Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti would be here drinking on the same day they got out of Saint Pavilion.

Entering the establishment, Guo Zhi and Guo Fei felt a frigid air surround them, thus raised their heads. Only at that moment did they finally notice Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti’s presence.

The brothers paled instantly, bouncing back in fright. Without waiting, both of them turned around and fled in panic.

“Don’t worry about it.” When Xie Puti wanted to get up, Huang Xiaolong pushed him back down saying, “Don’t let two clowns dampen our drinking spirit.”

Xie Puti laughed loudly at this remark, “As you wish!”

Cups continued to clink.

It was several hours later when they stepped out of the restaurant, leaving the Institute, Huang Xiaolong returned to Southern Hill Estate.

It was already late by the time Huang Xiaolong arrived at Southern Hill Estate. After calling Fei Hou and discussing matters related to Southern Hill Estate for the past month, Huang Xiaolong initiated the God Binding Ring and entered the ancient battlefield. There, he summoned the Absolute Soul Pearl out of his body.

Holding the fist-sized purple pearl in his hand, Huang Xiaolong dripped a drop of blood onto its smooth surface. As the blood seeped into the pearl, a brilliant purple light burst out. At the same time, the same purple color character for ‘soul\*’ flew out, entering

Huang Xiaolong's soul from the middle of his eyebrows. Another sequence of memories flashed in Huang Xiaolong's mind related to the Absolute Soul Pearl, including the methods to control it.

Huang Xiaolong discovered something from these memories. Other than the Absolute Soul Finger, the Absolute Soul Pearl contained another profound secret law called Soul Mandate!

This Soul Mandate was a secret law to control a person's soul!

Huang Xiaolong was flabbergasted by this new information. If what he was shown was true, didn't that mean he could rein in and control other people after he practiced this secret law?

Furthermore, this Soul Mandate applied to human and beast alike—it applied to all living beings!

# Chapter 213: Heartless Hall

---

Huang Xiaolong suppressed the ecstasy in his heart and started to focus on the Soul Mandate he got from the Absolute Soul Pearl.

Several hours later, Huang Xiaolong who was sitting cross-legged on the ground suddenly pointed his finger at the void. A finger print pierced out, with dark-gray fog rumbling after it like waves on the high sea, spreading out to the surroundings. At the same time, strange black creatures appeared from within the dark-gray fog.

They were the same strange creatures Huang Xiaolong came across when he entered the valley within Saint Pavilion.

This move was called Absolute Soul Finger!

The finger print shuttled through the dark-gray fog in complete silence and was undetectable, yet had the power to penetrate heaven and earth!

Even harder to defend against than the Asura Sword Skill's Fifth Move: Flower of the Other Shore.

Every time Huang Xiaolong displayed Absolute Soul Finger, the Absolute Soul Pearl would spew purple-colored energy for Huang Xiaolong to absorb and refine. This was called soul qi. According to the memories he received from the Absolute Soul Pearl, the Absolute Soul Finger Huang Xiaolong had just used would become more powerful when the dark-gray fog became denser and darker, increasing the strange black creatures' strength, and in turn, increasing the Absolute Soul Finger's attack power!

Three days and three nights passed.

Huang Xiaolong pointed a finger at the void, the dark-gray fog instantly rolled out with the strange black creatures' shrill shrieks echoing from within. The power of the finger attack pierced through the fog silently sans any fluctuations.

Compared to the first day, Huang Xiaolong's Absolute Soul Finger power had improved several times over.

Huang Xiaolong spent three days practicing the Absolute Soul Finger before turning to the other skill, Soul Mandate.

Meditating a moment to remember the flow and meridian route of battle qi for Soul Mandate, Huang Xiaolong's eyes suddenly snapped open. Deep inside his pupils emerged two purple-colored 'soul' characters!

A light glinted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes and the two characters flew out from his pupils, combining into a single character and branding itself onto a piece of some ruins on the ancient battlefield. Instantly, the piece of ruins exploded into fragments.

Other than controlling all living beings with souls, Soul Mandate possessed terrifying attack prowess that was no weaker than the Absolute Soul Finger itself. It was perhaps lacking in unpredictability factor when the two were compared.

Huang Xiaolong immersed himself in practicing the Absolute Soul Finger and Soul Mandate in the ancient battlefield. At the same time, Huang Xiaolong noticed that when the soul qi fused seamlessly into his meridians and Qi Sea, his battle qi actually increased at rapid speed. It was faster than Huang Xiaolong cultivating by himself while swallowing a grade five spirit pellet on a daily basis!

Of course, it was detrimental to Huang Xiaolong's cultivation progress if he took too many spirit pellets to aid his cultivation. But soul qi was different, there were no side effects to Huang Xiaolong.

This finding delighted him.

With his current cultivation speed, he assumed he'd be able to break through to mid-Xiantian Second Order very soon. Following that, late-Xiantian Second Order, peak late-Xiantian Second Order, and

then Xiantian Third Order!

The Absolute Soul Pearl was ranked at fourth place on the Heavenly Treasure List, Huang Xiaolong still had the number one, Godly Mt. Xumi, to look forward to.

One month passed.

In that one month, Huang Xiaolong successfully broke through to mid-Xiantian Second Order from peak late-First Order. No doubt, the power of his Absolute Soul Finger increased significantly, about five to six times stronger than before. The same could be said about his progress in using Soul Mandate.

In the beginning, Huang Xiaolong's plan was to leave for Blessed Buddha Empire after reining in the Absolute Soul Pearl once they exited from the dimension within Saint Pavilion. In the end, and after much thought, Huang Xiaolong decided to delay the trip until after the Huang Family arrived at Imperial City.

Another month passed in practice while concentrating on the Absolute Soul Finger, Soul Mandate, the Body Metamorphose Scripture, Asura Tactics, and the Sixth Move of Asura Sword Skill: Eye of Reincarnation.

Time flowed quickly. It seemed like in the blink of an eye, two months came and went.

While Huang Xiaolong was practicing Eye of Reincarnation, the transmission talisman near his chest vibrated. Stopping his movements, Huang Xiaolong took out the transmission talisman.

This talisman was specifically made for him by Zhao Shu. A Saint realm expert would brand the talisman with space laws. Using the transmission talisman, both sides could communicate with each other even though they were in a separate space.

The message sender on the other side was Zhao Shu.

“Sovereign, Yu Ming has returned, Family Master Huang and the rest met with mishap!”

Huang Xiaolong's face tightened reading the message.

The Huang Family met with mishap!

Huang Xiaolong threw everything to the back of his mind and rushed out from the ancient battlefield. Hastening straight to the great hall, when he walked in, all three—Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou was waiting there.

Other than them, there were also several Huang Family guards present.

Of those several guards, Huang Xiaolong was able to recognize them with one look. When Huang Xiaolong walked in, everyone stood up.

When Yu Ming wanted to step out and explain the situation, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, "Everyone take a seat first." he said as he took the main seat in the center of the great hall.

Seeing this, Yu Ming and the rest returned to their previous seats.

"Yu Ming, tell me, what exactly happened?" After taking his seat, Huang Xiaolong asked.

Yu Ming hurriedly got up again from his seat, reporting respectfully, "Sovereign, when we were passing by the Toli Kingdom, we were ambushed by a dozen Xiantian realm experts."

"Ambushed by a dozen Xiantian realm experts!" Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed pensively.

"Yes, and four amongst them were at Xiantian Ninth Order. Apart from them. there were six Xiantian Eighth Order and six more Xiantian Seventh Order experts!" Yu Ming listed out.

Huang Xiaolong cold voice contained certainty: "It was Yao Fei?"

For someone to be able to send so many high-level Xiantian experts to abduct his parents and who had a grudge with him, there was only Yao Fei.



Of course, other than Yao Fei, the Guo Family also had the capability to conduct the same deed.

Yu Ming nodded, “Yes, Young Lord. It was Yao Fei. Other than the four Xiantian Ninth Order that took away House Master Huang, Subordinate killed six of their Xiantian Seventh Order and four Xiantian Eighth Order, capturing two Xiantian Eighth Order alive. Under interrogation, they admitted they were sent by Yao Fei!”

“Bring those two people over!” an intense killing intent quickly gleamed in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes and vanished just as fast.

“Yes, Young Lord!” Yu Ming answered and withdrew from the great hall. Next, he came back with two middle-aged men in black clothes.

The instant the two middle-aged men saw Huang Xiaolong, they sneered, “Huang Xiaolong, if you want your parents, little sister, and brother to stay safe, you better let us go immediately!”

One of them issued a brazen ruthless laugh, “If we return late, we don’t dare to guarantee nothing will happen to your parents. Your Mom and little sister were quite pleasant to the eyes. Even I was almost tempted, let alone the guards in Yao Manor!”

Just as their voices fell, a shadow blurred. Huang Xiaolong already stood right in front of them, both hands stretched out, squeezing their throats.

The two middle-aged men’s eyes protruded from the force.

Huang Xiaolong looked at them icily, “I will first send you two to hell!” He exerted force in his fingers, crushing their throats with a twist. Their heads hung limply, dead before they even understood what happened.

After confirming their deaths, Huang Xiaolong threw the two bodies into the Thousand Beast Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Turning over to Yu Ming he asked, “Where’s Yao

Fei now?”

“Replying Young Lord, Yao Fei is currently in Duanren institute’s Heartless Hall.” Yu Ming replied.

Heartless Hall!

“All of you are going with me to Heartless Hall!” Huang Xiaolong stated in a cold voice.

“Yes, Young Lord!” Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou answered in unison.

Moments later, the three of them followed Huang Xiaolong out from Southern Hill Estate, heading towards Heartless Hall in Duanren Institute.

Note:

There is no C213 in Chinese raws. It skipped a chapter to C214 which were compensated later with double chapters of 217 .

# Chapter 214: All Of You Must Die Here!

---

Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou marched towards Duanren Institute with a visible murderous aura. Anyone who came across their path ran away in fright!

Before long, the four of them arrived at Duanren Institute, entered the grounds, and shocked the students with their killing intent.

“Isn’t that Huang Xiaolong? Why did he bring so many guards and outsiders into Duanren Institute?!”

“Doesn’t he know that students are not allowed to bring outsiders into the Institute?!”

“This Huang Xiaolong really thinks he can do whatever he wants just because Duan Wuhen is backing him? Bringing his guards and outsiders in here... in my opinion, he’ll be kicked out of the Institute by Duanren Emperor first thing tomorrow morning! Regardless of how great a talent you have, you cannot break the rules!” Teachers and students parted to the sides, fingers pointing at him from afar as they stated righteously amongst their friends.

“Huang Xiaolong, for you to dare bring your guard and outsiders into the Institute... what are you planning to do?” Very soon after Huang Xiaolong’s group entered, Duanren Institute’s patrolling guards appeared, blocking Huang Xiaolong’s path. The Patrol Guard Captain hollered at Huang Xiaolong with a finger pointed to his face.

Huang Xiaolong’s frigid gaze fell upon that Patrol Guard Captain. The killing intent coming from Huang Xiaolong and his group made the Captain’s heart nearly burst out from his chest. Huang Xiaolong pulled Duan Ren’s Golden Token out and commanded in an icy tone: “Scram!”

The Captain had a sour expression on his face from Huang

Xiaolong's attitude but with the Golden Token in front of him, he had no other option and retreated to the side.

Huang Xiaolong stomped all the way into the inner division with Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou.

At the same time, within the Heartless Hall, Xiao Teng faced Yao Fei with a beaming smile, "Young Noble, all of the Huang family members are now in our hands. However Young Noble wishes to play with Huang Xiaolong solely depends on Young Noble's interest!"

"Let that little brat lick Young Noble's toes in public!" Another guard supported with a suggestion.

"Hum, allowing him to lick our Young Noble's toes? Our Young Noble would despise his smelly saliva dirtying him. Let him kneel and lick our toes instead!"

The guards surrounding Yao Fei broke out in unruly laughter.

Yao Fei snorted, "Letting him clean your toes is going easy on him. Knowing his parents and siblings are at my place, Huang Xiaolong will surely come barging over soon with his guard Zhao Shu. I want him to eat shit in front of everyone! Xiao Teng, go and prepare, not much is needed, one barrel is enough!"

"Yes, Young Noble!" Xiao Teng respectfully answered.

Then, Yao Fei spoke again, "Also, I told you to call Gu Ziming and Du Lan over, have they come?"

Gu Ziming, Du Lan, and Xiao Teng were three of the strongest people under Yao Fei. Like Yao Fei, all three of them were also students on the Heaven List in Duanren Institute. Each was a Xiantian Tenth Order expert, existences close to Saint realm warriors.

Yao Fei was confident that the three of them together were more than enough to kill Zhao Shu.

Just as Xiao Teng opened his mouth wanting to answer, a voice sounded from outside the hall, “Young Noble, we’re here!” Two figures were seen arriving, the wind whistling from their speed. These two were precisely the Gu Ziming and Du Lan whom Yao Fei had just spoken of.

Seeing them arrive, Yao Fei finally felt assured. The only thing left now was to wait for that doggy Huang’s arrival!

“Reporting to Young Noble, Huang Xiaolong brought Zhao Shu and two others. They have entered the inner division, moving straight to our Heartless Hall!” At this time, a student ran into the main hall, reporting to Yao Fei about Huang Xiaolong’s whereabouts.

Cruel excitement flitted across Yao Fei’s eyes when hearing this. He sneered, “I didn’t expect that doggy Huang to be so efficient. Still, this is good, saves me from waiting too long!”

“Let’s go, all of you come out with me, we’ll ‘welcome’ doggy Huang’s arrival!”

“Yes Young Noble!”

With Yao Fei leading at the front, Gu Ziming, Du Lan, and the rest followed him out from Heartless Hall’s main hall to the small square outside of Heartless Hall.

Yao Fei stood on the square with his eyes closed as if taking a nap, leisurely awaiting Huang Xiaolong’s arrival.

Moments later, Yao Fei suddenly opened his eyes. A sharp, bloodthirsty light shone from within his pupils as they focused on a group of people advancing boldly towards his Heartless Hall. The person at the front was none other than Huang Xiaolong. Behind Huang Xiaolong was Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, Fei Hou, and the Huang Family guards.

Apart from them, there was a large crowd of students trailing from afar who were coming to watch a show.

Catching the sight of Yao Fei leisurely awaiting his arrival on the square outside Heartless Hall, a strong killing intent reflected in Huang Xiaolong's eyes. Their gazes met halfway and an invisible pressure collided between them.

About a dozen meters away from Yao Fei, Huang Xiaolong stopped and stood still.

Yao Fei swept a cold glance at Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou who were standing behind Huang Xiaolong. He sneered with contempt, "Huang Xiaolong, you dared to come to my Heartless Hall with just these several helpers? Let me introduce you." He pointed at Gu Ziming, Du Lan, and Xiao Teng at his back: "These three are Gu Ziming, Du Lan, and Xiao Teng. All of them are experts on the inner division's Heaven List and all three of them are also peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order warriors!" Then, he pointed to the large group of around forty people to his side, "And they're at Xiantian Seventh Order and above!"

Yao Fei turned back towards Huang Xiaolong, his voice cold: "I know you came to Heartless Hall today to rescue you parents and siblings, but do you think you can rescue them with your current power? As I said before in front of the Wind Facing Hall, I will keep your doglife to reduce my boredom!" Finishing his sentence, Yao Fei signaled Xiao Teng with a look.

Xiao Teng understood, replying: "Yes Young Noble!" He sent someone to bring out a big wooden barrel.

The moment the big wooden barrel was put out, a nauseating smell filled the air. The gathered crowd peeped inside and saw that the big barrel was filled to the brim with feces of a multitude of colors and shapes.

The students watching felt their throats twitch slightly, nearly causing them to vomit on the spot.

Pointing at the big wooden barrel, Yao Fei announced loudly, "As long as you eat all the shit inside this wooden barrel, I can consider

sparing your family, and also spare your doglife for the time being! However, although your doglife can be spared, Zhao Shu and the rest must die here!”

Huang Xiaolong stood in silence the entire time. At this point, his frosty voice questioned as he stared at Yao Fei, “What last words do you have?”

The crowd was dumbfounded.

Last words?!

The proud expression on Yao Fei’s face sank,”What did you say?!”

Huang Xiaolong coldly replied, “I’m saying, all of you must die here today!”

Yao Fei exploded in laughter after hearing that. He pointed at Huang Xiaolong and Zhao Shu, mocking: “Relying on you and Zhao Shu?”

Behind Yao Fei, Gu Ziming, Du Lan, Xiao Teng, and the group of Xiantian Seventh Order and above experts chortled in raucous laughter as if they had just heard the greatest joke. The students that were waiting for a good show tried to stifle their laughter, shaking their heads.

In the next moment, an outbreak of majestic might came from Zhao Shu’s body. Yao Fei, Gu Ziming, Du Lan, Xiao Teng... everyone on Yao Fei’s side choked on their laughter. Their smugness was replaced with fear and they were given a terrible fright as they stared dumbstruck at Zhao Shu.

Yao Fei frightfully realized that with his level of strength, he was actually unable to breathe or move under Zhao Shu’s pressure. He was too weak to even raise a thought of resistance.

“Saint, Saint realm!”

“He, he’s a Saint realm expert!”

Shrieks sounded behind Yao Fei. Gu Ziming, Xiao Teng, and the others stammered with their shaky voices.

Saint realm expert!

Zhao Shu, who they thought was an existence infinitely close to someone in the Saint realm, was actually a Saint realm warrior!

The spectating teachers and students looked at Zhao Shu with apparent fear.

At this time, Zhao Shu raised his hands.



# Chapter 215: Guo Family's Ancestor Exits

---

Before everyone's rounded and shocked eyes, they saw Zhao Shu grip at the ethereal void. In the next moment Xiao Teng, who stood close to Yao Fei, exploded!

Pop! A resounding crisp noise cut through the silence. Pieces of flesh and blood splattered in all directions.

Blood fell to the ground like rain from the sky.

One peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert had fallen!

Blood drops rained down from above, and they landed on Yao Fei, Gu Ziming, Du Lan, and the people in Yao Fei's camp. Their faces and bodies were covered with what seemed to be bits and pieces of Xiao Teng's flesh. It was even stuck in their nostrils!

The scent of blood quickly filled the air.

Even the teachers and students spectating from afar felt their hearts twitched at the bloody scene.

Xiao Teng—Yao Fei's left and right-hand man, a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert, someone who was one of the existences closest to breaking into Saint Realm, died just like that!

Yao Fei stared at the tiny pieces of Xiao Teng's flesh on his nose, breathing in the thick scent of blood coming from the air through his nostrils. While terrified, a wave of nausea shot up.

He had always maintained high standards of cleanliness, not even the edges of his robe were ever dirty. In short, he was slightly obsessed with hygiene. Feeling the sticky blood running down his face, body, staining his robe, and especially with pieces of unknown parts of flesh on his nose, it wasn't hard to imagine the disgust he felt!

Next, Zhao Shu's right hand gripped at the void and Gu Ziming's body exploded. Another shower of blood and pieces of flesh

splattered down from high altitude.

Another peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order warrior had fallen!

More pieces of flesh fell on Yao Fei's face. In fact, a piece of exploded flesh hung on his lips, causing Yao Fei's nerves to twitch unceasingly. He wanted to scream yet his voice wouldn't cooperate. He was shaking from the inside out as if he had swallowed thousands of flies into his stomach.

The look in Zhao Shu's eyes grew increasingly sharp and cold, one of his hands made another gripping twist. This time, Du Lan exploded.

The last of Yao Fei's peak late-Tenth Order subordinates had also fallen!

It was as if Zhao Shu's actions were instructed by Huang Xiaolong, unhurried in his killing of Yao Fei's people. Instead, he allowed Yao Fei the honor of watching his subordinates die one by one, awaiting the impending steps of the Death God as it approached. Providing him with the fear of being cornered and having nowhere to run.

At this moment, Huang Xiaolong signaled to Zhao Shu with a look. Nodding, Zhao Shu sealed Yao Fei and the rest of the people's voices with a wave of his hands.

Yao Fei screamed before that.

"Me-, meat, quickly remove this damn minced meat from me!"

Piercing screams sounded in the square.

The first sentence coming out from Yao Fei's mouth wasn't to curse Huang Xiaolong, and wasn't to beg for mercy. Instead, it was to order someone to remove the blood and flesh on his eyes, nose, and lips!

But Yao Fei was careless. In the midst of his screams, the piece of flesh hanging on his lips slipped into his mouth and got stuck in

his throat.

Yao Fei turned deathly pale, once again opening his mouth but the piece of flesh was stuck there. He became unnaturally purple.

In the end, that piece of flesh slid down Yao Fei's throat and into his stomach. Only then did he glared viciously at Huang Xiaolong, "Huang Xiaolong you mongrel, you damn mongrel I want to kill you! I'll definitely kill you!" His pernicious gaze fixed on Huang Xiaolong as if he would swallow him whole.

"Really?" Without much change to his expression, Huang Xiaolong directed his words at Zhao Shu: "Continue."

"Yes, Young Lord!" Zhao Shu nodded at Huang Xiaolong and extended his hands out, this time clapping instead of using a gripping motion. Two of the subordinates behind Yao Fei exploded.

Bloody rain bloomed in the air like fireworks, dispersing a bloodied omen of death.

"Huang Xiaolong, Young Noble Huang, please spare us!"

"Yes, that's right Young Noble Huang, spare our measly lives. We, we're willing to submit to you!"

The remaining experts belonging to Heartless Hall were terrified. One by one they began to beg Huang Xiaolong.

However, Huang Xiaolong remained cold and indifferent. Zhao Shu clapped a second time.

Every time he clapped, two of Heartless Hall's experts would die from their bodies exploding. Even the observing teachers and students had stepped back unconsciously.

These fallen experts of Heartless Hall were all high-level Xiantian experts. In Duanren Empire, high-level Xiantian experts were considered scarce. Therefore, each of them possessed a noble status and identity, yet in front of Zhao Shu their death was swift

and they appeared to be worthless.

Scarlet blood painted the square.

The students that trailed after Huang Xiaolong to Heartless Hall with the aim of watching him be played with and tormented by Heartless Young Noble like a toy had faces that were paler than white.

Thank God they did not mock or throw insults at Huang Xiaolong when they followed him, otherwise... !

In the end, the thirty to forty Xiantian experts behind Yao Fei exploded until none were left, leaving Yao Fei alone, standing in the square.

Every time his subordinates exploded, the blood and flesh would fall on Yao Fei, causing him to shriek and holler like a crazed madman. The usual proud, noble, arrogant, condescending demeanor that held others' fates in his hands vanished from sight.

Witnessing this Yao Fei, the crowd shook their heads inwardly.

Standing amongst the crowd was one of the Five Young Nobles of Duanren Empire, someone of the same status as Yao Fei. Demon Sword Young Noble had a pensive expression on his face as he watched the scene.

When all the experts of Heartless Hall were dead, Zhao Shu stopped and retreated behind Huang Xiaolong. Looking at Yao Fei, Huang Xiaolong slowly took a few steps forward.

“Speak, where are my parents?” Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of Yao Fei, a biting chill in his voice.

By this time, Yao Fei was no longer screaming like a madman, but he laughed maniacally as he glared at Huang Xiaolong, “Huang Xiaolong, if you kill me your parents will accompany me in the afterlife! Moreover, my Yao Family Ancestor will be coming very soon, kill me now if you have the guts! Otherwise, when my Yao Family's Ancestor and experts arrive, I will make you regret that

you ever came to this world!”

Yao Fei laughed with reckless abandon, his face twisting with venomous hatred.

“Is that so?” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes scanned the area and they fell on the big wooden barrel Xiao Teng had ordered people to bring out earlier.

“Huang Xiaolong, what do you want to do?? You dare?!” Noticing Huang Xiaolong’s sudden interest being peeked, Yao Fei had a bad feeling. His face paled as he shouted at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong pointed calmly at the big wooden barrel, “Nothing much. Didn’t you want me to eat everything in there? Then, I shall let you have a taste first. Remember to tell me how it tastes later!” Huang Xiaolong flicked his hands the moment he finished talking, and from within the big wooden barrel, a piece of feces flew in Yao Fei direction.

...

At the same time, in the Guo Mansion’s secret underground chamber, a powerful aura soared into the sky with great momentum, influencing even the weather.

Guo Shiwen sensed the sudden burst of energy and joy filled his face, “Father finally succeeded in breaking through to Saint realm!”

The Guo Family’s Chief Steward, Zhang Yue, stepped up with a smile, “Congratulations Patriarch, Old Ancestor successfully broke through to the Saint realm! The Guo Family will prosper better than ever in the future.”

Guo Shiwen laughed heartily.

Guo Zhi was also in the main hall at this time, “Dad, since Grandfather succeeded in breaking into the Saint realm, you must ask Grandfather to avenge us. Kill Huang Xiaolong and Zhao Shu!”

“That’s right Dad, you must tell Grandfather to avenge us!” Guo Fei echoed his big brother’s sentiment.

Guo Shiwen snorted coldly, “Don’t worry. This time, Huang Xiaolong and that Zhao Shu can’t escape!”

## Chapter 216: Saint Realm Expert?

---

“Come, let us go welcome Ancestor’s exit!” Guo Shiwen beamed!

Taking the lead, Guo Shiwen brought a group of people to the Guo Family Mansion’s secret chamber and just as they stopped, the huge sturdy door of the secret chamber shattered into pieces. A figure flew out, piercing through space, then floated down to the ground close to where Guo Shiwen stood.

Guo Shiwen lit up when he saw the individual, quickly converging his emotions and showing utmost respect as he spoke, “Congratulations Father for successfully breaking into Saint realm!”

“Congratulations Grandfather for successfully breaking into the Saint realm!” Guo Zhi and Guo Fei took a step forward and said their greetings as well.

Only after they finished did the Guo Family experts, such as Chief Steward Zhang Yue and the rest come forward and lauded the Guo Ancestor’s success.

The person who exited the secret chamber was a silver-haired man who had a face that looked like he was a young man in his late-twenties. The young man wore a delicate silver robe, exuding a palpable majestic might.

This silver-haired young man was none other than the Guo family’s Ancestor, Guo Chen!

Guo Chen scanned the faces of the people congratulating him, a faint smile tugged at the corner of his lips as he nodded, “Stand, all of you.” He was indeed in a jubilant mood at that moment, after succeeding in breaking into the Saint realm.

The Guo Family had wealth and power. The Million Treasure Firm under their control was one of the three biggest trading houses in Duanren Empire. If comparing the wealth and forces at

their disposal, the Guo Family didn't lose to the Xie and Yao Family. Yet the reason the Guo Family had never been able to enter the hegemony clique of families was all because they did not have a Saint realm expert!

But now, there was him!

He finally succeeded in crossing that boundary!

Thinking that he himself would finally be elevated to a status known as one of the top experts in Duanren Empire after this, Guo Chen couldn't hold himself back from laughing happily with his fists shooting towards the sky. His unrestrained laughs reverberated throughout the expansive Guo Mansion.

The people present dared not interrupt.

When his laughter subsided, his eyes scanned the crowd once again, and this time, it stopped on his two grandsons, Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's bodies. His eyes narrowed, shifting onto Guo Shiwen, "What happened?!" There was iciness in his voice.

With Guo Chen's keen sight, he could tell at a glance that Guo Zhi and Guo Fei's Qi Sea had been broken by someone!

Guo Shiwen hastened to explain in a voice that carried utmost respect, "Father, it was a little brat called Huang Xiaolong that broke the Qi Sea of Zhi'er and Fei'er!"

"Huang Xiaolong?" There was doubt and confusion in Guo Chen's eyes.

"This Huang Xiaolong obtained first place in this year's Imperial City Battle. He originates from a small, backwater place called Huang Clan Manor in Luo Tong Kingdom. But we're unsure why there are two high-level Xiantian warriors following him at his side. One of them is called Zhao Shu, someone who is close to breaking into the Saint realm!"

Guo Chen scoffed at those last words, "Close to a Saint realm warrior's existence? In the end, he is nothing but just a small peak



late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert! Tell me, where is Huang Xiaolong and Zhao Shu right now?”

Guo Shiwen replied, “We found out not too long ago that Heartless Young Noble, Yao Fei, abducted Huang Xiaolong’s parents and siblings. Huang Xiaolong brought Zhao Shu and others along with him. He headed straight to Heartless Hall in Duanren Institute, they have probably arrived.”

“Oh~? He already entered Heartless Hall?” Guo Chen questioned.

“Yes. Huang Xiaolong possesses twin superb talent martial spirits thus Duan Wuhen placed great importance on him, even lending the Golden Token on his body to this Huang Xiaolong brat. Using the Golden Token, Huang Xiaolong managed to get Zhao Shu and his other people inside Duanren Institute’s inner division grounds!” Guo Shiwen added.

“So it’s like that.” Guo Chen sneered: “By relying on Duan Wuhen’s favor and backing, he dared to hurt my, Guo Chen’s grandsons? Even if he has Duan Wuhen backing him, today he must die! Let’s go, we’re hurrying to Heartless Hall. If we’re late and that little brat dies in Yao Fei’s hands, then it would be meaningless!”

“Yes, Father!” Guo Shiwen answered quickly with respect.

Following that, Guo Chen flew up and sent out a strand of Vigor Qi that wrapped around Guo Shiwen, Guo Zhi, Guo Fei, and even the experts on a similar level to Zhang Yue, flying off in Duanren Institute’s direction.

With Guo Chen’s speed, they arrived swiftly in Duanren Institute and went straight to Heartless Hall.

On the way, they rarely came across any Institute teachers or students.

A short moment later, Guo Chen’s group could see Heartless Hall’s structure and the vast sea of bobbing black heads of students

and teachers gathered around the perimeter.

At this point in time on the square, Yao Fei's mouth was stuffed with various shades of feces... and there was only about half of the original amount remaining in the big wooden barrel.

Yao Fei's stomach held the other half.

Yao Fei's expression looked like a dead person. There were no words that could describe how he felt at this moment. Hate and wrath filled his eyes. Ferocious killing intent exploded in every part of his body. Wanting, no... desiring to shred Huang Xiaolong into thousands, or even millions of pieces. Yet at the same time, a part of him wanted to plead, to beg Huang Xiaolong to stop.

His stomach had overturned, he could smell the putrid smell emanating from his own body.

"Huang-Xiao-Long, I vow I will kill you!" Yao Fei raged furiously, killing intent burst out but the moment he opened his mouth to speak, it was stuffed with something that flew out from the big wooden barrel.

As Guo Chen brought his group along, flying towards Heartless Hall, they came upon the most unforgettable scene they would ever encounter in their entire lives on the square.

Heartless Young Noble Yao Fei was eating shit!

Guo Chen arrived, exuding a towering pressure that attracted the attention of the people below.

"It's the Guo Family Ancestor!" Someone exclaimed in recognition.

"Guo Family's Ancestor! I heard Guo Family's Ancestor was in closed-door practice in order to break through to the Saint realm. Now that he's out, does that mean he succeeded?!"

"The pressure coming from the Guo Family Ancestor is so strong, he must've succeeded!"

Loud noises formed an uproar.

While the crowd was busy making assumptions, Guo Chen flickered and appeared on the square in front of Heartless Hall with the rest in tow.

Guo Chen's eyes were filled with shock as he stared at Yao Fei, whose mouth was stuffed with feces.

Shock was even more obvious on Guo Shiwen, Guo Zhi, and Guo Fei's faces. Although Yao Fei wasn't the Yao Family's Patriarch, it was something bound to happen sooner or later. Judging from Yao Fei's current status and identity, he held even more prestige than Guo Shiwen, who was the current Guo Family Patriarch.

Now, such a person was being fed shit in front of them!

Guo Chen's gaze inevitably fell on Huang Xiaolong.

"Father, he's Huang Xiaolong!" At this time, Guo Shiwen stepped forward to explain to Guo Chen.

Huang Xiaolong! Guo Chen was shocked within and his pupils shrunk. Had he previously underestimated Huang Xiaolong's background?!

Huang Xiaolong also turned to look over almost at the same time, their eyes meeting in midair.

"You're Guo Chen, Guo Family's Ancestor?" Huang Xiaolong inquired coldly.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong refer him by name, Guo Chen's brows wrinkled. This Huang Xiaolong might not be as simple as he thought at first, but he was after all a Saint realm warrior whereas Huang Xiaolong was a meager Xiantian Second Order expert. Seeing him arrive, not only did he not kneel down in salute, he even dared to call out his full name! Guo Chen was extremely unhappy.

Before Guo Chen even spoke a word, Guo Zhi was already unable

to resist jumping out, “Huang Xiaolong, your dog guts must be swollen to call my Grandfather’s name! Let me tell you, my Grandfather has successfully stepped into the Saint realm, he is a Saint realm expert! It’s better you get down on your knees and beg him to spare your life!”

Guo Zhi’s words echoed in the air, stirring the crowd.

“Guo Family’s Ancestor really broke into Saint realm!”

“A Saint realm expert! Our Duanren Empire has another Saint realm expert in its midst and Guo Family will become one of the hegemony families in Duanren Empire!”

There were many that uttered similar phrases.

“A Saint realm expert?” Zhao Shu spoke and he too turned around. A snicker appeared on his lips. Then, everyone watched and became stupefied as Zhao Shu reached out with both of his hands and struck a palm across the void at Guo Chen. A giant palm appeared, casting a shadow over the sky and blocking it from view.

# Chapter 217: Duanren Emperor Rushes Over

---

The gigantic palm print overshadowed the bright sky, instantaneously reaching Guo Chen. In a panic, Guo Chen struck his palm out to counter the sudden attack.

“Boundless Heaven’s Hand of Tyranny!”

A palm print pierced through space, trailing in a diagram of darkness and light as a tyrannical atmosphere ruled over the square’s space.

Two giant palm prints collided and terrifying shockwaves rebounded, sweeping out like a hurricane. But in no more than a second, Guo Chen’s Boundless Heaven’s Hand of Tyranny was shattered by Zhao Shu’s palm print and it continued to crash down on Guo Chen, slamming against his chest.

Guo Chen screamed as he was sent flying back to a corner of the square. The crowd scattered like a flock of frightened birds.

Silence drowned the entire Heartless Hall’s square. It was as if the loudest noise the people in the crowd could hear was their own heartbeats.

The shockwave dispersed in all directions within Heartless Hall, milling away the structures at incredible speed. Seeing Heartless Hall turned to ruins and Guo Chen who was slumped in a corner, the people present inhaled sharply.

Guo Chen, the Guo Family’s Ancestor that had just come out from closed-door practice after successfully stepping into the Saint realm, actually failed to take even one palm from Zhao Shu! Not even one palm!

Shocked faces turned towards Zhao Shu.

What was this Zhao Shu’s strength?! What was his real strength?!

Even Yao Fei was shocked as he stared at Zhao Shu.

Whereas Guo Zhi who clamored for Huang Xiaolong to kneel down and apologize to his Grandfather before it was too late stood on the same spot, his face twitching unnaturally. Gradually, the spasms traveled throughout his body.

Watching Huang Xiaolong and Zhao Shu, only fear and terror showed on Guo Zhi's face.

Ignoring all, Huang Xiaolong slowly approached Guo Shiwen and stopped in front of him, questioning in a cold voice, "It was you that told Guo Shiyuan to announce breaking the engagement between my younger sister and Guo Tai?"

Guo Shiwen's face twitched, his feet moved backward as he waved his hands in denial, enforced with an ugly smile, "No, there's no such thing! Absolutely no such thing!"

"No such thing?" Huang Xiaolong sneered, "Then the rumor spreading outside was groundless?"

"Yes, yes, that's right! It was groundless and a mistake!" Guo Shiwen beamed a smile, "It must have been some of the other families creating such rumors on purpose because they're jealous of our Guo Family and Huang Family coming together through marriage. So they deliberately released a false rumor!"

At this time Guo Chen, who had been hit by Zhao Shu earlier, tried to get up from the pavement. Noticing Guo Chen's movements, Guo Shiwen, Guo Zhi, and the rest of the Guo members finally reacted and hurried over to Guo Chen's side.

"Father, are you alright?!" Guo Shiwen blurted out anxiously.

Just as Guo Shiwen's question came out, Guo Chen spurted blood from his mouth with a 'waw', dyeing the square area around him bright red.

The members of the Guo Family turned ashen.

Guo Chen was the Guo Family's pillar. If something were to happen to Guo Chen then the ramifications to the Guo Family would be severe. 'Excited' by his emotions, Guo Fei insisted loudly without thinking, "Grandfather, you mustn't die~!"

Guo Fei's words made Guo Chen spew another mouthful of blood.

Guo Shiwen glowered at his son angrily and a palm struck Guo Fei's face without a word, sending Guo Fei rolling out of the square's immediate area. None of the Guo Family disciples dared to help him up.

"I'm okay." Guo Chen's feeble voice sounded.

In truth, whether he was okay or not, only he knew.

That attack from Zhao Shu had injured his Saint realm foundation. Just a little bit more damage and his cultivation would've regressed back to peak late-Tenth Order Xiantian.

Guo Chen had just broken through to the Saint realm, thus his foundation wasn't stable yet.

"My gratitude to Senior for showing mercy!" Guo Chen said to Zhao Shu, his face filled with respect and reverence. He was well aware that if it weren't for Zhao Shu being lenient, that palm strike would have been enough to kick him back to the Xiantian realm.

Zhao Shu's expression remained aloof, "For Young Miss Huang's sake I held back a little just now, otherwise, hmph!"

"Miss Huang?" Guo Chen looked at Guo Shiwen with doubt and confusion.

Although he heard Guo Shiwen and Huang Xiaolong's dialogue, something about breaking an engagement, he wasn't aware of all the details.

Guo Shiwen hastened to explain, "When Father was in seclusion,

Guo Tai got engaged to Young Noble Huang's little sister, Huang Min."

Guo Chen was furious hearing this, "Why didn't you mention this to me before?!"

Guo Shiwen lowered his head, not daring to meet his father's eyes nor utter a word.

Guo Chen turned towards Huang Xiaolong saying, "Young Noble Huang, rest assured, I will give you an explanation in this matter. In the future, we will be in-laws after all, it's our Guo Family's fortune to marry above our status!"

Huang Xiaolong swept a cold glance at Guo Chen and his focus once again fell on Yao Fei, "Speak, where are my parents and everyone else?"

All eyes shifted to Yao Fei.

Yao Fei also looked at Huang Xiaolong coldly with a complacent smile, "Huang Xiaolong, I admit I underestimated you. I never thought you'd have such an expert at your side." His eyes risked a quick glance at Zhao Shu, "However, you brought an outsider into Duanren Institute, wounding Institute students. Duanren Emperor will arrive with the others Saint Masters very soon. Strong as he is, Zhao Shu will still die!"

At the exact moment when Yao Fei spoke, sounds of whistling wind came from off in the distance. One powerful blast of pressure after another emanated over in their direction.

Leading at the front was a majestic figure wearing a golden yellow dragon robe with a shrunken broken blade runic pattern in the middle of his eyebrows. This was of course, Duanren Emperor. Five old men in golden battle gear followed behind him, the five Saint Masters of Duanren Institute.

In the back row was Duan Wuhen and the many experts of Duanren Institute.



Seeing Duanren Emperor, the five Saint Masters, and all the Duanren Institute's top experts, joy swept across Yao Fei's face. Next, his face was twisted with vengeance, "Huang Xiaolong, your end is here! Haha, let me see how you're going to escape from this!"

The Guo Family, Yao Fei, along with the surrounding teachers and students, waited for Duanren Emperor, the five Saint Masters, and the many Institute's experts to arrive at the Heartless Hall's square.

"Greetings to Duanren Emperor and the several Saint Masters!" All of the teachers and students, including Yao Fei, knelt in salute.

On the square, only Guo Chen, Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, and Yu Ming remained standing.

Duanren Emperor nodded as he scanned the crowd, and spoke: "Rise."

"Much obliged Emperor!" Only then did everyone stand up.

Watched by everyone, Duanren Emperor walked towards Zhao Shu and Huang Xiaolong.

The anticipative smile on Yao Fei's face gradually bloomed wider when he saw Duanren Emperor move straight to Zhao Shu and Huang Xiaolong. A brutal gleam shone brightly in his eyes; Huang Xiaolong, you're so dead!

Stopping in front of Zhao Shu and Huang Xiaolong, Duanren Emperor showed great respect as he said, "Mister Zhao, Duan Ren is late!"

Everyone's faces stiffened, they became stupefied where they stood.

Yao Fei, Guo Chen, Guo Shiwen, and the rest had eyes the size of a fist.

"Zhao, Mister Zhao?!" Yao Fei repeated in astonishment.

Duanren Emperor actually greeted Zhao Shu as Mister Zhao? Furthermore, that respectful demeanor?!

Then, Duanren Emperor turned towards Huang Xiaolong: “Young Noble Huang.”

Young Noble Huang!

All eyes were protruding out of their sockets!

Duan Wuhen and Cheng Jian walked up, following Duanren Emperor: “Mister Zhao, Young Noble Huang!”

The gathered crowd’s minds turned to mush, no one was able to react to the shock.

Suddenly, someone thought of a vital point; the Golden Token in Huang Xiaolong’s hand... it likely did not belong to Duan Wuhen, but rather Duanren Emperor!

## Chapter 218: Deities Templar Appearing Again

---

In the same moment that other people considered this possibility about the Golden Token in Huang Xiaolong's hand, the same thought hit Yao Fei! His heart raced with unease.

If the Golden Token in Huang Xiaolong's hand was truly given by Emperor Duanren, then... ?!

Huang Xiaolong nodded towards Emperor Duanren and Duan Wuhen, "No need to be overly courteous."

Emperor Duanren breathed in relief at those words.

But it only made the others sweat even more. In their eyes, it seemed like Emperor Duanren was afraid Huang Xiaolong and Zhao Shu would blame him?!

Huang Xiaolong's attention returned to Yao Fei.

However, this time Yao Fei's reaction was calmer than before, laughing he said, "Huang Xiaolong, I didn't expect for the Golden Token in your hands to be given to you by Emperor Duanren."

There was no hatred, no killing intent, and no surprise on Yao Fei's face. It seemed as if Huang Xiaolong and Zhao Shu were still nothing in his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong felt a little strange about Yao Fei's sudden change in demeanor but he wasn't concerned about it. He sneered coldly, "This is your last chance, speak, where are my parents!"

Yao Fei sneered coldly in reply, "I'm also saying for the last time, kill me and your parents will accompany me to hell! Moreover, Huang Xiaolong, do you think you've won now?"

Killing intent peaked in Huang Xiaolong's eyes. With a twist, the Blades of Asura emerged in his hands.

“Since it’s like this, then you, go die!”

The blades swung out. Sharp cold blade lights glinted, aiming at Yao Fei’s neck.

Watching as the slash was about to draw blood on Yao Fei’s neck, a change suddenly occurred. Some distance away, a green light pierced through the air at terrifying speed as the wind howled, causing ripples across space.

Zhao Shu’s face tightened as he moved himself to block in front of Huang Xiaolong. At the same time, one hand struck out to counter the incoming bright green light and he cautioned, “Young Lord, careful!!”

Zhao Shu’s palm strike crashed against the bright green light, the impact shook the space, raising turbulent air.

Huang Xiaolong swiftly retreated.

In the blink of an eye, seven unfamiliar silhouettes appeared on the square.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes narrowed when he saw them. Standing at the front of the seven person group was—Li Molin!

There were six people behind Li Molin, and one of them was the very same Ao Baixue he previously encountered! Another one of the six wore the Yao Family’s robe but there was something different compared to the rest of the Yao Family’s disciples. On the chest area of this person’s robe was a double-headed Scarlet Flame Mythical Beast. Judging from his attire, this person should be the Yao Family’s Ancestor, Yao Shan.

The instant Li Molin and her group stepped foot on the square, an overwhelming pressure enveloped the entire Heartless Square. It was so powerful that the weaker students and teachers couldn’t help but to withdraw far away in fear.

Yao Shan surveyed the surrounding and frowned when he saw Yao Fei’s face in various shades of dark green feces. A spark of

killing intent flew across his eyes; he lifted his hands and wanted to disperse Zhao Shu's space manipulation around Yao Fei.

But, when his Saint power came into contact with Yao Fei's body, a spiral of dazzling light shone out from Yao Fei's body, instantly repelling Yao Shan's power.

Yao Fei was dumbfounded at the result.

Li Molin acted, waving her hands and successfully breaking the space law restriction on Yao Fei's body.

Able to move again, Yao Fei hurried forward to salute Li Molin, "Greeting Elder Li and other Seniors!"

"Stand up." Li Molin said without any expression.

Yao Fei got up and walked over to Yao Shan: "Ancestor!"

Yao Shan nodded, his eyes looked over at Huang Xiaolong, "This brat did it?" he asked, a finger indicated at the colorful beard of feces on Yao Fei's face.

"Yes, Ancestor!" Yao Fei glared viciously at Huang Xiaolong, "It was this punk!"

Huang Xiaolong watched on. He didn't expect for the Yao Family to be connected to Deities Templar, and from the looks of it, the connection wasn't shallow?!

Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible for the Yao Family's Ancestor to be capable of requesting help from Li Molin.

"Huang Xiaolong, I didn't expect that we would be meeting again so soon." Li Molin spoke with the same indifferent tone.

Huang Xiaolong used the same tone, "I didn't expect it either."

Li Molin's gaze moved to Zhao Shu, Emperor Duanren, Guo Chen, and the other Saint experts, stating, "I want to take Yao Fei and leave here now, no objections right?"

Everyone kept silent, not one person spoke.

Emperor Duanren's brows furrowed but held his silence.

All of the Saint realm experts present were very well aware in their hearts of what Deities Templar represented. Even Duan Ren hoped that Duan Wuhen would be selected as a Deities Templar disciple in their coming selection.

"Yao Fei must die today, here, in this place!" In the heavy silence, a sharp voice cut through.

Everyone was stunned. The person who spoke was none other than Huang Xiaolong.

Li Molin was stunned for a second before giggling vigorously, but her chest was lacking in volume, therefore, there wasn't much of a tremor no matter how hard she giggled herself silly.

Li Molin's giggles subsided and she smiled faintly at Huang Xiaolong, "Little one, do you know who you're talking to? Young man, sometimes you must consider carefully before speaking out, or you'll only end up being seen as an idiot spouting nonsense! Or you'll provoke a disaster upon yourself!"

Huang Xiaolong looked the sheepish smile on Li Molin's face, a strong feeling of disgust gave rise in his heart. Even though Li Molin suddenly appeared and took Li Lu away from the terrible situation she was in, Huang Xiaolong did not exactly feel at ease. However, at this moment, he was truly disgusted.

Not only did he feel disgust towards Li Molin, but rather Deities Templar as a whole!

This feeling of disgust increased rapidly!

"Kill!" Huang Xiaolong gave an order, his cold voice echoed in the silent square.

The instant Huang Xiaolong spoke, Zhao Shu moved. In a flicker, he blurred and disappeared without the slightest fluctuation. When Zhao Shu disappeared, Li Molin also disappeared. In the next second, thunderous impacts resounded in the space high

above, spreading down to the square.

Every clash sounded like an angry thunderbolt, causing sharp pain to everyone's shaking eardrums.

Apprehension filled the people below.

Seizing the opportunity, Ao Baixue and the Yao Family's Ancestor leaped out, targeting Huang Xiaolong with a lethal palm attack. The force from the palm flooded out like tidal waves. Seeing that Huang Xiaolong was about to be hit a silhouette flickered, blocking their path. Raising both hands, that person repelled both of Yao Shan and Ao Baixue's attacks.

Taken by surprise, both were thrown back from the force of the impact. Failing to land steadily on their feet, both of them wobbled unbecomingly.

"Duan Ren, you actually dared to interfere in Deities Templar's matters, aren't you afraid Duanren Empire will face destruction?!" Ao Baixue bellowed in fury.

The person who stood out to block them was none other than Emperor Duanren.

Hearing that, Duan Ren scoffed, "Yes, Deities Templar is very strong, but it's not so easy to annihilate my Duanren Empire!"

Angered, Ao Baixue flew out attacking Emperor Duanren whereas Yao Shan and the other four Deities Templar's experts each fought with one of Duanren Institute's Saint realm experts.

All of the people fighting were Saint realm experts. Each attack brought with it a powerful force of destruction that whirled out in all directions and crumbled building structures, causing Duan Wuhen and the other student experts to retreat in haste. A battle between Saint realm experts was not something they were qualified to take part in. This even included someone like Yu Ming who was left with no other option but to retreat while protecting Huang Xiaolong, forced to watch the fight from a distance away.

With the aftershocks originating from Zhao Shu's fight, the crumbled Heartless Hall had already turned to dust and disappeared with the wind. The stones that overlaid the square flipped over, shattering into sand and dust, pulverized into powder. Cracks and fissures started to line the grounds surface and gas spewed out from beneath the surface.

Cracks even appeared in the fabric of space.

Huang Xiaolong stared at Yao Fei and said to Yu Ming, "Don't bother with me, go kill Yao Fei!"

"Yes Young Lord!"



# Chapter 219: Crashing Yao Manor

---

Yu Ming leaped out into the air. A coruscating light shrouded his body as a gigantic stone golem appeared!

The giant stone golem was a mass of carmine green and had eyes of golden ember. This was Yu Ming's martial spirit, a Giant Green Stone Golem.

Giant Green Stone Golem was an ancient race martial spirit, known for their terrifying defense and power.

Summoning his martial spirit, Yu Ming soul transformed in an instant. A layer of carmine green earth armor wrapped around him entirely as he sent a punch in Yao Fei's direction.

Sensing danger from Yu Ming's attack, a frigid dark black flame bloomed from Yao Fei's body and a giant black humanoid emerged, hovering in midair behind Yao Fei.

This giant humanoid burned with the same dark black flame as what was around Yao Fei, exuding an eerie coldness, an evil tyranny and supremacy.

This was Yao Fei's martial spirit. And just like Yu Ming's martial spirit, it was also of an ancient race and was called Dark Malevolent Sovereign, a top grade twelve martial spirit!

Yao Fei also soul transformed without wasting time after summoning his martial spirit. His body covered with a dark armor that had black flames dancing on the surface. He leaped out in a flash, leaving two blurry images behind him in midair as he met Yu Ming's attack.

Boom! A deafening blast resounded as two figures were thrown back at the same time.

Although Yao Fei was injured by Zhao Shu's Saint power before, his strength was marginally higher than Yu Ming's and on top of that, Yu Ming's martial spirit was innately suppressed by the

difference in grade. Therefore, even though Yao Fei was injured, it would be difficult for Yu Ming to reap Yao Fei's life in a quick battle.

Pushed back in the first contact, Yu Ming's eyes sank. Waving both of his fists, the two people once again engaged in a melee.

Below, on the ruined square, the crowd watched wide-eyed at the battle up in the sky between Zhao Shu, Li Molin, and Duanren Emperor, as well as the rest of the Saint experts. Since they were capable of breaking into the Saint realm, all of their martial spirits were guaranteed to be superb talent martial spirits. At this point in the battle, Zhao Shu and Duanren Emperor had already summoned their martial spirits.

About a dozen Saint realm experts revealed their superb talent martial spirits before the crowd's eyes... this was an unforgettable scene that shook one's core!

"Second Imperial Prince, should we go up...?" Below, because he was one of the palace experts, Cheng Jian inquired of Duan Wuhen as he watched Yu Ming and Yao Fei's battle, wondering if they should assist Yu Ming.

Just when Duan Wuhen wanted to nod, an immense pressure descended onto the square. The moment it arrived, the person bearing this horrifying pressure struck a punch out at Li Molin who was battling Zhao Shu.

Startled, a nine colored resplendent light burst out from Li Molin's body as she countered with a palm in the last moment.

Fist and palm collided! Li Molin trembled from the rebounding energy, pushing her back and causing her to stagger unsteadily in the air.

"Haha, Zhang Fu, you're finally here!" Zhao Shu exclaimed in a hearty laughter.

In midair, a brawny looking middle-aged man with a head full of

black locks but a face covered with a thick white beard came into view.

Zhang Fu!

The latest addition to the battle was the Asura's Gate Right Custodian, Zhang Fu!

When Zhao Shu and Huang Xiaolong first arrived in Duanren Imperial City, they had sent word for Zhang Fu to rush over as a precautionary measure as well. And now, at this critical time, Zhang Fu made it!

Zhang Fu laughed at Zhao Shu, "Such a lively scene, how can I, Zhang Fu, miss it? It has been a long time since I let loose with my old bones. It seems I didn't rush over for nothing!"

"Haha, then I leave this old hag to you!" Zhao Shu relinquished his opponent.

"No problem!" Zhang Fu flew up, summoning his martial spirit—a black and white lion the size of a small hill appeared. Zhang Fu fused with his martial spirit and attacked Li Molin in an excited stance.

Fury erupted in Li Molin's heart when listening to these smelly old men dividing her up as if she was prey. She snapped! Veering to the side, nine flurry tails fanned out behind her, spiralling towards Zhang Fu. The nine colors swirling around her body grew brighter.

As for Zhao Shu, he returned to Huang Xiaolong's side.

But Huang Xiaolong had a different thought: "You go kill Yao Fei!"

"Yes Young Lord!" Zhao Shu leaped out again, cutting in between Yu Ming and Yao Fei's battle. The destructive power seemed to vanish like a drop of water in the ocean when it came near Zhao Shu.

Zhao Shu sneered, raising his hand and was about to strike Yao

Fei when a ruthless sword intent came piercing through space at Zhao Shu. Alarmed, Zhao Shu's palm turned and shot out in the direction of the incoming sword intent instead.

A powerful force swept out.

In the next moment, a figure appeared next to Yao Fei and took Yao Fei away unhindered, leaving behind his voice which echoed in the void, "Junior-Apprentice Sister, first return to the temple!"

When Li Molin who was fighting with Zhang Fu heard this, she exerted full force to push Zhang Fu back, and left a sentence: "Zhang Fu right? I'll reap your doglife the next time I see you!" With a sway, her body disappeared into the void.

Ao Baixue, Yao Family's Ancestor Yao Shan, and the remaining Deities Templar Saint realm experts also flew to the sky, disappearing into the void in an instant.

Zhang Fu wrinkled his brows as he watched Li Molin flee. But, rather than chase after her, he appeared down on the square before Huang Xiaolong in the next moment, saluting with respect: "Subordinate Zhang Fu greets Young Lord!"

"Stand."

"Subordinate thanks Young Lord!"

Duanren Emperor and the others saw that the newly arrived Zhang Fu had also referred to Huang Xiaolong as Young Lord. Their hearts were astounded.

Judging from what they saw earlier, Zhang Fu's strength was no weaker than Zhao Shu, perhaps even slightly stronger!

What could Huang Xiaolong's identity be to cause two high-level Saint realm warriors to willingly call him Young Lord?!

Although Zhao Shu was a good friend of Duan Ren's Master, saved and took care of Duan Ren in the early days, and could be considered as half of Duan Ren's mentor, he had no inclination

that Zhao Shu was the Asura's Gate Left Custodian.

“Sovereign, what do we do now?” Zhao Shu stepped forward to ask.

A strong killing intent soared in Huang Xiaolong's eyes as his icy voice sounded, “To Yao Manor!”

He hadn't imagined that Yao Fei would be able to escape!

He dearly hoped that his parents and siblings were locked up in Yao Manor. If not, he was afraid that... !

Hearing that Huang Xiaolong wanted to head to Yao Manor, the rest were stumped.

“Yes Young Lord!” Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu agreed respectfully.

Huang Xiaolong flew out from Duanren Institute, followed by Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou.

“Father, should we... ?” Duan Wuhen stepped closer to Duanren Emperor, asking in a cautious whisper.

Duanren Emperor nodded, “En, let's go and have a look.”. They trailed behind Huang Xiaolong's group, all the way until they reached Yao Manor. It was a grand parade.

...

At this time, in a secret chamber somewhere inside Yao Manor.

Huang Peng, Su Yan, Huang Min, and Huang Xiaohai were tied up with thick golden rope, glowering with anger at the several Yao Manor guards outside the chamber.

One of the Yao Manor guards thieving eyes were ogling Su Yan and Huang Min. Bound with the thick golden ropes, their clothes were stretched, highlighting the contour of their curves, especially the area around their breasts.

The Yao Manor guard complemented generously, “This Huang Xiaolong's mother and sister are such foxy vixens, it's just like

looking at a pair of sisters seeing them side by side like this. If it wasn't because of Young Noble's instructions, I wouldn't be able to bear it any longer."

A thin tall comrade next to him snickered, "Don't worry, after our Young Noble kills Huang Xiaolong, they won't be useful any longer. You can play to your heart's content at that time!"

The initial licentious guard said, "Just a measly Huang Xiaolong... just cause he has Duan Wuhen backing him, he thinks he's so great. I really don't understand why Young Noble is being so cautious when dealing with him. With Young Noble and our Yao Manor's power, to squash a measly Huang Xiaolong... isn't it as easy as snapping our fingers?"

"I think so too, it's just a pathetic little Huang Xiaolong. There was no need to put him in our eyes!"

However, when that guard's voice fell, a loud blast rang out so loudly that it was as if heaven and earth were shaking.

## Chapter 220: Yao Manors Annihilation

---

Inside the secret chamber, the several Yao Manor guards faces turned ashen.

“What’s happening?!” The first guard whose eyes leered over Su Yan and Huang Min licentiously jumped to his feet in panic.

Another resounding crash rang out as if answering his question. Violent tremors ran through the ground beneath their feet. The Yao Manor guards were surprised to see the secret chamber that was made out of one of the most adamant steel, splintered inch by inch as cracks spread out like a spider-web.

Following that, the cries of many Yao Manor servants and guards begging for mercy rang out crisp and clear in their eardrums.

The guards within the secret chamber exchanged a look amongst themselves and saw fear reflected in each other’s eyes.

Although they could not see what was happening outside, even a fool could guess that Yao Manor was under attack!

The Duanren Empire’s hegemony family that had a heritage of more than two thousand years was actually under attack!

There was denial in their hearts, refusing to believe what was happening. Yet, another loud explosion hammered into their hearts.

Outside, Huang Xiaolong watched the fleeing servants and guards of Yao Manor from midair with a calm expression. He asked Zhao Shu, “How is it? Can you sense them?”

Zhao Shu, who was utilizing space manipulation to detect Huang Peng, Su Yan, and the rest’s presence opened his eyes with a gladdened expression. Answering Huang Xiaolong’s question, he said, “Young Lord, just now when Subordinate cast the power of space, I sensed House Master Huang’s presence. They are held in a secret chamber at the north corner of Yao Manor!’

Huang Xiaolong's face lit up at this news, "Is that true?! Great, let's head there now!"

His parents and siblings were really being locked up in Yao Manor by Yao Fei!

Huang Xiaolong's hanging heart finally relaxed somewhat. If any mishap happened to Huang Peng, Su Yan, or his little siblings, he would carry a heavy guilt for the rest of his life.

Next, Zhao Shu flew, leading Huang Xiaolong and the rest towards the secret chamber that was located at the northern corner of Yao Manor.

Inside the chamber, the guards looked at each other. Due to Zhang Fu and Zhao Shu halting their attacks, the noises outside died down just as abruptly as they started.

"What do we do now?" The skinny and slightly taller guard asked in a grave tone.

The first guard said, "It should be some small characters thinking they could shake our Yao Manor. Our experts must have dealt with them, there's nothing for us to worry about!"

"That's right, with our Yao Manor's power and strength, not even Duan Ren dares to act brazenly. What are we frightening ourselves for?!"

However, at this point, the tied-up Huang Min snickered, "My big brother's here, no doubt about it. Your end is near!"

The licentious guard was angered by Huang Min's words, he stomped right in front of her and the back of his hand flew across her face, "Motherf\*cker, you think that I don't dare touch you? Believe it or not, I'll strip every thread from your body and play with you till you beg for mercy! Your big brother came to rescue you? Hmph, stop daydreaming. It's more likely that your big brother's been squashed to death by our Young Noble!"

Just as his voice ended, an icy voice sounded from somewhere in



the vicinity, “Oh really?”

It was so abrupt that everyone was startled.

“Who?!” The several Yao Manor guards shouted almost instantaneously.

The sturdy chamber door was blasted open by someone with their bare hand, revealing several figures in the light.

“Long’er!”

“Big brother!”

Huang Peng, Su Yan, Huang Min, and Huang Xiaohai cried out in joy when seeing the faces of these people.

The ‘guests’ were none other than Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, and the rest.

Huang Xiaolong stepped into the dim chamber, his eyes scanned around the room and stopped on Huang Min’s face-or precisely, the handprint on her face. His chilling gaze then fell onto the several Yao Manor guards, “How do you want to die?”

Zhao Shu, Yu Ming and Fei Hou hurried over to Huang Peng and the rest, snapping the thick golden rope that bound them. While they were doing this, one of the Yao Manor guards lunged out, aiming an attack at Huang Xiaolong’s chest. However, with a flick of Zhao Shu’s sleeve, that guard was akin to a broken plank in the stormy sea after jumping mere inches off the ground, crashing into a chamber wall. When the guard fell to the floor, all his bones and internal organs were crushed.

The remaining Yao Manor guards had shadows of death clouding their faces, they were petrified with fear.

“Huang Xiaolong, you actually dared to attack our Yao Manor?! Wait till our Young Noble and Ancestor arrive, I’ll see how you can escape!” One of the guards tried to bolster his courage by attempting to intimidate Huang Xiaolong.

When the guards shouted his words so confidently, Yu Ming, Fei Hou, and the others couldn't help breaking into a laugh. Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu too were shaking their heads with a sheepish smile.

Yu Ming looked at that Yao Manor guard, "Your Young Noble and Ancestor? If it weren't because your Young Noble and Ancestor's legs were longer than most, allowing them to run that much faster, we'd have slit their throats long ago. Tsk, to still dream of relying on your dog fart shit Noble and Ancestor..."

That guard was stupefied. Their Young Noble and Ancestor fled?!

"No, impossible!" His companions refuted.

Huang Xiaolong didn't care to debate nonsense with these people, signaling Yu Ming with a look. Yu Ming understood and nodded. Approaching the several guards, he ended their lives with a palm strike straight to their hearts.

When they fell to the ground, none were breathing, and their bodies turned soylent green on the surface.

"Father, Mother-" Huang Xiaolong approached Huang Peng and Su Yan, opening his mouth, wanting to say something. Su Yan cut him off: "Xiaolong, we're fine."

Hearing this, Huang Xiaolong nodded quietly. Concealing the slight redness in his eyes, he turned around. Eyes glowing red with fierce bloodlust, he commanded: "Kill!"

"Yes Young Lord!"

A few hours later, the Yao Manor that had been standing in Duanren Imperial City for over a thousand years suddenly crumbled to the ground, ruined. All of Yao Manor's guards were killed, including the main and side branch families left behind.

The Yao Family had a foundation dating back two thousand years. In Duanren Empire, its existence as one of the hegemony families was truer than gold. Yet, at this moment, the main symbol of the Yao Family, the Yao Manor, was scraped off Duanren

Empire's Imperial City landmark forever!

Emperor Duanren, Duan Wuhen, empire experts, and the Duanren Institute students and teachers who came to Yao Manor following Huang Xiaolong sighed as they watched the ruin of Yao Manor.

As for Guo Shiwen, Guo Chen, and all the Guo Family members, they were breaking out into cold sweat profusely.

If it weren't for Guo Tai's engagement to Huang Xiaolong's younger sister, perhaps Guo Mansion's ending would be the same as the Yao Manor in front of them—desolate ruins.

Very quickly, the news about Yao Fei and Ancestor Yao fleeing, along with Yao Manor's destruction, spread like an enormous hurricane throughout the entire Duanren Empire. When the over one thousand fealty kingdoms under it found out, the news shocked countless families and forces.

And the Saint realm experts' battle within Duanren Institute became a hot topic for the commoners for a very long time.

With Yao Manor's demise, Huang Xiaolong's name traveled far and wide to every corner of Duanren Empire. Every kingdom within Duanren Empire, every big and small family, and every big and small sect knew of this name.

Huang Xiaolong, an existence that even Emperor Duanren needed to show respect and courtesy to!

Deep in the night.

Huang Xiaolong stood in his yard, his brows locking together tightly.

Although he managed to bring his family back safely and he destroyed Yao Manor, Yao Fei and Yao Shan escaped. The person who appeared at the end that took Yao Fei away should be Ao Baixue's Master, who was also Lin Molin's Senior Apprentice Brother. If even Ao Baixue's Master had come to rescue Yao Fei, it

could easily be seen how deep the connection was between the Yao Family and Deities Templar.

“Li Lu.” Huang Xiaolong inevitably thought of Li Lu.

# Chapter 221: Journeying to the Blessed Buddha Empire

---

Faint pain snaked through Huang Xiaolong's heart as he thought of Li Lu!

His hands clenched into tight fists as sharp determination flashed in his eyes. An intense energy exploded from Huang Xiaolong.

The Yao Family blocked him, he destroyed the Yao Family!

If Deities Templar blocks his path, he will destroy them just the same!

A day will come when he will make sure Deities Templar ends the same way as the Yao Family!

That day will come! Huang Xiaolong was resolute.

If things went according to his previous plan, he would enter Deities Templar's ranks during their disciple selection in about seven years time and then slowly gain control from within. If it went well, not only could he be with Li Lu, he would have the chance to enter and cultivate in the Divine World!

But he now vowed to destroy Deities Templar one day!

Yao Fei, even if you have Deities Templar behind you, you'd better flee to the ends of the world. I will kill you with my own hands! Huang Xiaolong's murderous aura peaked as the thought reverberated in his mind.

The priority now was to enhance his strength, frantically, as fast as he could. Otherwise, before he could even destroy Deities Templar, a mere Yao Fei was enough to pulverize him into nothing!

He must break through to the Saint realm!

The first step, break into the Saint realm, then kill Yao Fei!

Regardless of the uphill battle on the path leading to the Saint realm, then the God Realm, he was determined to walk down that road!

Saint realm! Huang Xiaolong repeated.

Huang Xiaolong was jolted by one hard fact while witnessing the battles in Duanren Institute with his own eyes between Zhao Shu, Li Molin, Emperor Duanren, as well as the other Saint realms experts—all was futile before a Saint realm warrior. The Saint realm was a paramount strength. In the eyes of those people, you were nothing but an ant on the ground even if you were a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert!

“Now that Mom and Dad are safe, I should journey to the Blessed Buddha Empire in the next few days!” This trip to the Blessed Buddha Empire was inevitable and, like the Absolute Soul Pearl, he absolutely had to find and rein in the Godly Mt. Xumi.

Converging his thoughts and emotions, Huang Xiaolong initiated the God Binding Ring and entered the ancient battlefield to practice.

One month had passed since the Yao Manor was razed to the ground.

When Huang Xiaolong exited the ancient battlefield and came to the great hall, his parents, Huang Peng and Su Yan, and both younger siblings, Huang Min and Huang Xiaohai, were there.

Other than them, there were six other guests—Guo Tai, Guo Shiyuan, Guo Chen, Guo Shiwen, Guo Zhi, and Guo Fei.

Amiable sounds of chatter and laughs sounded in the great hall, which halted awkwardly the instant the people within saw Huang Xiaolong walking in. Nearly everyone jumped to their feet, and the six members of Guo Family were apprehensive, including their Guo Family’s Ancestor, Guo Chen.

“Young, Young Noble Huang!” Guo Family’s Ancestor, Guo Chen

stepped forward, greeting Huang Xiaolong in a deferential manner.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at Guo Chen and nodded indifferently. However, Guo Chen was feeling flattered that Huang Xiaolong was willing to nod at him.

Huang Xiaolong approached Huang Peng and Su Yan, greeting: "Father, Mother."

Both exposed a brilliant smile on their faces, "Xiaolong, you're here."

Huang Xiaolong nodded and persuaded them to sit as he walked towards the master seat in the hall. Only after he had sat down did Guo Chen and the Guo Family's side, Huang Min, and Huang Xiaohai return to their places.

"Xiaolong, the Guo Family came over today to discuss Guo Tai and Huang Min's wedding." After sitting down, Su Yan broached the topic with a smile on her face, "Senior Guo Chen said everything related to the wedding, from time, to other preparations will follow our wishes. What do you think?"

Guo Chen swiftly emphasized his willingness, "Yes, yes. The purpose of our visit today is to discuss the preparations for Guo Tai and Huang Min's wedding, what does Young Noble Huang think?"

Guo Tai stood up from his seat with completely tensed nerves..

Huang Xiaolong observed his younger sister Huang Min and noted that she too was looking at him nervously, hope and anticipation apparent on her small face as she waited for him to speak. She had heard about the conflict between the Guo Family and her Big brother. She also knew about Guo Tai's father, Guo Shiyuan, announcing the dissolution of her engagement with Guo Tai due to coercion from Guo Shiwen.

Huang Min was fearful the word coming out from Huang Xiaolong's mouth would be no.

If her big bro Huang Xiaolong disagreed, her relationship with

Guo Tai would end without question.

In the silent hall, Guo Tai suddenly fell to his knees and kowtowed before Huang Xiaolong, “Big bro Huang, I implore you, I’m sincere towards Huang Min. If you allow us to be married, I swear I will treat her well and protect her with all my heart. I will use my life to love and protect her and definitely won’t allow Huang Min to be wronged or unhappy!”

Guo Shiyuan also dropped onto his knees, “Young Noble Huang, the wrongdoer was me. You can punish me, but this matter is not related to Tai’er.”

Then Guo Shiwen followed suit. Seeing their father’s action, Guo Zhi and Guo Fei also knelt down on their knees in a frantic manner.

“Big brother... Guo Tai, he... ” Huang Min couldn’t resist speaking up as she looked pleadingly at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong sighed in his heart, barely nodding as he replied to Huang Min. “This matter, you decide with Dad and Mom.”

Hearing this, both Huang Min and Guo Tai’s face lit up. Huang Xiaolong’s meaning was evident—he agreed!

This also eased the heavy boulder weighing on Guo Chen’s chest.

But Huang Xiaolong looked at Guo Tai, “However, if you fail to do what you claim and make Huang Min unhappy in the future, you know the consequences!”

“Big brother Huang, be rest assured that I will love and take care of Huang Min with my life and will not let her feel aggrieved!” Guo Tai vowed.

Huang Xiaolong nodded then remained in the great hall for a short while before heading back to his yard. There, he called for Zhang Fu, Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, Fei Hou, and Marshal Haotian.

When all were gathered, Huang Xiaolong spoke of his plans to



travel to Blessed Buddha Empire.

“What? Sovereign, you plan to go to Blessed Buddha Empire alone?!” Zhang Fu, Zhao Shu, and everyone else was shocked.

“Correct.” Huang Xiaolong nodded, attesting his decision.

“Sovereign, this- !” Zhang Fu and Zhao Shu exchanged a glance and wanted to dissuade but Huang Xiaolong shook his head and spoke decisively, “Say no more, I’ve made my decision. I’ll travel to Blessed Buddha Empire alone.”

Seeing this, Zhang Fu and the rest no longer said anything. The things Huang Xiaolong came to a decision on would not change. Neither Zhang Fu nor Zhao Shu could make him change his mind.

“I’m leaving the Southern Hill Estate and the rest in your hands.” Huang Xiaolong continued, “Yu Ming and Fei Hou, both of you handle the Nine Tripod Commerce. If there’s anything you cannot decide, then leave it to Zhang Fu and Zhao Shu.”

“Please rest assured Sovereign!” The five answered in unison.

“Haotian, I’ve troubled you in taking care of them all the way from Luo Tong Kingdom till here.” Huang Xiaolong said to Marshal Haotian.

“Sovereign, this is something Subordinate should do.” Haotian insisted.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and delegated a few more tasks to them. A short while later, everyone dispersed.

When everyone had left, Huang Xiaolong thought of the little violet monkey. According to Marshal Haotian, the little violet monkey had traveled with them all the way from Luo Tong Kingdom. However, when they were attacked by Yao Fei’s subordinates, the Huang Family were abducted, whereas the little violet monkey went missing.

I hope the little guy is alright. Huang Xiaolong thought inwardly.

Three days passed quickly.

In these three days, Huang Xiaolong tried to spend more time with his parents and siblings, only then did they find out Huang Xiaolong would be journeying to Blessed Buddha Empire. Although they were reluctant to part, especially Huang Peng and Su Yan, they knew there was something important their son needed to do, thus neither said anything more.

Huang Min and Guo Tai's wedding was set for the next year, at the end of the year—a day before the Chinese New Year.

If Huang Xiaolong's plan went smoothly, he could very likely make it back in time to attend Huang Min and Guo Tai's wedding at the end of the next year.

## Chapter 222: Blessed Buddha Altar

---

Three days later, Huang Xiaolong departed from the Southern Hill Estate, out of Duanren Imperial City, heading out in the Blessed Buddha Empire's direction.

Huang Peng, Su Yan, Huang Min, Huang Xiaohai, Zhang Fu, Zhao Shu, and the others stood outside the big gates of Duanren Imperial City, sending Huang Xiaolong off as they watched his figure grow smaller in the horizon and finally vanish from their view.

Su Yan's eyes grew misty with tears watching Huang Xiaolong's silhouette gradually become smaller, disappearing from her sight.

Since Huang Xiaolong was eight, the first time he left the Huang Clan Manor to train outside until now, ten years had passed. In these years, she and this son spent more time apart than together.

That year, even she had never imagined that her son would become a powerful existence in Duanren Empire in a mere decade's time, even Emperor Duanren held her son in high respect.

All of these were things she daren't even dream of a decade ago.

Emperor Duanren!

The existence worshipped by billions of Duanren Empire subjects.

"Let us return." After a long time, Huang Peng spoke and the group made their way back to the Southern Hill Estate.

Leaving Duanren Imperial City, Huang Xiaolong kept his travel southwards, reaching Duanren Empire's border a month later, totally stepping out of Duanren Empire land.

The first neighboring empire on the south side was Spring Faun Empire.

Spring Faun Empire's strength ranked at the lower end amongst

the seventeen empires in Snow Wind Continent, considerably weaker than Duanren Empire, with less than eight hundred kingdoms under its monarchy. Hence, Spring Faun Empire's land area was only half as big as Duanren Empire's.

All along the way, Huang Xiaolong chose to travel on barren hills and secluded roads, rushing night and day.

Rarely would there be anyone on these routes, so he summoned the Black and Blue Dragons out. With a hop, he landed on either one of the twin dragons and flew forward.

With the twin dragons carrying him through the air, Huang Xiaolong's speed was much faster and very soon, he had cut through the Spring Faun Empire.

However, there were still three big empires' territories he needed to pass before arriving in the empire that sat on the southernmost point of the Snow Wind Continent, the Blessed Buddha Empire.

Since Huang Xiaolong chose to travel along the barren hills route, he did not come across any trouble along the way. At most, it was small time bandits with the highest strength of Houtian Tenth Order.

For the current Huang Xiaolong, a Houtian Tenth Order was nothing more than lifting a finger.

The passage of time flowed as Huang Xiaolong journeyed on, and in the blink of an eye, half a year passed.

In this half a year, Huang Xiaolong continued to practice his battle qi and internal force diligently, increasing his strength as much as possible.

Firstly, his battle qi had reached peak late-Xiantian Second Order and could advance into the Third Order any time soon, whereas his internal force had reached the turning point of Stage Nine: The Azure Dragon Flexing Its Claws. Entering Stage Ten was only a matter of days.

Night came. Moonlight shone down like bright ripples of water.

Somewhere on a barren hill, Huang Xiaolong sat next to a small bonfire, he took out a jug of Sapidity Wine from the Asura Ring and sipped down the wine slowly as he organized his thoughts. In twenty days or less, he would be arriving in Blessed Buddha Empire.

Blessed Buddha Empire! Huang Xiaolong breathed the name through his lips.

He had heard rumors claiming that Blessed Buddha Empire was built by a person called Tianfu from the Buddha World around a thousand years ago, and this founder, Tianfu, had been missing since. The person controlling the Blessed Buddha Empire at the moment was his disciple named [Shi Fantian](#).

[Fantian is often linked to Brahma, the Hindu God of Creation.]

Shi Fantian, a legendary name on Snow Wind Continent. It was said that Shi Fantian was born with an Innate Buddhist Physique, with Buddhist jade in his mouth that records a mighty skill, [the Holy Prajna Scripture](#) that only Shi Fantian with the Innate Buddhist Physique could practice.

“This trip there, I wonder if I can catch a glimpse of this Shi Fantian.”

Before he started his journey, Huang Xiaolong inquired and understood that this Shi Fantian was a formidable person. When he took over the Blessed Buddha Empire one thousand years ago, he was already a Saint realm Second Order.

And Huang Xiaolong confirmed that if an outsider wanted to enter the Buddha Cavern, first and foremost, they must carry the Blessed Buddha Token. A Blessed Buddha Token was equivalent to Duanren Empire’s Golden Token. Every piece of Blessed Buddha Token was bestowed personally by Shi Fantian himself.

There were only two pieces of Duanren Empire’s Golden Token,

but it wasn't so for the Blessed Buddha Token. Huang Xiaolong didn't know the actual number, but he gauged it wouldn't be lower than ten tokens.

Furthermore, he had no idea who held any one of these Blessed Buddha Tokens.

This made Huang Xiaolong frowned.

It was too early to worry about this, he would think of a way when he reached the destination.

The night passed. The next day morning, Huang Xiaolong continued on his way.

Half a month later, he finally arrived in Blessed Buddha Empire.

When he stepped onto the land, through the many cities he passed through, most of the building structures were related to Buddhism. There was at least one Buddhist temple on almost every street, some shops even had various designs of carved buddhas on their entranceway.

In the entire Blessed Buddha Empire, one could feel the deep core of Buddhism that was as thick as the smell of joss stick incense that permeated the air.

When he arrived in Blessed Buddha Empire, Huang Xiaolong inquired news about the Blessed Buddha Token as he headed in the direction of the Buddha Cavern.

The sacred cavern, or Buddha Cavern, was not located within the Imperial City which was on the south side, the Buddha Cavern was located opposite of it, on the north side.

One sits in the south and the other guards the north, asymmetry of resonance.

After another month's time, Huang Xiaolong reached one of the main cities surrounding the Buddha Cavern called Northside Merchant City.

The Buddha Cavern was a forbidden land, especially for outsiders. Still, this Northside City thrived nonetheless. Entering the city, Huang Xiaolong was welcomed with a sight of long endless lines of carriages and a sea of bustling pedestrians, from monks in kasaya robes to the commoners in a myriad of different styled clothing, Daoist priests in Daoist robes, even nuns. It was truly an eclectic mix.

After Huang Xiaolong entered the city, he stopped when passing by a restaurant called Creek of Cloud and went in. Opting for a table near the window, he sat down and placed an order with the waiter.

“You heard it right, the sacred cavern’s altar appeared again!”

“The Blessed Buddha Altar appeared again! It had already been more than three hundred years since it last emerged!”

“Yes, ah, every time the Blessed Buddha Altar appears, it means a mutation must’ve happened inside the Buddha Cavern. I wonder who would so so fortunate to be selected by the Blessed Buddha Altar this time, I heard that the person selected by the altar can have an audience with our Great Emperor and be granted one wish!”

At this time, sounds of excited discussions floated into Huang Xiaolong’s ears.

His curiosity rose, his heart was tempted.

Blessed Buddha Altar?!

“Waiter,” Huang Xiaolong called for the waiter.

“This Young Master, what orders do you have?” the waiter scurried over to Huang Xiaolong, bowing and smiling in a courteous manner.

Huang Xiaolong threw a money bag containing several hundred gold coins to the waiter, asking: “The Blessed Buddha Altar that they mentioned, what is it?”

Catching the bag, the waiter lightly bounced the bag of money in the curve of his palm and a brilliant smile bloomed on his face, “Young Master must be from somewhere outside Blessed Buddha Empire, no? This Blessed Buddha Altar was something left behind by our empire founder, Tianfu Emperor, appearing once every several dozen years or several hundred years. Anyone selected by the Blessed Buddha Altar is granted an audience with our Emperor Shi Fantian and could have one request fulfilled.”

Huang Xiaolong listened and asked the waiter a few more questions related to the Blessed Buddha Altar. A while later, the waiter retreated, whereas Huang Xiaolong fell into pensiveness. According to what the waiter said, the person chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar would undergo a sanctification ritual by the sacred Buddhism energy within it, not only did it enhance one’s cultivation, it was beneficial to one’s cultivation path in the long term.

All of these weren’t the most vital point, though; the most important of all was that Shi Fantian would grant the chosen person one request!

If he was chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar, with that promised one request he could smoothly enter the Buddha Cavern!

Hence, Huang Xiaolong decided, first thing tomorrow morning he would go and take a look at the Blessed Buddha Altar.

Note:

Difference: Monks’ kasaya robes are usually one block color (saffron, red) while on a Daoist, the official robe has the Bagua Diagram depicted on them.

Prajna refers to “direct insight to the truth taught by Buddhism.”



# Chapter 223: Reaction from the Blessed Buddha Altar

---

It was a bright sunny morning the next day.

Huang Xiaolong stepped out of the inn, and out of the Northside Merchant City's city gates, walking where the Blessed Buddha Altar was located. According to the restaurant waiter, the Blessed Buddha Altar was right above the square in front of the Buddha Cavern entrance. It was rumored that the Blessed Buddha Altar awaits the fated person every time it appears and only disappears after one was selected.

This time, the Blessed Buddha Altar had been floating before the Buddha Cavern for one month. Due to the close distance between the Northside Merchant City and the Buddha Cavern, Huang Xiaolong soon arrived at the said square.

The huge square in front of the Buddha Cavern was named Thousand Blessings Square. Ten thousand Buddha statues lined the perimeter. Each statue was different, from expressions to positions, but there was one common denominator: all these statues were ten zhang tall!

By the time Huang Xiaolong reached Thousand Blessings Square, it was already crowded. Following the flow of the crowd, Huang Xiaolong slowly moved closer and finally stopped right in front of the Buddha Cavern entrance. From this angle, Huang Xiaolong could clearly see, right above the Buddha Cavern entrance, a squarish-shaped golden medallion floating in the air. The golden medallion was roughly a dozen cubic meters, densely carved with scenes that depicted a myriad of Buddhas on its many surfaces and some peculiar patterns of buddhism scriptures.

Up in the air, the golden medallion pulsed with rings of aureate glow, spreading the pure energy of Buddhism as far as a hundred zhang in its surroundings.

A sudden wave shot through the crowd at this time. “Look, that’s the Luo Family’s Luo Wuyi!”

Huang Xiaolong’s gaze followed the general direction of the crowd and saw a young man in blue robe headed straight towards the golden medallion.

“Luo Wuyi, Luo Family’s most talented genius in a thousand years, also one of the recent outstanding geniuses of our Blessed Buddha Empire. First-rank grade eleven martial spirit, Windfire Beast,” enthusiastic discussions sounded amongst the crowd. “With Luo Wuyi’s talent, it’s very likely he would be selected by the Blessed Buddha Altar!”

In general, the higher one’s martial spirit grade was, the higher one’s talent was, and the higher one’s chances of being chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar. In the past, every time the Blessed Buddha Altar appeared, the fated ones chosen were always geniuses with superb talent martial spirits. Then again, an exception had occurred once: the Blessed Buddha Altar chose a young man who possessed a grade ten martial spirit.

While the crowd buzzed, Luo Wuyi arrived at the Blessed Buddha Altar. When Luo Wuyi stood below the Blessed Buddha Altar, lucent battle qi light surged out from his body, and when he did so, the Blessed Buddha Altar seemed to resonate, releasing a glimmering glow of its own.

“Look, there’s a reaction from the Blessed Buddha Altar!”

“It really seems like Luo Wuyi is the chosen one by the Blessed Buddha Altar!”

An uproar swept through the mass crowd, cries of excitement built up like waves.

When the Blessed Buddha Altar appeared, one needed to stand below it and release their battle qi. If they could trigger the Blessed Buddha Altar’s resonance to break out in a shining beam of light

reaching ten thousand zhang and the buddha carvings on all four sides to project images in the void above, without a doubt, that person was the fated one.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed watching this; if this Luo Wuyi was chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar, wouldn't that mean his plan of using this opportunity to meet Shi Fantian so that he could enter the Buddha Cavern just went down the drain? He would need to think of another method.

This was a troublesome result for him.

The brilliant light beaming from the buddha blessed altar continued to soar higher as Huang Xiaolong and the crowd looked on, even issuing a clear humming sound.

Seeing such a reaction from the Blessed Buddha Altar, even Luo Wuyi's was affected by rising anticipation and excited.

From past records, those that could triggered such a reactions and humming sounds from the Blessed Buddha Altar were very likely the fated one being chosen! Being chosen meant that one would be sanctified by the Buddhism power, he, Luo Wuyi, that had been stuck at peak late-Xiantian Third Order absolutely could break through to the Fourth Order.

Xiantian Fourth Order was a mid-level Xiantian warrior!

At that time, his status and position within the clan would be different.

Just when Luo Wuyi was immersed in his bubbling ecstasy, the initially rising aureate beam from Blessed Buddha Altar occluded. The rising beam of light dimmed and receded, gradually dissipating together with the clear humming.

The Blessed Buddha Altar returned to its prior calm state.

Luo Wuyi was dumbfounded.

So was everyone watching in the crowd for a full three seconds,

before someone hissed in surprise.

Many were shaking their heads in pity, yet many more were laughing gleefully inside.

Luo Wuyi remained standing in the same spot looking slightly ugly, the joy and ecstasy he felt earlier vanished without a trace, replaced with unwillingness and annoyance.

“Luo Wuyi, since you’re not chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar then roll down from there, don’t block the spot!” at this time, a harsh arrogant voice sounded on the square.

“It’s the Chen Family’s genius, Chen Dingyuan!”

“The Chen and Luo Families are nemesis like fire and ice, moreover, Chen Dingyuan and Luo Wuyi have grudges between them. This time, Luo Wuyi wasn’t chosen, he must be delighted!”

The crowd parted a small gap way for Chen Dingyuan to pass as whispers continued. Chen Dingyuan swaggered through the opening, exuding an atmosphere that made hearts palpitated, stopping ten meters in front of Luo Wuyi.

Luo Wuyi’s face sank as he looked at the other side, “I wasn’t chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar, do you think your average grade eleven martial spirits would be selected?”

A sharp glint flitted across Chen Dingyuan’s eyes, retorting with a cold sneer, “Just because you can’t do it, doesn’t mean that I can’t.”

Luo Wuyi snorted yet he no longer spoke, emptying the spot underneath the Blessed Buddha Altar. He chose a spot on the side and waited to watch Chen Dingyuan’s test.

The crowd and Huang Xiaolong’s focus shifted onto Chen Dingyuan.

Chen Dingyuan walked up, standing of the same spot Luo Wuyi had vacated beneath the Blessed Buddha Altar, projecting his battle

qi. Seeing it trigger a glowing reaction from the Blessed Buddha Altar, a trace of joy flashed in Chen Dingyuan's face.

Its glow grew brighter, beaming higher and higher. Before long, it issued another series of hums.

Faces in the crowd tightened nervously.

But at this moment, the beaming brilliance occluded just like what happened to Lo Wuyi. The humming disappeared.

Another stretch of stunned silence before the crowd broke in another uproar.

“Chen Dingyuan, since you weren't selected by the Blessed Buddha Altar, roll away from there, don't block the path!” Luo Wuyi's voice cut through the noises, returning Chen Dingyuan's words to himself.

Chen Dingyuans' face distorted with anger, but in the end, he vacated the spot.

After Chen Dingyuan, there were five other people that tried, however, for these five people, there wasn't the slightest reaction from the Blessed Buddha Altar when their battle qi was released.

The silence around the five people was extremely awkward.

Under normal circumstances, only those with grade ten and above martial spirits would be chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar, therefore, those with grade ten martial spirit and below doesn't stand any chance. It was because of this reason that the people who went up to try were scarce in number.

Seeing there was no one else, Huang Xiaolong lifted his leg and stepped out from the crowd, towards the Blessed Buddha Altar.

Huang Xiaolong's action attracted a lot of attention from the surrounding people.

“This kid looks unfamiliar, I wonder which empire's family genius is he?”

“Genius? Who knows, maybe his martial spirit is only the most common of grade ten, going up to test his luck. If he really is a genius, it’s impossible to stay unknown!”

Luo Wuyi and Cheng Dingyuan remained standing at the side amongst the crowd after their trial, both gave Huang Xiaolong a glance when he walked beneath the altar. But there was no expectation of Huang Xiaolong, like the rest, they thought Huang Xiaolong was just another person that just wanted to try their luck.

Huang Xiaolong came to a stand underneath the Blessed Buddha Altar followed closely by everyone’s gaze. Battle qi shrouded him as it projected outside his body, instantly illuminating the center area.

## Chapter 224: Astonished!

---

Dazzled by the abrupt brightness coming from the Blessed Buddha Altar, the noisy crowd quieted in an instant. Each person stared dumbly at the floating Blessed Buddha Altar in midair.

Previously, when Luo Wuyi and Chen Dingyuan stood below it and projected their battle qi out from their body, the Blessed Buddha Altar's shining beam merely flickered.

Yet, when it came to Huang Xiaolong, it was a powerful resplendent light!

This time, the Blessed Buddha Altar had appeared for more than one month's time. Most of the geniuses of Blessed Buddha Empire's families had more or less come forward and tested themselves at the Blessed Buddha Altar, but none of them managed to trigger this level of reaction from it!

After whelming astonishment, the crowd broke out into an uproar!

“Who is this kid really, that the Blessed Buddha Altar's reaction would be so strong?!”

“Does that mean his martial spirit talent is stronger than Luo Wuyi and Chen Dingyuan's?!”

“It may not be so. Don't you remember, there was one time the Blessed Buddha Altar chose a kid with only grade ten martial spirit? Who knows, maybe this brat is also another grade ten martial spirit!”

“Even if the Blessed Buddha Altar's reaction is strong now, it doesn't mean that this kid will be chosen!”

Words flew back and forth within the crowd.

Luo Wuyi's sight was fixed on Huang Xiaolong, whereas a hidden glint flitted quickly across Chen Dingyuan's eyes looking at Huang

Xiaolong, his thoughts unknown.

As the commotion continued, the resplendent aureate light from the Blessed Buddha Altar rose higher and brighter, issuing a humming sound that was clearer than ever, and there was a significant difference between the humming the altar issued during Luo Wuyi and Chen Dingyuan's time. The humming sound during both of their tests was vague, weaving in and out, whereas Huang Xiaolong's was like a great wave, splashing, increasing higher. In the end, the humming from the altar resounded clearly in the entire Thousand Blessings Square.

Eyes widened in unprecedented shock.

In the next moment, from the brightly lit altar, golden spheres of light spread out.

"Buddha luminescence, Heavens, it's actually the Buddha luminescence!"

"The Buddha luminescence appeared on the Blessed Buddha Altar!"

Astonishment filled the crowd's eyes, including Luo Wuyi and Chen Dingyuan!"

There was a rumor about the Blessed Buddha Altar that had been circling for a very long time, if someone could trigger the appearance of Buddha luminescence, the chances of being chosen by the altar increased to seven tenths!

A seventy percent chance!

That exceeded half by far!

Everyone was still pondering on the Buddha luminescence, when a ringing Buddhist chant echoed in the air.

"This, this is the Buddha chant!"

"Chant of the Thousand Buddhas Ode!"

Chant of the Thousand Buddhas Ode! Luo Wuyi and Chen



Dingyuan's shock grew deeper as one after another golden shadows of Buddha carved around its surface flew out from the Blessed Buddha Altar, floating high in the air.

“Vestige of the Ten Thousand Buddhas!”

The astonishment in everyone's heart could no longer be described with words. The young man actually succeeded in triggering the Vestige of Ten Thousand Buddhas!

The chances of being chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar reached a high nine tenth once the Vestige of Ten Thousand Buddhas emerged! Now, only the last step remained!

And that was the Buddha carving on the four sides of the altar.

If Huang Xiaolong could trigger the four sides Buddha carving, it meant the Blessed Buddha Altar had chosen him, at that time, the glorious sanctification power would bask Huang Xiaolong's body in a sanctification ritual!

Nerves tensed with anticipation, each individual in the crowd tried not to blink, fixing a stare on Huang Xiaolong and the Blessed Buddha Altar.

With people observing from all directions, suddenly the carving on one side flickered and flew out to high sky from the altar!

“Look, it's true, this kid really did trigger a one of the side carvings!”

As the surprise exclamation entered Chen Dingyuan's ears in droves, he couldn't help scoffing, “It's only one side, he might not able to push all four sides of the carving!”

Just as Chen Dingyuan's voice ended, another side of carving on the Blessed Buddha Altar flickered and flew to the sky, shining majestically!

The second carving!

It was already the second carving!

Tension increased, hands clammy with sweat as the crowd watched on, there were some that were even more nervous than Huang Xiaolong.

Standing beneath the floating altar, Huang Xiaolong was quite a nervous himself. He didn't care much for the sanctification ritual from the power of sanctification, the only thing important was the opportunity to enter the Buddha Cavern.

Huang Xiaolong's battle qi continued to dance higher, and the third Buddha carving on altar flickered. When the crowd saw the flickering sign, hearts tightened!

In the next second, the third carving flew to the sky, casting a brilliant light down on the square!

The third carving!

Only one carving left!

Eyes all around were fixated on the last remaining carving!

As if a cloth was wrapped tightly around their hearts as they held their breaths, waiting for what will happen next.

At this point, the fourth and final Buddha carving flickered and flew out, releasing its glorious golden glow high in the sky above!

The four-sided carving was in the sky, shining, it gathered together and rotated at high speed. Buddha luminescence covered the sky, spreading ten thousand li. The resplendent Buddha luminescence could be seen clearly even from afar by the commoners and residents of Northside Merchant City.

In the Northside Merchant City, almost at the same moment, people turned their eyes in the Blessed Buddha Altar's direction, where the glorious beam of Buddha luminescence originated from, with shocked eyes.

"This is, did someone trigger a reaction from the Blessed Buddha Altar's four sides carving!"

“The fated person chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar has appeared!”

“Come, let’s go to the Thousand Blessings Square!”

Above the Thousand Blessings Square, the four carving images swirled around the Blessed Buddha Altar, streams of sanctification power fell down, enveloping Huang Xiaolong.

A warm comfortable feeling filled Huang Xiaolong immediately as if he had returned to a mother’s embrace. A soothing energy permeated into Huang Xiaolong’s meridians, Qi Sea, the flesh of his body, into the internal organs, weaving in, time and again, enhancing Huang Xiaolong’s physique.

In the entire process, not only did Huang Xiaolong not feel any pain, in fact, he felt extremely comfortable that he wanted to moan.

This was the Buddhism energy!

On the Thousand Blessings Square, it was calm and quiet. People held their breath in, watching Huang Xiaolong enshrouded by the power of Buddha, undergoing the sanctification ritual each of them had only dreamed of, with eyes of envy, jealousy, and amazement.

Chen Dingyuan was surging with jealousy watching Huang Xiaolong receive the sanctification ritual. Unknowingly, a poisonous blue needle appeared on his right hand and flicked out when no one noticed, shooting straight Huang Xiaolong’s Qi Sea located in his chest area.

Seeing the poison needle was about to pierce into Huang Xiaolong’s Qi Sea, a blinding light flashed, repelling the poison needle from its trajectory.

Watching this result, the killing intent in Chen Dingyuan’s eyes thickened, and another blue poison needle appeared in his right hand. However, this time, before he flicked it out, an indiscernible

voice sounded in his ears. Listening to this voice, Chen Dingyuan retrieved the blue poisonous needle unwillingly.

While Huang Xiaolong was immersed in the sanctification ritual, experts from all over arrived, rushing from all directions, filling the already packed Thousand Blessings Square even more.

Thousand Blessings Square became even more lively and bustling with the increasingly larger crowd.

Hidden in one of the space pockets above the Buddha Cavern's entrance sat eight old men clad in kasaya robes embroidered with golden threads. Majestic auras filled the entire space, while all eight old men observed Huang Xiaolong undergoing the sanctification ritual of the Buddha power through the void.

“Old Law, in your opinion, how does this young man compare to that Fan Chen from last time?” One of the old men asked the person sitting in the centermost amongst the eight, an old man whose hair was evenly divided, half pure white and half darkest of ebony.

The fated one chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar more than three hundred years ago, a genius named Fan Chen. The current Fan Chen was already a Saint realm expert!

After a short moment of silence, the old man in the center spoke: “This child's achievements in the future will far surpass Fan Chen!”

“What?!” This answer shocked the seven other old men.

## Chapter 225: Meeting Shi Fantian

---

Fan Family's genius disciple, Fan Chen, possessed a grade fourteen average martial spirit—grade fourteen! On the whole Snow Wind Continent, the people with such talent could be counted on the fingers on one hand. Fan Chen was already a legendary figure in Blessed Buddha Empire, so much that there were people comparing Fan Chen with their Emperor, Shi Fantian.

Is he saying the kid in front of them now was more talented than Fan Chen!? Indirectly implying that this kid's talent was higher than Emperor Shi Fantian's!

The seven other old men were inexplicably shocked. After all, these words came from Old Law's mouth!

“Since the Blessed Buddha Altar had chosen the fated one, we should pass this message to the Emperor!” Old Law spoke again.

Only then did the seven others recover from their shock, nodding their heads in agreement.

At this time, inside a grand palace on the south side of Blessed Buddha Empire's Imperial City, a middle-aged man dressed in a gold-threaded kasaya robe was meditating in midair, exuding Buddhism power, with Buddha luminescence glow gathering around him in the images of ancient Buddhas.

This man was none other than the sovereign Emperor of Blessed Buddha Empire, Shi Fantian.

The meditating Shi Fantian suddenly opened his eyes, and with a casual flick at the void, a transmission talisman appeared in his palm.

“Eh?! The Blessed Buddha Altar has chosen the fated one already?!” A bright light shone in Shi Fantian's eyes and continued reading, “What? Old Law actually said this child's achievements will be higher than Fan Chen's!”

With a bright burst of Buddha luminescence, Shi Fantian disappeared from the grand hall.

When Shi Fantian received the message, Huang Xiaolong was still in the Thousand Blessings Square, accepting the sanctification ritual from the Buddhism power flowing into his body. Six hours had passed, counting from the time Huang Xiaolong triggered the four sides Buddha painting on the Blessed Buddha Altar.

Six hours had passed.

In these six hours of sanctification ritual, Huang Xiaolong's body looked like it was painted with a layer of golden paint, making him look like a golden sculpture from afar.

Six hours passed, from the surface it was as if Huang Xiaolong was no different from six hours prior, but only Huang Xiaolong knew of the immense changes happening inside him. Regardless if it was his meridians, Qi Sea, internal organs, flesh, skin, even his hair was twice stronger!

Huang Xiaolong's battle qi and internal force rose at rapid speed.

Half a day passed when Huang Xiaolong's body suddenly shook, a glaring of inky-purple light burst out, the atmosphere emanating from him changing just as abruptly.

Xiantian Third Order!

His cultivation, which was at peak late-Xiantian Second Order, finally advanced into Xiantian Third Order!

One must know, it was barely two years since Huang Xiaolong participated in Duanren Empire's Imperial City Battle, in that period of time, Huang Xiaolong had just broken through to the Xiantian realm.

More and more people were arriving on the Thousand Blessings Square. Watching Huang Xiaolong breakthrough so easily made endless envious eyes cast on him.

Whereas the jealousy in Chen Dingyuan's eyes became even more erratic and rebellious.

Even after Huang Xiaolong successfully broke through to Xiantian Third Order, the Buddhism power coming from the Blessed Buddha Altar continued to envelop him, seeping into his body, being absorbed and refined, which further enhanced his battle qi and internal force.

A full day and night passed.

Only after one day and one night did the Blessed Buddha Altar occlude its Buddhism power, and soon after, it vanished from view in midair. The entire time, Huang Xiaolong had been absorbing and refining the Buddhism power, his battle qi breaking through from the initial peak late-Xiantian Second Order to peak early-Xiantian Third Order and then onward to peak mid-Xiantian Third Order. It only halted because the Blessed Buddha Altar stopped and vanished.

The crowd stirred again watching the Blessed Buddha Altar disappear and Huang Xiaolong awaken.

Joy flashed across Huang Xiaolong's face as he opened his eyes and tried sensing the changes inside his body using his spiritual sense.

The result of the Blessed Buddha Altar's sanctification ritual exceeded his imagination by far. His initial assumption was early-Xiantian Third Order.

Converging his emotions, Huang Xiaolong scanned the surroundings, and in the end, his gaze fell on Chen Dingyuan's body.

When he was receiving the sanctification ritual, the poison needle attack Chen Dingyuan made, Huang Xiaolong was very well aware. Seeing Huang Xiaolong looking in his direction, Chen Dingyuan sneered disdainfully, their gazes collided midair.

The tightly packed crowd suddenly parted a small path in the middle, allowing a group of people wearing Blessed Buddha Empire's minister uniforms to approach Huang Xiaolong. Leading them was an old man with a long white beard, who had a pair of bright spirited eyes.

“That's Blessed Buddha Empire's Archduke Ma Bo!”

“Archduke Ma Bo is here! The last time Fan Chen was chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar it was also Archduke Ma Bo who came to pick him up to meet with his Imperial Highness in the Blessed Buddha Temple.”

“It was said that last time, when the Emperor summoned Fan Chen, he bestowed to him a heaven grade spirit stone!”

Listening to the discussions around him, Huang Xiaolong was secretly surprised.

Heaven grade spirit stone!

It was rumored that a top grade spirit stone had an awareness. Other than being used to refine heaven-grade spirit pellets, wearing it close to the body aided in cultivation, speeding up the process of absorbing the spiritual energy around. Keeping it close also brought many beneficial advantages to cultivation.

By this time, the white bearded old man, Archduke Ma Bo, was already in front of Huang Xiaolong. Nodding at Huang Xiaolong in a friendly manner, Archduke Ma Bo spoke, “Congratulations to this Young Noble for being chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar. According to the rules, the chosen one can have an audience with the Emperor and be granted a request. Now, kindly follow me to Blessed Buddha Temple.”

“Okay.” Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Archduke Ma Bo gestured politely with his hand, turned around and led Huang Xiaolong out from the Thousand Blessings Square with the same group of people he arrived with earlier.



When Huang Xiaolong passed beside Chen Dingyuan, the latter sneered coldly in a voice transmission to Huang Xiaolong's ear, "Brat, don't get complacent just because you were chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar. You've made this master dislike you, so you better turn and flee as far as you can when you see me, otherwise, I'll beat you up every time I see your face!"

Huang Xiaolong retorted with cold indifference, "Really?" His murderous aura flitted too quickly to be noticed.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong left the square grounds following Archduke Ma Bo, thus the crowd gradually dispersed.

With Huang Xiaolong gone, Chen Dingyuan and Luo Wuyi too left the square.

Out from the Thousand Blessings Square, Archduke Ma Bo led Huang Xiaolong to an hour's walk before stopping to a grand looking building structure, towering over a hundred zhang, built with Bright Granite Rock. On the four sides of the granite walls were carvings of Buddhas in many forms.

"Young Noble, this is Blessed Buddha Temple, the Emperor has been waiting for you inside. Let us enter." Arriving in front of the towering structure, Ma Bo said with a smile. Then he turned around and continued leading the way in front of Huang Xiaolong.

The moment Huang Xiaolong entered the grand hall, an overwhelming Buddhism power rushed towards him. Before this Buddhism power, a feeling of wanting to prostrate in submission rose in Huang Xiaolong's mind but at this precise moment, the black and blue dragons in Huang Xiaolong's body shook, releasing a mighty aura that rushed out of Huang Xiaolong's body.

In an instant, the Buddhism power that overwhelmed Huang Xiaolong faded..

Sensing the mighty dragon aura from Huang Xiaolong's body, Ma Bo was shocked, taking a while before he managed to gather

himself, continuing to lead the way.

Blessed Buddha Temple sat on quite a large land area, comparable to Thousand Blessings Square. Huang Xiaolong surveyed the place as he walked, noticing the many beams of white jade pillars with Buddhist beasts carved at the very top.

After walking for some time, they reached the front of the grand hall. A man stood there with his back to them, both hands clasped at his back.

“Emperor, this Young Noble is the chosen one of the Blessed Buddha Altar.” Ma Bo spoke, making an introduction.

## Chapter 226: Entering Buddha Cavern

---

“My greetings to the Great Emperor.” Huang Xiaolong followed suit, stepping up politely in salute.

The person with his back to them turned around, a smooth, beardless, fair face with ordinary features, yet from the first look it was hard to forget. This was Shi Fantian.

Shi Fantian was born with an ordinary face, but he exuded a hard to forget momentum, greatly different from Emperor Duanren’s sharp atmosphere.

When Shi Fantian’s eyes met Huang Xiaolong, he smiled kindly, “Old Law said your talent and ability are much higher than Fan Chen’s. At first, I didn’t believe it, but now I do. The Blessed Buddha Altar was left behind by my master, being chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar, you can be considered my Junior Brother. I have nothing good to gift to you for our first meeting, so I will give you a heaven grade spirit stone in place of a gift.”

A mesmerizing transparent rock appeared in Shi Fantian’s palm, just about as big as his palm, yet it glistened brilliantly, and Huang Xiaolong noticed the spiritual energy in the surrounding actually gathered towards the stone. Inside the stone was contained a faintly discernable energy that made even Huang Xiaolong’s heart palpitate.

“Great Emperor, this...!” Huang Xiaolong looked at the spirit stone in Shi Fantian’s hand and hesitated.

A heaven grade spirit stone was too valuable.

Shi Fantian waved his hand at Huang Xiaolong; “Just call me Senior Brother.”

Senior Brother? Huang Xiaolong was stumped. He had thought this Emperor Shi Fantian was just speaking polite words when he said being chosen by the Blessed Buddha Altar was akin to his

Junior Brother... so, this Shi Fantian was saying it for real?!

“Senior Brother.” Huang Xiaolong was silent for a while before relenting. Since Shi Fantian himself said so, he wouldn’t stand on ceremony or act with hypocrisy. He must admit, having such a Senior Brother made it more convenient for him in the Blessed Buddha Empire in the future.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong agree to call him Senior Brother, Shi Fantian looked appreciatively at him, “According to the rules, you can make one request. As long as it is within my capabilities, I will fulfill your request.”

Huang Xiaolong pondered slightly, answering: “I want to enter the Buddha Cavern.”

Shi Fantian was stunned this time, “You want to enter the Buddha Cavern?”

Ma Bo, who retreated to the side earlier after greeting Shi Fantian, was greatly shocked to hear Huang Xiaolong’s unexpected request.

“I can’t?” Noticing Shi Fantian’s expression, Huang Xiaolong’s heart dropped to his stomach. If he can’t then it would be troublesome for him.

Shi Fantian chuckled seeing Huang Xiaolong getting all anxious, “It’s not that you can’t, didn’t I just say, as long as it is something that I can do, I’ll fulfill your request. But, is your wish really just to enter the Buddha Cavern? You only have one chance, you might regret it later if you missed it. Like Junior Brother Fan Chen, who requested a high-grade Heaven rank cultivation technique from me.”

“High-grade Heaven rank cultivation technique!” Huang Xiaolong nearly bit his tongue in shock.

This Shi Fantian actually possessed a high-grade Heaven rank cultivation technique!

Each high-grade heaven rank cultivation technique was extremely valuable, something that was even scarcer than Saint realm warrior existences. Seemingly, Shi Fantian was implying that he really gave Fan Chen such a valuable cultivation technique?!

Watching Huang Xiaolong's thoughts shifting evidently on his face, Shi Fantian laughed, "Right, Junior Brother Fan Chen's talent is indeed very high, still, it is because he cultivated the high-grade heaven rank Sleeping Buddha Eternal law that I gave him that he was able to break through the Saint realm so quickly."

"Sleeping Buddha Eternal Law." A curious light flickered in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

In fact, he heard Zhao Shu mention this Sleeping Buddha Eternal Law in the past. Undoubtedly a high-grade heaven rank cultivation technique, it was just that he did not expect this cultivation technique to originate from Shi Fantian's hands.

"How about it? Have you thought it over carefully?" Shi Fantian added, "Several Junior Brothers before Fan Chen had similar requests; it was either a high-grade heaven rank cultivation technique or battle skill, for there is only one chance."

"I still want to enter the Buddha Cavern." Huang Xiaolong said solemnly.

Tempting as a high-grade heaven rank cultivation technique or battle skill may be, it paled drastically in comparison to even one tenth of the allure of the Godly Mt. Xumi Heavenly Treasure, and Godly Mt. Xumi was Huang Xiaolong's most important goal in coming here.

Nevertheless, Huang Xiaolong was astounded by Shi Fantian's offer. Does that mean he has quite a collection of heaven rank high-grade cultivation techniques and battle skills?!

Hearing Huang Xiaolong insisting on entering the Buddha

Cavern, it was unexpected for Shi Fantian. It crossed his mind that Huang Xiaolong requesting to enter Buddha Cavern was just a passing whim, after his gentle reminder, Huang Xiaolong would definitely choose a high-grade heaven rank cultivation technique or battle skill. He did not expect that Huang Xiaolong would still request to enter the Buddha Cavern.

Even Ma Bo was confused and puzzled listening to Huang Xiaolong's request.

"Fine, since it's your decision, I won't say much." A moment later, Shi Fantian explained, "This is a Blessed Buddha Token, holding this token you can enter the Buddha Cavern."

As Shi Fantian said that, a token appeared, nestling in his palm. On both sides of the token was a carving of a Buddha, glowing in a brilliant golden halo.

Huang Xiaolong approached closer to the Blessed Buddha Token. It came as a surprise to him that Shi Fantian would give him a Blessed Buddha Token so easily just because he wanted to enter the Buddha Cavern. The Blessed Buddha Empire's Token was not something just anyone could have.

Receiving the token, Huang Xiaolong thanked sincerely, "Thank you, Senior Brother."

Shi Fantian waved his hand nonchalantly, "Just a simple Blessed Buddha Token, no need to be so courteous, moreover, the token in your hand cannot compare to Fan Chen's Sleeping Buddha Eternal Law."

Huang Xiaolong grinned.

A short while later, Archduke Ma Bo led Huang Xiaolong out from the Blessed Buddha Temple.

Shi Fantian stared in the direction Huang Xiaolong left, muttering to himself, "It seems he's Huang Xiaolong. No wonder, no wonder!" Earlier, when Huang Xiaolong released the mighty

dragon momentum upon entering the hall, Shi Fantian had already guessed Huang Xiaolong's identity.

Ever since Duanren Empire's Imperial City Battle, where Huang Xiaolong exposed his superb talent twin dragon martial spirits, the black and blue dragons, many experts of different empires in Snow Wind Continent had started paying attention to him.

People possessing a Primordial Divine Dragon martial spirit were numbered in Snow Wind Continent, other than Huang Xiaolong there was only one more person and Shi Fantian had met that person before.

While Ma Bo led Huang Xiaolong out from the Blessed Buddha Temple, he gave Huang Xiaolong an Archduke token. Ma Bo, as the Blessed Buddha Empire's Archduke, held an esteemed high status, merely below Emperor Shi Fantian and the several venerated eight monks, including Old Law. Ma Bo's Archduke token, Huang Xiaolong also did not decline.

Ma Bo's Archduke token would come in handy in the future in Blessed Buddha Empire, the Blessed Buddha Token was too eye-catching after all, it would be inconvenient for some matters.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong was willing to receive his Archduke token, Ma Bo's old face bloomed into a happy smile, telling Huang Xiaolong that if he met with any issues that he couldn't handle, he could come to the Archduke Residence to look for him.

Huang Xiaolong nodded with a word of thanks. Ma Bo left after that.

Watching Ma Bo's leaving figure, Huang Xiaolong kept the Archduke token. This token was a gesture of goodwill, or more precisely, a gesture of flattery.

With Ma Bo out of sight, Huang Xiaolong headed straight towards the Buddha Cavern and arrived at the entrance without needing much time.

However, when he wanted to enter the Buddha Cavern, a powerful momentum surged out from within, blocking Huang Xiaolong at the entrance. In the next instant, a silhouette appeared.

Knowing this person was a Buddha Cavern guardian, Huang Xiaolong showed his Blessed Buddha Token before the other side even opened their mouth to speak.

Looking at the Blessed Buddha Token in Huang Xiaolong's hand, the silhouette was dazed for a moment before nodding at Huang Xiaolong and disappearing from the spot in a flicker.

Secretly breathing in relief, Huang Xiaolong stepped forward, entering the Buddha Cavern. This time, there was no longer any resistance blocking his path. Passing through the entrance, Huang Xiaolong felt as if he had come to another world. In front of him, as far as the eye could see, were only... Buddha statues!



## Chapter 227: Searching for Godly Mt. Xumi

---

One after another, stately Buddha statues towered over heaven and earth, surpassing ten zhang! Reaching a hundred zhang! Several hundred zhang!

Looking in front of him, Huang Xiaolong actually couldn't see an end to the Buddha statues even at the horizon line.

There were ten thousand Buddha statues on the Thousand Blessings Square, then inside the Buddha Cavern, how many Buddha statues were there? Hundreds of thousands? Perhaps even millions!

Huang Xiaolong was astounded to the core at this sight.

These Buddha statues were sculpted in a myriad of forms, each unbelievably life-like, as if each of these statues was solid, in their actual body on earth. Huang Xiaolong flew deeper into the cavern above these Buddha statues, using his Wings of Demon. In the beginning, Huang Xiaolong did not feel much, but as time wore on, his eyes started seeing double, his mind, his heart, every thought, and breath were influenced by these Buddha statues.

After not even an hour of flying, Huang Xiaolong actually felt so exhausted that he quickly stopped, landing on the shoulder of a huge Buddha statue and sat down in meditation.

Huang Xiaolong touched his forehead, finding that he was drenched in sweat and was taken aback! With his current Xiantian strength, not to mention flying for merely an hour or so, he could fly for a day and night and he wouldn't feel tired, much less exhausted. But now, he was drenched in sweat!

This was highly unusual!

Slowly, Huang Xiaolong found out his exhaustion came from his spirit and not because his battle qi ran out. It was tiredness that stemmed from his spiritual sense, soul, and heart, moreover, the

energy inside his body was chaotic. Taking a deep breath to calm himself, Huang Xiaolong ran the Body Metamorphose Scripture to adjust his condition, gradually soothing the chaos taking place inside his body.

It was several hours later when Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes again, calmed, but the tiredness lingered. Even more tiring than the time he fought Xie Puti in Duanren Empire's Imperial City Battle for the championship!

Despite that, Huang Xiaolong pulled himself up and continued heading deeper into the cavern.

Another few hours later, he had to stop for a rest again to meditate, to calm the energy inside his body that had once again become chaotic.

Huang Xiaolong noticed something odd. After meditating, his soul and spiritual force were actually more fatigued than before.

Huang Xiaolong stood up and continued to venture deeper.

One day passed in the same manner.

At the end of the day, when Huang Xiaolong stopped to rest on the body of a Buddha statue, he was feeling dizzy, his breathing uneven. In fact, he was panting slightly. He hurried to meditate and swallow a medicinal pellet to recover.

But, swallowing medicinal pellets had no effect on the soul and spiritual force.

The medicinal pellets he had were also for recovering battle qi and internal force.

This time, he spent the entire night to smooth his internal chaotic energy. Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes after one night, even more exhausted than before, so much that he had no desire to move. Sleep, he only wanted to sleep. Huang Xiaolong badly wanted to close his eyes and sleep forever, not waking up.

“What is happening?!” Huang Xiaolong’s consciousness suddenly jerked up.

Buddha statues!

It was these Buddha statues!

Huang Xiaolong recalled and was shocked to find these root cause of his problem.

The bodies of these Buddha statues manifested an invisible spiritual pressure and it was exactly this invisible spiritual pressure that caused his soul and spiritual force to feel so exhausted.

Though he found the cause, Huang Xiaolong was frowning.

If he continued to venture deeper, his soul and spirit may not be able to withstand the invisible spiritual pressure manifested by these Buddha statues and crumble. At that time, he would end up a madman, for not even a Saint realm expert could cure a damaged spirit.

Huang Xiaolong checked the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and Absolute Soul Pearl in his body, all three Heavenly Treasures were quiet.

When Huang Xiaolong entered the Saint Pavilion in search of the Absolute Soul Pearl, there was still an occasional reaction from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and God Binding Ring, yet this time around, none of the three Heavenly Treasure inside his body showed any reaction.

“Was Zhao Shu’s conjecture erroneous?” Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Zhao Shu made the conclusion based on the ancient Buddhist scripture he had gotten hold of. If Zhao Shu’s assumption was a mistake, then this trip to the Blessed Buddha Empire would be a trip made in vain.

Without the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong's plan of advancing to Xiantian Tenth Order in the span of six years was impossible. Forget about Xiantian Tenth Order, he would be far away from breaking into Xiantian Seventh Order.

At this point of time, Huang Xiaolong spread out his spiritual sense to his surroundings. As he was trying to get a feel of his surroundings, he noticed a mysterious energy current, extremely weak and barely perceptible if one didn't pay attention, flowing in the Buddha Cavern. If it wasn't for Huang Xiaolong carefully spreading out his spiritual sense, it would have gone unnoticed.

This mysterious energy was similar to the Buddhism power from the Blessed Buddha Altar, yet different at the same time.

Huang Xiaolong tried to lead this mysterious energy into his body, slowly refining it and was surprised to find the exhaustion in his soul and spirit recover significantly.

This result delighted him!

If this was so, he needn't worry about damaging his soul and spirit upon entering deeper into the cavern.

After Huang Xiaolong absorbed and refined the mysterious energy, the exhaustion he felt in his soul and spirit recovered as if they were being nurtured, very close to returning to their peak form.

Huang Xiaolong would then stand up and continue flying deeper into the Buddha Cavern.

Just like this, ten days passed, rest and continue, rest and continue.

Ten days passed, yet the Heavenly Treasures bore no reaction at all.

And Huang Xiaolong was surprised to find in the last ten days that the mysterious energy in the Buddha Cavern helped his soul and spiritual force grow stronger, going as far as enhancing his

battle qi and internal force.

This speed was much faster than practicing in the ancient battlefield while swallowing Fire Dragon Pearls, however, Huang Xiaolong was unable to feel joy at his improved strength. Instead, his heart grew heavier—because there was still no reaction at all from the three Heavenly Treasures!

In the last ten days, all his eyes could see was an endless sea of Buddha statues, and only Buddha statues.

Zhao Shu had never been inside the Buddha Cavern, thus before coming in, Huang Xiaolong had no idea how the Blessed Buddha Empire's forbidden land looked like. Now he knew.

Though the chance seemed slimmer by the day, Huang Xiaolong was unwilling to leave the Buddha Cavern just like this. The good thing was, there was no time limit for his stay inside the Buddha Cavern, such as one month's time with the Saint Pavilion. He could stay as long as he wanted.

Cultivating in the Buddha Cavern was beneficial too, hence, Huang Xiaolong remained, journeying deeper every day.

While Huang Xiaolong journeyed deeper every day, in a certain space pocket within the Buddha Cavern, Old Law and seven other guardians were observing Huang Xiaolong's movements.

"It's been ten days already, I did not expect this kid could remain inside for so long, even going deeper into the cavern!"

"Last time when Fan Chen, that lad, came inside, how long did he stay? If I remember correctly, it should be fifteen days, I wonder if this kid can surpass that!"

"He can actually refine the Buddhism spiritual energy inside the Buddha Cavern!"

Several people talked at the same time.

A light flickered in Old Law's eyes as he quietly observed Huang

Xiaolong's flying silhouette inside the Buddha Cavern's space.

"This kid looks like he's searching for something inside the Buddha Cavern?" One of the eight suddenly said.

"Searching for something?" Old Law pondered the words.

Another ten days passed the same way.

Twenty days after Huang Xiaolong entered, the three Heavenly Treasures inside his body remained quiet. But Huang Xiaolong had a harvest of a different kind. After seeing nothing but Buddha statues for twenty days, he was inspired and created a battle skill called Earthen Buddha Palm.

Flying past the numerous Buddha statues as he continued to the inner part of the Buddha Cavern, Huang Xiaolong practiced his self-created Earthen Buddha Palm. There was... only a single move to the Earthen Buddha Palm, however, similar to the hundreds and thousands of Buddha statues in the Buddha Cavern, it had just as many forms.

"This kid still has the leisure to practice battle skill inside the Buddha Cavern? And that, what kind of palm is that? It looks like one of our Buddhism battle skills, but very strange, I've never seen anything like it!"

The eight kasaya robed monks observed Huang Xiaolong who was practicing his Earthen Buddha Palm closely, discussing amongst themselves.

"He probably created this battle skill himself." Old Law's eyes never left Huang Xiaolong as he spoke those words with a somber voice.

# Chapter 228: Clues of Godly Mt. Xumis

## Location

---

“Wha—t? Self-created battle skill!” The seven other old men blurted in amazement at the idea.

“This, not possible... right?” One of them queried uncertainly.

As far as they knew, every battle skill was handed down from ancient times, every battle skill that they knew of now was created by the human race of ancient times, whereas legendary heaven rank battle skills were created by the ancient God Tribes.

However, legendary battle skills were lost treasures as time elapsed, leaving only high-grade heaven rank battle skills as the highest grade available, albeit their scarcity.

“That’s right ah, Old Law. It doesn’t seem like this kid knows how to create a battle skill, it’s a feat even harder than breaking into the God realm! Even some warriors that succeeded in breaking through and traversed to other higher grade worlds were never rumored to have created their own battle skill!” Another one of the old men debated with surprise lingering in his voice.

Old Law answered with a solemn voice, “I did not believe it myself at first but observe carefully and you will notice that when he first started practicing this skill, his movements were crude and simple. Nearing the end, however, it became smoother and complete, the changes when attacking became more unpredictable, and the potency increased over time. Look, every time he practices, he continues to improve and perfect the transformations.”

When the rest heard this explanation, each started to observe Huang Xiaolong’s actions more closely and noticed it was as Old Law had described.

Despite that, most of them still found it hard to believe what they

were seeing.

Creating a battle skill, if this was leaked out, it would definitely cause an earth-shattering quake across the Martial Spirit World.

At the same time, inside the Buddha Cavern, Huang Xiaolong leaped up with his palm striking out. Countless Buddha statues were seen emerging from the ground, exuding an overwhelming spiritual pressure.

The current of time continued to flow, and soon, a month had passed.

Huang Xiaolong had spent an entire month inside the Buddha Cavern.

On this particular day, Huang Xiaolong was flying forward, when suddenly, the scene in front him changed! A vast stretch of mountainous region with towering age-old trees and winding rivers with crystal-clear emerald water.

No more Buddha statues!

In this one month, Buddha statues were the only objects Huang Xiaolong had seen, so much that it gave rise to a belief that other than Buddha statues, nothing else existed within the Buddha Cavern.

Huang Xiaolong's heart blossomed seeing green mountains up ahead, accelerating his flying speed, he left the Buddha statues region quickly and landed at the foothills of a mountain. Out of the Buddha statues region, a deep sense of relief washed over him the moment his feet touched solid ground.

In the Buddha statues region, Huang Xiaolong's soul and spiritual force felt like they were being squashed by a big boulder that was instantly lifted now.

Huang Xiaolong turned back to look at the vast region of endless Buddha statues, he shivered, slightly traumatized. This one month was worse than being stranded in the abyss of hell.



Drawing a deep breath, Huang Xiaolong turned back and started walking towards the forest, soon reaching the peak. Entering his sight were long ranges of mountains, winding into the horizon, causing Huang Xiaolong's brows to wrinkle. 'Don't tell me that I need to spend another month to cross this mountain region!'

The lack of reaction from the three Heavenly Treasures in his body frustrated Huang Xiaolong.

'Forget it, since I'm already here it's better I continue searching for it.' Huang Xiaolong comforted himself, he would never be willing to leave things half-assed this way.

Hence, Huang Xiaolong flew deep in the mountain region direction. And soon, another month came and went.

By this point in time, Huang Xiaolong no longer harbored any hope of finding the Godly Mt. Xumi here, especially when all three Heavenly Treasure showed not even the tiniest reaction. In Huang Xiaolong's opinion, if the Godly Mt. Xumi was really somewhere here in the Buddha Cavern, there would surely be some reaction from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and the Absolute Soul Pearl.

Making a resolute decision, Huang Xiaolong decided to give it ten more days' time. If there still wasn't any reaction from the three treasures within this ten days' time, he would leave the Buddha Cavern.

He would think of another way that didn't require the Godly Mt. Xumi.

Perhaps he could search for the second or third Heavenly Treasures on the list. Moreover, his Master Ren Wokuang left a precious treasure for him in the Asura's Gate headquarters, something that would aid in his Asura Tactics cultivation. With that, and the benefits from the Lingling Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and the Absolute Soul Pearl, he could still enhance his strength rapidly to reach Xiantian Tenth Order.

Three days passed quickly like grains of sand seeping through one's fingers.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong stopped beside a river bank at the foothills. Just as he wanted to wash up, a golden light flickered from the riverbed. Although it was only for a split second, Huang Xiaolong caught a glimpse of it.

His actions stopped and he released his spiritual sense, directing it towards the bottom of the river, but his spiritual sense encountered a resistance at the edge of the river bank. Curious, Huang Xiaolong stood up. After a brief hesitation, he leaped up, opened up a path leading downward and made his way to the riverbed.

In the river, Huang Xiaolong dived deeper.

From the surface, the river didn't seem wide. Only after Huang Xiaolong dived into the river, did he realize it was much bigger than he had thought. He sank more than a hundred zhang deep before he reached the riverbed.

The instant Huang Xiaolong leaped into the river, Old Law and the seven other old men who were watching Huang Xiaolong suddenly noticed that his aura disappeared.

"Could this river be another space dimension?" One of them muttered.

Inside the Buddha Cavern existed links to many different space dimensions. Though the eight of them were guardians of Buddha Cavern, none knew how many of these other dimensions there were within the Buddha Cavern.

"That kid's aura had vanished totally, no doubt this river is a different space dimension." Another old man voiced his opinion.

"Old Law, then we...?"

"Go with the flow, our mission is to guard the Buddha Cavern."

“Yes, Old Law!”

On the other side, down on the riverbed, another bright light flickered and a black hole appeared. Before Huang Xiaolong could react, a great suction force from the black hole wrapped around him, swallowing him in.

His vision blurred. The scene changed and Huang Xiaolong was standing upon a golden sand beach.

“This is...?” In front of Huang Xiaolong was a sea the color of gold, with gentle waves washing upon the golden sand beach. There was a small boat floating on the sea, with an old man in his seventies holding a fishing rod.

At what seemed to be the center of this golden sea sat a golden mountain.

The surroundings were very quiet. Looking at this scene, Huang Xiaolong was stupefied.

“Young man, welcome to the Sea of Suffering.” While Huang Xiaolong was stupefied at the sudden change in his surroundings, the old man on the boat spoke.

“The Sea of Suffering!” Huang Xiaolong looked at the large expanse of golden sea.

The old man raised his head, revealing a long white beard that fluttered in the nonexistent breeze as he smiled at Huang Xiaolong, “It has been sixty thousand years... Finally, someone entered this Sea of Suffering space after a long sixty thousand years.”

“Sixty thousand years!” Huang Xiaolong was shocked. This old man meant to say he stayed in this Sea of Suffering space for more than sixty thousand years? Wouldn't that mean this old man had lived more than sixty thousand years!

What concept was that!?

Not even a Saint realm expert could live that long!

Could this old man be... Huang Xiaolong sucked in a breath of cold air.

“Young man, you entered Buddha Cavern for the Godly Mt. Xumi right?” The old man continued at his own pace.

Huang Xiaolong was surprised and wary at the same time. How did this old man know?

“Yes.” Seconds later, Huang Xiaolong composed himself and admitted his purpose.

The old man chuckled, “Not bad, at least you’re honest. Then, I shall tell you. Yes, the Godly Mt. Xumi is indeed within the Buddha Cavern.”

The Godly Mt. Xumi was inside the Buddha Cavern!

# Chapter 229: Refining the Godly Mt. Xumi

---

Getting confirmation to something he had been searching for, Huang Xiaolong trembled!

The Godly Mt. Xumi was really here, within the Buddha Cavern!

After so long, Huang Xiaolong had basically given up hope on the search, entering the cavern for more than two months without any reaction from the three Heavenly Treasures in his body.

Huang Xiaolong believed this old man's words, for there wasn't any need for him to deceive Xiaolong.

"Also, I know the exact location of Godly Mt. Xumi!" The old man added with a sly smile.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes widened with disbelief.

Vast was an understatement of the Buddha Cavern. Huang Xiaolong flew for two months and had yet to see the edge, in fact, Huang Xiaolong had the feeling that he hadn't even seen a tenth of the Buddha Cavern.

To search for the Godly Mt. Xumi in this boundless expanse of the Buddha Cavern was akin to searching for a needle in a barn full of haystacks.

Yet, this old man in front of him actually said he knew the exact location of the Godly Mt. Xumi!

Godly Mt. Xumi, Heavenly Treasures List number one!

Even Huang Xiaolong could not suppress the quickening of his breath.

The old man grinned watching Huang Xiaolong's reaction, stating: "I will ask you three questions, as long as your answers satisfy me, I'll let you know where the Godly Mt. Xumi is."

"Three questions?" Huang Xiaolong was flabbergasted.

“Correct.” The old man revealed another sheepish smile.

The old man on the small boat was somewhat chubby, when he smiled sheepishly, he looked a little like Maitreya Buddha.

“Go ahead, ask.” Huang Xiaolong pondered silently for a moment before agreeing.

“First question, why are you looking for the Godly Mt. Xumi?” The old man asked.

Huang Xiaolong hesitated, “I want the Godly Mt. Xumi to advance my cultivation to the Saint realm, perhaps even God Realm, and then I want to annihilate Deities Templar!”

The old man was startled, “Advance to God Realm, annihilate the Deities Templar? No small ambitions you’ve got there, but the Deities Templar’s strength isn’t as weak as you think it is.” The old man paused before asking the question second question. “My second question is, what is your martial spirit?”

Martial spirit? Without a second thought, a coruscating light shrouded Huang Xiaolong as he summoned out both black and blue twin dragon martial spirits. The might of dragons swept out like a feisty tornado.

“Blue dragon?” Looking at the blue dragon hovering behind Huang Xiaolong, the old man was dumbfounded.

Moments after, he recovered from his gaffe, asking the third question, “Third question, if, in the future, I’m talking about if one day, you become the Asura World’s Hell Sovereign, commanding one billion evil spirits and Asuras, when the Asura World and Buddha World are in conflict, what would you do?”

Asura World’s Hell Sovereign?! Huang Xiaolong frowned. If there came a day when he could reach such heights, how many thousands of years would have passed. Stewing over the question, Huang Xiaolong answered, “If there is a day that I really become Asura World’s Hell Sovereign, commanding one billion evil spirits

and Asuras, if there was a conflict between the Asura World and Buddha World, I will not take the initiative to declare war on the Buddha World unless the Buddha World was the first to launch an attack towards the Asura World!”

The old man nodded, again that sheepish smile, “Good, I hope if there is such a day, you would still remember the words you’ve said today.” When the words ended, the old man’s silhouette dimmed out, vanishing into thin air.

Watching the spot where the old man disappeared, Huang Xiaolong blanked for a moment. The most important point struck him then, “You haven’t told me where the Godly Mt. Xumi is! Also, what is Senior’s name?!”

“The Godly Mt. Xumi is right in front of you. As for who I am, it is not important, we will meet again.” A voice floated from the void, ethereal as if it was separated by layers of dimension in between.

The voice soon dissipated.

Huang Xiaolong was confused; the Godly Mt. Xumi is in front of his eyes? That old man meant...?! Huang Xiaolong’s eyes zoomed towards the golden mountain sitting in the center of the golden waters.

Godly Mt. Xumi!

That old man meant this golden mountain was the Godly Mt. Xumi!

Huang Xiaolong’s heart leaped with joy. Godly Mt. Xumi, he finally found it!

He found it!

Huang Xiaolong inhaled deeply to calm himself, then leaped up, aiming to land on the small boat the old man left behind.

But, when his foot came close to the small boat, it shone with a

brilliant light and projected a mysterious rune from its body. An abundant spiritual power soared to the sky.

“This is...?!” Huang Xiaolong was alarmed.

Previously, when the old man was sitting in the boat, it looked bland and ordinary, just like any other common small boat. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong didn't pay any attention to it, but it seems, this little boat was a treasure?!

As if it sensed Huang Xiaolong's thoughts, the small boat's light glimmered in answer. In the blink of an eye, it shrunk in size until it was the length of an adult's palm and hovered in front of Huang Xiaolong.

Seeing that the small boat had such spiritual awareness, Huang Xiaolong laughed, “Little one, you have stayed here in the Sea of Suffering for several thousands of years, right? Do you want to leave here with me?”

The small boat floated up and down, humming.

Huang Xiaolong chuckled, extending his palm out. The small boat flew forward, landing on Huang Xiaolong's palm. Huang Xiaolong was very keen on the small boat; with a flick, a drop of blood floated out from his finger and fell atop the small boat's body. Instantly, a blood bond was formed between them, allowing Huang Xiaolong to keep it in his body with merely a simple thought.

Although he was sure that this small boat was a wonderful treasure, his most urgent task at the moment was to rein in the Godly Mt. Xumi. He could only wait until later to study the small boat.

After dealing with the small boat, Huang Xiaolong leaped into the air, and with a flap of his wings, he flew straight to the golden mountain situated in the middle of the golden sea.

Huang Xiaolong's heart raced, feeling the Godly Mt. Xumi



underneath his feet before leaping up again in search of the sacred ancient formation at the heart of it.

According to the information provided by Zhao Shu, there was the sacred ancient formation at its core. Only by locating this sacred ancient formation at the core could Huang Xiaolong refine and truly control, as well as rein in this Heavenly Treasure called Godly Mt. Xumi.

The Godly Mt. Xumi didn't seem big, land wise, yet it took Huang Xiaolong half an hour of flying to circle the perimeter entirely. On the surface, other than the brilliant glow around it, the Godly Mt. Xumi looked no different than any other ordinary small mountain. Other than that, it looked more like a barren hill, no trees, no rivers or lakes, only stones and rocks everywhere.

After making a full circle around, Huang Xiaolong chose to stop on the highest peak, where he guessed the core should be, right below this peak!

Running his battle qi and releasing his spiritual sense, Huang Xiaolong tried to get a sense of the situation below, when a sudden surge of suction power came from deep underground. His vision blurred, appearing in a huge temple hall.

A large ancient formation was carved in the center of the huge temple hall, with a tall Buddhist painting as its core—the painting depicted ten Buddhas emanating constant fluctuations of powerful spiritual pressure.

This must be the Godly Mt. Xumi's core sacred ancient formation! Huang Xiaolong's heart stirred with excitement staring at the formation in the center of the hall.

The first step of locating the formation was accomplished, next was refining it.

Huang Xiaolong jumped towards the throne seat at the front of the temple hall and sat in a meditative pose, running his battle qi

and starting to refine the formation.

As Huang Xiaolong started to refine it, the formation glimmered endlessly.

One day passed.

The glimmering light became increasingly stronger, soaring skyward like a beam and expanding in diameter, covering the entire Godly Mt. Xumi on the outside. At that moment, the Buddhas inside the painting shot out, filling the atmosphere with Buddhism energy.

As he refined the core formation, bathing within the purifying energy of Buddhism made Huang Xiaolong feel extremely comfortable.

A long time later, the aureate halo originating from the formation slowly dimmed.

# Chapter 230: Practising on Godly Mt. Xumi

---

When the light from the sacred ancient formation disappeared, the temple hall returned to its prior calm.

Huang Xiaolong sat on the throne, the feeling of being one with Godly Mt. Xumi washing over him. He had succeeded in refining the Godly Mt. Xumi!

Initially, Huang Xiaolong thought it would be quite troublesome to refine the Godly Mt. Xumi's core formation, at least time-wise, it might take ten days to half a month. The ease came as a surprise to him.

Maybe it was because of the Blessed Buddha Altar. A thought suddenly struck Huang Xiaolong. It was very likely due to the sanctification ritual on Thousand Blessings Square that Huang Xiaolong was able to refine the Godly Mt. Xumi so easily, for both the Godly Mt. Xumi and the Blessed Buddha Altar were objects related to Buddhism.

While Huang Xiaolong was immersed in these thoughts, a fulgent pillar formed from Buddhism power enshrouded him, transferring memories straight into Huang Xiaolong's consciousness.

Godly Xumi Art!

The strongest battle skill between heaven and earth!

According to the heritage memories from the Godly Mt. Xumi, this Godly Xumi Art was a battle skill, and at the same time, a cultivation technique as well.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong stood up from the temple hall throne. His foot tapped the floor, and with a sway, he disappeared from the temple hall, entering a secret chamber hidden in one of the smaller adjoining halls. Inside this secret chamber was a small pond that held a cloudy white liquid, emanating a tantalizing fragrance that was enough to make one

drunk with euphoria from a single whiff, a great comfortable feeling spread out to his limbs and body.

### Geocentric Buddha Elixir!

An odd wonder born of heaven and earth, absorbing it would enhance one's cultivation at half the effort!

Huang Xiaolong approached the small pond with anticipation, staring unblinkingly at the alluring Geocentric Buddha Elixir, the mad joy making his heart race. The Geocentric Buddha Elixir in this little pond should total to over a thousand drops!

Taking one drop each day, it was enough for Huang Xiaolong for three to four years of cultivation!

Huang Xiaolong cupped his hands together, separating a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir out from the pond, leading it straight into his opened mouth. Like ambrosial wine that flowed out of cups of jasper jade, an exquisite fragrance stirred his senses.

Huang Xiaolong did not refine the energy contained in that drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir on the spot, instead, he returned to the wide temple hall where the core formation was. As Huang Xiaolong moved both of his hands, the Ten Buddha Formation at the core burst out in bright light, an immeasurable Buddhism energy gushing down from the void, separated by an unknown number of space dimensions, enveloping Huang Xiaolong entirely.

Huang Xiaolong absorbed the Buddhism energy spilling from the void, while the drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir spread and blended into Huang Xiaolong's meridians, Qi Sea, and dantian, again and again strengthening his physique.

As Huang Xiaolong continued to wave his arms out, gradually, illusionary arms grew out from his body! At the same time, his body glowed with Buddha luminescence like the legendary Thousand Arms Buddha.

This was the heritage skill, Godly Xumi Art!

One day later, Huang Xiaolong was able to materialize more than sixty arms. When these arms stroke, wind whistled across space with piercing energy that gave one palpitation.

It took Huang Xiaolong a full night and a day to fully refine the energy contained in that one drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir, only then did he stop practicing.

Checking the result, Huang Xiaolong noticed there was a significant improvement in his battle qi cultivation, and practicing in the Ten Buddha Formation core with Buddhism energy pouring endlessly from the void, his physical body was tempered the entire time, again increasing his physical defense. His physical body was stronger than the average warrior. With this improvement, he could only be labeled as a monstrous freak.

Just like the heritage memory showed, swallowing Geocentric Buddha Elixir before practicing the Godly Xumi Art doubled the result at half the effort. Huang Xiaolong was delighted with the result so far.

At the moment, he could project an illusion of more than sixty arms, meaning that he had completed the basic mastery of the skills. Once the number of arms reached a thousand, it was the intermediate stage, and the last stage, or major completion, would be when he could transform these surreal one thousand arms into real, solid entities.

Yet, from what the memory showed, practicing until that stage was difficult.

If Huang Xiaolong succeeded in achieving major completion, he could divide his body into one thousand Buddha avatars! Not only that, each of these one thousand Buddha avatars was a real existence, as if there were one thousand Huang Xiaolong.

The Godly Xumi Art was hailed as the strongest battle skill between heaven and earth, this was its most terrifying point. Imagine, having one thousand avatars and each avatar has one

thousand arms for attacking, who could defend against it?!

This was akin to one thousand Huang Xiaolong launching one million attacks in an instant!

Furthermore, when Huang Xiaolong practiced the Godly Xumi Art until major completion, his natural physique would take on the characteristics of the most adamant, yet pliable, known as the Golden Buddha Physique, where it would never suffer damage even from the most damaging attacks. At that time, to kill Huang Xiaolong, there would be only one method—attack and destroy Huang Xiaolong's soul!

Huang Xiaolong breathed out foul qi through his mouth.

Godly Xumi Art!

An enigmatic air of grandeur burst forth from Huang Xiaolong. A light glinted in his eyes, showing a sharp edge.

Deities Templar, Ao Baixue, Yao Fei, Li Molin! A day will come when I will trample each of you beneath my feet, killing you off one by one!

After a while, Huang Xiaolong calmed down. Once again moving his hands, gathering battle qi in his palms to activate the core formation. From the outside, the golden mountain at the center of the Sea of Suffering shook vigorously and flew out of the Sea of Suffering, tore the void and disappeared. When it appeared again, it was outside of the Buddha Cavern, above the barren wilderness in a certain location of Blessed Buddha Empire.

This was one of the Godly Mt Xumi's powers, Huang Xiaolong could control the Godly Mt. Xumi's flight through the core formation, but its main advantage was the ability to penetrate space.

Other than that, the core formation also controlled the Godly Mt. Xumi to attack.

According to the heritage memory, the Godly Mt. Xumi was

created entirely from materials originating from the Buddha World, the Soft Golden Divine Slab. During the refinement process, ten thousand drops of golden blood from ten thousand ancient Buddhas were melted into it, adamant yet soft. It was unlikely for something to exist in the martial Spirit World that could make a scratch on Godly Mt. Xumi's body.

Not even a God Realm master could make a dent!

After tearing out of the void, the Godly Mt. Xumi floated high up in the sky, probably several thousand zhang up, its large mass blotting out the sun. Huang Xiaolong could only imagine what it would be like using the Godly Mt. Xumi to attack.

A normal mountain as large as this was terrifying enough, moreover, this was the Godly Mt. Xumi.

"Small, smaller, smaller, more!" Huang Xiaolong controlled the core formation, shrinking the Godly Mt. Xumi continuously that the several thousand zhang mountain ended up palm-sized in the end!

"Smaller still!" It continued to shrink to the size of a sand grain.

When that succeeded, Huang Xiaolong chose a direction and controlled the Godly Mt. Xumi, flying into the dense forest some distance ahead. Although he had found the Godly Mt. Xumi, he was in no rush to return to Duanren Empire. First, he wanted to cultivate in peace and breakthrough to Xiantian Fourth Order before deciding anything else!

Xiantian Fourth Order was a dividing line. Once Huang Xiaolong crossed it, he would be a mid-level Xiantian warrior, his strength would experience a compelling enhancement.

More than an hour later, Huang Xiaolong stopped above a hilly forest region. He controlled the Godly Mt. Xumi to land on the ground, blending in with the environment of sand and soil, extremely well hidden.

He then went to the adjoining side hall, sucked a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir into his mouth and returned to the temple hall to practice the Godly Xumi Art in the core Ten Buddha Formation.



# Chapter 231: Combining Four Treasures into One

---

Huang Xiaolong spent the coming days in the same routine; taking a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and activating the Ten Buddha Formation to practice the Godly Xumi Art.

Seconds became minutes that turned into days, Huang Xiaolong's battle qi and spiritual force progressed at an alarming rate. In a mere ten days, the mid-Xiantian Third Order Huang Xiaolong advanced to peak mid-Xiantian Third Order!

Twenty days later, Huang Xiaolong broke through into late-Xiantian Third Order. At the same time Huang Xiaolong reached late-Third Order, the number of arms he could form doubled to over one hundred and twenty. However, every additional arm after that became harder to form. Before, he could form a minimum of three to four arms in a day's practice, but after reaching one hundred and twenty arms, he could, at most, form one additional arm from a day's practice.

With the Geocentric Buddha Elixir and tempering from the Buddhism energy at the core formation, Huang Xiaolong's physical defense and power were enhanced on a daily basis. When Huang Xiaolong's spiritual sense swept through his internal body, he found a layer of Buddha luminescence over his orifices, meridians, bones, and marrow.

Time continued to flow by.

Secluded within the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong had been practicing for a little over one month, his cultivation was already at the peak of late-Xiantian Third Order and his Body Metamorphose Scripture advanced into Stage Ten: Crouching Tiger.

On this particular day, like any other day of that month, Huang

Xiaolong swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and started practicing the Godly Xumi Art in the Ten Buddha Formation at the center of the temple hall. A flurry of ethereal arms appeared on his body, while the black and blue dragons hovered in the void above him, greedily devouring the true dragon qi gushing down from another space. Perhaps it was the effect of the Buddhism energy from the Buddha World, but there was now a layer of aureate luminescence on the surface of the twin dragons' scales.

Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong shook and a minute echo sounded from his body, followed by a bright golden light. The black and blue dragons in the void above roared endlessly.

A momentum stronger than before exuded from Huang Xiaolong.

Xiantian Fourth Order!

After a hard penance of two months, Huang Xiaolong finally broke through to Xiantian Fourth Order!

Abundant netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi, and Buddhism qi coursed along Huang Xiaolong's body. Previously, in Huang Xiaolong's Qi Sea, there were only two types of battle qi that had taken shape: one was the netherworld battle qi in the shape of an Archdemon of Hell and the other was a Primordial Divine Dragon. But now, there was an additional new qi that had taken shape in the form of a golden Buddha!

Three great mandates that had taken shape!

For Huang Xiaolong's alarming breakthrough speed to Xiantian Fourth Order, other than the Geocentric Buddha Elixir, the three great mandates played a vital role by expediting the rate of Huang Xiaolong's absorption of spiritual energies.

'Finally, I broke through the Fourth Order!' Huang Xiaolong stopped his practiced as his eyes sparkled with joy. Stepping into Fourth Order, his strength had more than doubled compared to the time he was in Duanren Empire.

When Huang Xiaolong left Duanren Empire for the Blessed Buddha Empire to search for the Godly Mt. Xumi, he was only a Xiantian Second Order. Now, he was two levels higher! Counting back, it hadn't been three years since Huang Xiaolong stepped into the Xiantian realm and participated in Duanren Empire's Imperial City Battle.

'I wonder what level Xie Puti's strength reached.' Huang Xiaolong mused.

When they battled against each other for the Imperial City Battle championship, Xie Puti was an early Second Order Xiantian, an entire level above Huang Xiaolong, but now, it was highly likely that Xie Puti had yet to come close to Xiantian Third Order.

It was time for him to rush back to Duanren Empire, perhaps he might make it back in time to attend his younger sister Huang Min and Guo Tai's wedding ceremony.

Huang Xiaolong's blurred in a flicker, leaving the Xumi Temple.

The ancient sacred Ten Buddha Formation of Godly Mt. Xumi was located in the belly of the mountain. In retrospect, Huang Xiaolong was completely hidden from the outside world during these two months of practice.

Out from the Godly Mt. Xumi, the sand grain-sized Godly Mt. Xumi flew from the ground into Huang Xiaolong's palm with a wave, growing to the size of a palm in the process.

Huang Xiaolong absorbed the golden mountain into his body, hovering above his soul sea just like the other three heavenly treasures, however, in that moment, the Godly Mt. Xumi, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, the God Binding Ring, and the Absolute Soul Pearl that were dead silent recently, burst out in a prism of violent light. The Buddhism energy from Godly Mt. Xumi flooded out, spreading to every corner of Huang Xiaolong's soul sea.

As if the three heavenly treasures were resonating with the

Buddhism energy coming from the Godly Mt. Xumi, all three—the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and the Absolute Soul Pearl shone ever more brightly, issuing unfathomable long humming sounds. Sensing the odd reactions of the four heavenly treasures, Huang Xiaolong was dumbfounded.

When he entered the Buddha Cavern, even while he was at the Sea of Suffering, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and Absolute Soul Pearl showed nary a ripple of reaction, but at this moment, their reactions were radical to the extreme.

From Huang Xiaolong's perception, it seemed that the three heavenly treasures were afraid of the Godly Mt. Xumi, banding together to resist the Buddhism energy spewing out from the golden mountain. Yet it was futile, the powerful burst of energy weakened and diminished under the seemingly gentle golden glow.

Huang Xiaolong continued to watch, thinking it was nearly over, but all four heavenly treasures suddenly flew out from his body high up to the air, flying in a circular motion.

A forceful suction force came from the Godly Mt. Xumi, holding the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and Absolute Soul Pearl prisoners, drawing them closer to itself. Though they struggled frantically, neither successfully flew out more than a hundred meters away from the Godly Mt. Xumi.

As time wore on, the distance between the four heavenly treasures shortened, albeit the beaming light from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and Absolute Soul Pearl intensified, the resistance and struggle were futile.

In the end, the three heavenly treasures entered ten meters within the Godly Mt. Xumi's golden halo area. At this moment, a lucent light pillar shot up from its peak, Ten Buddha statues projected in midair. The very same ten Buddha statues from the sacred ancient formation at the core.

The appearance of the Ten Buddhas increased the Godly Mt.

Xumi's might, Buddhism energy crashing out like endless tidal waves into the surroundings. Instantly winding around the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and Absolute Soul Pearl, sucking them into its golden body.

The Linglong Treasure Pagoda went straight down to become a midway pagoda pavilion, the God Binding Ring was absorbed into one of the many peaks on the Godly Mt. Xumi, whereas the Absolute Soul Pearl stood atop a different peak.

All three heavenly treasures still gleamed brightly but no longer resisted, as if they had been reined in.

Watching the entire scene, Huang Xiaolong was dumbstruck. All three heavenly treasures were absorbed by the Godly Mt. Xumi, becoming one entity?!

At this moment, on the Godly Mt. Xumi, the Fire Dragon qi, the ancient God Tribe spiritual energy from God Binding Ring's ancient battlefield and the soul energy from Absolute Soul Pearl all gathered together, interlaced with the Buddhism energy coming from the Godly Mt. Xumi itself, bringing four different types of spiritual energy in one place.

With a turn of his right wrist, the Godly Mt. Xumi floated to Huang Xiaolong's hand. Studying the four treasures that had combined into one, Huang Xiaolong smiled wryly to himself, can this Godly Mt. Xumi be called Godly Mt. Xumi still?

He should just call it Xumi-Linglong-God-Binding-Absolute-Pearl Mountain!

But, four treasures combined into one may not be a bad thing. Because Huang Xiaolong keenly felt that after being absorbed into the Godly Mt. Xumi, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, God Binding Ring and Absolute Pearl's strength did not diminish. In fact, it seemed to boost the Godly Mt. Xumi's strength.

# Chapter 232: Werent You a Xiantian Third Order?!

---

Looking at the improved version of Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong couldn't help imagining, if all the heavenly treasures on the list were to combine with the Godly Mt. Xumi, to what extent would it strengthen this little golden mountain's magical powers?!

Then, Huang Xiaolong shook his head, this was highly unlikely, even for him.

Thirty-two heavenly treasures were scattered all over, the chances of gathering them all was almost nil. Some of these heavenly treasures might not even be in the Martial Spirit World. Furthermore, there were possibilities some of these heavenly treasures were already reined in by others. If he could find them so could others.

Focusing his thoughts, Huang Xiaolong absorbed the 'new' Godly Mt. Xumi into his body and left the forest area with a flicker.

Just moments after Huang Xiaolong disappeared, two silhouettes arrived, piercing through the wind at alarming speed.

"Strange, I'm sure I sensed the fluctuations of a treasure from here!"

"Could someone else have gotten to it before us?"

"Go, keep looking!"

After leaving the dense forest area, Huang Xiaolong flew southwards. One hour later, he stopped. Arriving at Northside Merchant City, he recalled the incident when he was receiving the sanctification ritual from the Blessed Buddha Altar's Buddhism energy, the single poisonous needle Chen Dingyuan ambushed him with. A chilling glint flitted across his eyes as he stepped towards Northside Merchant City and inquired around for the Chen Mansion's location.

...

In one of the small yards on the north side of Chen Mansion.

Chen Dingyuan was resting leisurely in the main hall of the yard as he listened to his subordinate, Han Fei, report about the family's annual Peak Summit.

Every year, the younger generation of the Chen Family would battle for ranking in an attempt to snatch the title of 'Family Peak' into their hands.

"Young Master, with your talent and ability, this year's Family Peak title could only be yours." Han Fei flattered.

Chen Dingyuan laughing assuredly, "Of course I will win the first place in this year's family Peak Summit, following that, I will also win the first place in the Four Families Summit!"

Han Fei laughed, "It is as Young Master said, that Luo Wuyi would definitely be defeated by Young Master!"

Chen Dingyuan nodded obligingly at Han Fei's remark, and as if he remembered something, "Is that kid still inside the Buddha Cavern?"

"Yes, that is so, Young Master. Five months have passed but he hasn't come out!" Han Fei answered. "I've sent people to keep a watch at the entrance, as long as that kid comes out and shows his face, I will immediately inform Young Master!"

Chen Dingyuan nodded satisfactorily, "Once that kid comes out, I will 'present' him with an unforgettable memory!"

"Oh~, really?" A cold voice sounded at Chen Dingyuan's statement.

"Who?!" The cold voice sounded too suddenly, both Chen Dingyuan and Han Fei were caught off guard.

Before the two surprised faces, a silhouette slowly emerged from the void above.

“You!” The face of their guest made Chen Dingyuan and Han Fei exclaim in unison.

The uninvited guest was none other than Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes were icy as they fell on Chen Dingyuan: “That’s right, it’s me.”

After a momentary shock, Chen Dingyuan laughed raucously, “Punk, you dared to trespass into my Chen Mansion’s yards! The last time a late-Xiantian Tenth Order tried to do so, do you want to know what his ending was? He died without a corpse to be buried! Frankly, I really admire your courage and stupidity!” As his speech came to an end, Chen Dingyuan slowly rose from his seat, approaching Huang Xiaolong. At the same time, Chen Dingyuan looked at Han Fei, who nodded in understanding, and in a blur, blocked Huang Xiaolong’s escape route.

Even so, Huang Xiaolong was as calm as day.

Chen Dingyuan stopped five meters away from Huang Xiaolong, issuing a condescending cold sneer before saying, “Based on the fact that you dared to trespass into my Chen Mansion, I will give you a chance. If you can take three palm strikes from me, I will let you leave, if not, hehe...!”

“One palm!” Huang Xiaolong stated.

“One palm?” Chen Dingyuan broke out in another bout of laughter after a brief pause, “True, one or three palm strikes is the same result for you for one strike from me is enough to deal with you. Punk, are you ready?”

Huang Xiaolong shook his head in clarification, “I said I only need one palm to deal with you!”

“What?!” Chen Dingyuan’s face distorted in anger in the blink of an eye, a cruel glint burning in his eyes, “Little punk, I was kind enough to be merciful, giving you a way out, but since you have made your choice, then go die!” Chen Dingyuan leaped into the air,



punching out with a fist full of killing intent at Huang Xiaolong.

An enormous fist imprint pierced through the air with a trail of lavender flame, the space around it issuing crackling noises. Before the fist imprint arrived, a scorching heat wave blasted in Huang Xiaolong direction. Chen Dingyuan was a peak late-Xiantian Third Order, the destruction force from one punch was no joke.

According to Chen Dingyuan's understanding, though Huang Xiaolong went through the sanctification ritual on the Blessed Buddha Altar and managed to break through to Xiantian Third Order, a punk like him was still far from qualified to be his opponent. Which was why Chen Dingyuan did not call out his martial spirit, nor soul transformed.

Huang Xiaolong watched indifferently as Chen Dingyuan's attack came at him, then with a raise of his hand, a finger pointed out. Just a simple finger stab, a forceful finger print shot through space, enveloping the earth like an angry rolling tsunami.

Within the dark gray billowing fog hid strange black creatures, wailing miserably, shaking one's mind.

“Absolute Soul Finger!”

Watching the great momentum of the incoming dark gray fog, accompanied by the strange black creatures' shrill shrieks, Chen Dingyuan's face tightened. Swiftly jumping back, he bellowed: “Devil Extinguishing Vajra Vigor!”

Chen Dingyuan was wholly shrouded in a golden membrane that formed a protective layer of vigor qi.

However, the Absolute Soul Finger attack pierced through the Devil Extinguishing Vajra Vigor protective layer like it was nothing at all, penetrating through the person's chest and coming out from the back. It went on to make a hole through the wall of the structure.

Poof!

Chen Dingyuan body was thrown back from the impact, crashing down hard, blood spurting out uncontrollably from his mouth.

“Young Master!” Han Fei, who was signaled to block Huang Xiaolong’s escape route, watched the scene happen in the blink of an eye. When Chen Dingyuan was sent flying, he blurted out in shock and rushed to his Young Master’s side.

On Chen Dingyuan chest wound, a dark gray air circulated, issuing shrill screams, bloodied flesh and a face paler than a white sheet.

“You, you are not a Xiantian Third Order!” The voice coming from Chen Dingyuan throat was hoarse as he stared wide-eyed in shock at Huang Xiaolong. He couldn’t understand at all, he remembered correctly that when Huang Xiaolong was undergoing the sanctification ritual on the Thousand Blessings Square, he had just broken through to Xiantian Third Order. How did he turn out to be a Xiantian Fourth Order now!

“Who told you that I’m a Xiantian Third Order?” Huang Xiaolong retorted with a cold sneer. Without waiting, the Blades of Asura appeared in his hands, and with a swing, an ominous flower bloomed in the air, which disappeared in the next moment in the same ghostly manner.

Chen Dingyuan screamed. From the center of his forehead, blood spurted out like a fountain from the flower mark left on his forehead.

Chen Dingyuan slid down to the floor stiffly, eyes opened with unwillingness.

“Young Master, Young Master!” Han Fei cried out in fear, shaking Chen Dingyuan’s body with trembling hands. But, no matter how hard Han Fei shook, no response came from Chen Dingyuan.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong approached.

Han Fei twirled around in fright, watching Huang Xiaolong. In the next instant, he screamed: “Someone, there’s an assassin!”

Still, it did not save him. Just as his words ended, Huang Xiaolong pointed a finger, penetrating his temple.

After dealing with Han Fei, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, disappearing from the spot with space concealment.

## Chapter 233: Back In Duanren Imperial City

---

Just as the edge of Huang Xiaolong's robe disappeared into the void and Han Fei's body tumbled to the floor, a figure rushed over, piercing through the wind.

“Who dares to make trouble in my Chen Mansion!!”

This person was an old man in his eighties, with bright green irises, clad in a mulberry robe. This old man was the Chen Mansion's Chief Steward, Jiang Rong.

Jiang Rong floated down to the floor. Watching Chen Dingyuan and Han Fei laying in a pool of blood, he paled noticeably.

“Young Master Dingyuan!” He reached Chen Dingyuan's body in a few strides, crying out almost hysterically.

Before long, the news shook the entire Chen Mansion, assembling Chen Mansion's over a thousand experts to search for the murderer while Huang Xiaolong was already on his way to Northside Merchant City's gates. However, when he arrived at the city, it was on lockdown.

Seeing the city gates tightly shut, Huang Xiaolong sneered coldly. Walking to a deserted alley, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette disappeared into thin air, emerging again inside the Xumi Temple hall. Activating the Ten Buddha Formation, the golden mountain shrunk to the size of a sand grain as Huang Xiaolong controlled its flight, flying out of Northside Merchant City high up in the troposphere.

Of course, Huang Xiaolong had other methods of leaving the city such as using Archduke Ma Bo's token or the Blessed Buddha Token Shi Fantian gave him. However, either one of these actions would attract too much attention. Since he had decided to leave, he didn't want to lead troubles his way.

Out from the Northside Merchant City, Huang Xiaolong

continued to travel via the Godly Mt. Xumi, flying southward. Two hours had passed by the time he decided to stop.

In those two hours, Huang Xiaolong activated the Ten Buddha Formation to control the Godly Mt. Xumi's flight, exhausting his battle qi supply. Huang Xiaolong's battle qi and internal force were comparable to a Xiantian Fifth Order's battle qi, yet it was only enough for him to supply the Godly Mt. Xumi with two hours of energy. One can imagine the taxing and terrifying amount of energy needed to activate the Godly Mt. Xumi.

Descending to the ground, Huang Xiaolong went to the side hall, swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and started the recovery of his battle qi and internal force.

One day later, Huang Xiaolong stopped cultivating, both his battle qi and internal force were brimming full. 'I wonder how long the Godly Mt. Xumi can fly if I used grade one spirit stones to activate the Ten Buddha Formation.' Just as he was thinking to himself, Huang Xiaolong's hand already moved, taking out a grade one spirit stone from the Asura Ring.

With a flick, Huang Xiaolong sent the grade one spirit stone to the center of the Ten Buddha Formation. The sacred ancient formation reacted instantly! The energy contained within the grade one spirit stone whirled out in a hurricane of energy as the formation shone brightly, activating and tearing the space by itself.

The grade one spirit stone lasted two days at the core of the Ten Buddha Formation before it cracked and crumbled into dust, dissipating in the air.

Huang Xiaolong, who was practicing the Godly Xumi Art, furrowed his brows slightly; a piece of grade one spirit stone lasted only two days. Grade one spirit stones were extremely rare, even if he offered ten thousand gold coins in the auction houses, he might not be able to buy one. The cost was too high.

On the bright side, after the four treasures merged into one, Huang Xiaolong noticed when he was practicing the Godly Xumi Art in the Ten Buddha Formation that the Fire Dragon qi from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, the ancient God Tribe's energy from the God Binding Ring and the soul qi from the Absolute Soul Pearl were tempering his physique just like the Buddhism energy from Godly Mt. Xumi's Ten Buddha Formation.

Four different types of energy tempering his body as he cultivated greatly enhanced Huang Xiaolong's progress speed, so much that he could feel the improvement in strength every single day. The continuous tempering by these four great energies elevated Huang Xiaolong's physical defense to higher than that of a Xiantian Fifth Order, both in defense and power aspects.

Huang Xiaolong journeyed back to Duanren Empire while practicing in the Xumi Temple, leaving behind Blessed Buddha Empire's territory quickly. However, due to the unbearable price of activating the Godly Mt. Xumi for flight, most of the time Huang Xiaolong preferred not to use it. Calculating the journey's time span, he would use a grade one spirit stone every four days on the Ten Buddha Formation.

Although grade one spirit stones were valuable, this way, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't delay his journey nor his cultivation. He had just enough grade one spirit stones for him to reach Duanren Empire, he would think of a way to procure more in the future.

Four months came and went.

Huang Xiaolong rushed and finally made it back to Duanren Empire.

In cultivation, the higher the realm, the harder it was to progress and Huang Xiaolong was no exception. After breaking through into Xiantian Fourth Order, his cultivation speed was slower compared to prior. Still, he managed to reach peak late-Xiantian Fourth Order in four months' time, half a step more and he could advance

into Xiantian Fifth Order.

Just as Huang Xiaolong calculated, his twenty pieces of grade one spirit stones were spot on. The last one crumbled to dust as he arrived in Duanren Empire's territory and he spent another ten days to reach Duanren Imperial City. Staring at the familiar city gates before him, an inexplicable emotion washed over Huang Xiaolong's heart, just like what he felt after returning to the Huang Clan Manor from Luo Tong Royal City the first time he left home, more than a decade ago.

Inhaling deeply, Huang Xiaolong lifted his foot and walked towards the city gates.

There weren't many changes to Duanren Imperial City, scenes filled his eyes that weren't that much different a year and a half ago, still as bustling and lively, the endless lines of carriages and prosperous buildings on the streets.

"In a few days, it is the Guo and Huang Family's big wedding celebration. I heard that this time, all of the over one thousand kingdoms under Duanren Empire sent either their emissary or Prince to congratulate the event!"

"Not only that! The news I heard is that even Emperor Duanren himself would be appearing at the wedding ceremony!"

"What is that Huang Xiaolong's real identity? Also, what is the relationship between our Emperor Duanren and his guard Zhao Shu?"

"Who knows, but I heard Huang Xiaolong is not in the Imperial City at the moment."

Huang Xiaolong listened to the grapevine around him as he strolled along the streets.

His younger sister Huang Min and Guo Tai's wedding was in three days, a union between the Guo and Huang Families, and the Imperial City was in a festive atmosphere with colorful lanterns

hung high in the streets.

Catching the young men in front saying Huang Xiaolong wasn't in the Imperial City at the moment, Huang Xiaolong couldn't resist laughing, "Little brother, where did you hear it from that Huang Xiaolong is not in the Imperial City at this time?"

The young man who heard Huang Xiaolong calling out to him turned around, scrutinized Huang Xiaolong up and down a few times before laughing, "Little brother? You don't seem to be that much older than me. I have a close brother that is working as a guard in the Huang Estate, of course I would know. From your appearance, you must have followed your family's elders over to the Imperial City to congratulate the Huang Estate right?"

Huang Xiaolong was stunned for a moment at the young man's words. He laughed it off and did not say anything. However, this young man seemed to be someone from the lower kingdoms, thus he did not recognize Huang Xiaolong's face.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong did not deny, the young man thought he had guessed correctly, "This must be your first time in Duanren Imperial City right?"

At this time, an abrupt ruckus swept the bustling streets, a series of surprise and shock exclamations rang in the air.

Huang Xiaolong and the two young men looked over and saw a group of people sprinting down the busy streets on horsebacks.

One of the young men paled: "It's the Tie Family's people!"

"Tie Family?" Huang Xiaolong was puzzled.

"The Tie Family is also the Guo Family's in-laws. The current Patriarch of Guo Family, Guo Shiwen's younger sister, Guo Xiaoqing, is married to the Tie Family's Patriarch, Tie Fang!" The same young man explained.



## Chapter 234: Wounded My Xiaoer

---

“They are also the Guo Family’s in-laws?” Huang Xiaolong was surprised. But then a frown appeared on his face as he looked over to the Tie Family’s disciples on the dashing horses, saying “The Tie Family’s disciples actually dare to race on their horses in the Imperial City, aren’t they afraid of repercussions from the law?”

This naive sounding question made the young man chuckle wryly while shaking his head, “Now that the Guo Family is becoming in-laws with the Huang Family, even Emperor Duanren needs to give Guo Family some face. Moreover, the Tie Family is in-laws with the Guo Family too, not to mention racing on the streets of the Imperial City, even if they kill someone in broad daylight on the streets, no one would dare to stop them!”

At this time, the group of Tie Family disciples on horses had arrived within a hundred meters of Huang Xiaolong. The other people nearby hurried to scatter and avoid their path.

Watching this, the young man advised anxiously, “Let us avoid quickly, otherwise those Tie Family disciples will really...!” Before he even finished his words, his hands shot out and pulled Huang Xiaolong to a safer side of the street.

However, Huang Xiaolong remained standing like a mountain on the same spot.

The young man was stunned. But the Tie Family disciples were only a dozen meters from them, the young man’s face was ashen and had to let go of his hand. Like everyone else in the vicinity, he jumped out of the Tie Family disciples’ path.

By this time, there were only a few meters left between the sprinting horses and Huang Xiaolong, whereas the group of Tie Family disciples burst out in raucous laughter after a momentary shock when they noticed Huang Xiaolong standing in their path, unlike the others that had run for safety early on.

“Brothers, there are still people that aren't afraid of death!” The frontmost young man amongst the group laughed loudly, and as if on cue, the rest laughed with him.

All the while Huang Xiaolong looked at the laughing group with a cool expression.

Closer, less than five meters between them, Huang Xiaolong suddenly raised his right hand and struck his palm to the front. Multiple golden lights whistled through space, right into the Tie Family disciples. Before the surrounding crowd's eyes, every individual and horse struck by the golden lights stopped moving, frozen in place just a few meters away from Huang Xiaolong.

The previous young man had a flabbergasted expression on his face staring at the live statues consisting of the Tie Family disciples.

“What kind of battle skill is this?!” And he wasn't the only one looking dumbfounded at the scene in front of them.

Huang Xiaolong strutted in an unhurried pace towards the young man leading the group of Tie Family disciples.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong approaching them, the young man was terrified and angered at the same time. To disguise his fear, he threatened Huang Xiaolong, “Little maggot, you're absolutely dead! You actually dared to attack and injure us? Do you know who we are? We're Tie Family disciples! I'm Tie Xiao and my father is the Tie Family's Patriarch, Tie Fang! You're f\*cking dead, I tell you!”

“Tie Fang?” Huang Xiaolong snickered.

So, this little brat was that what's-his-name Tie Family Patriarch's son... in other words, he was Guo Shiwen's nephew? No wonder this brat was another arrogant young master!

Huang Xiaolong lifted his right hand again, fingers bent a little like a claw as he clutched at Tie Xiao's throat, lifting him into the

air. Exactly what he did to the Guo Brothers two years ago.

Being lifted up into the air by his throat, Tie Xiao had disbelief and fear written all over his face.

“Brat, you dare—!”

“Immediately release our Young Lord, if not, even an Immortal descending won’t be able to save you!”

“Not only you, your entire family will be buried together with you!” The Tie Family guards roared at the top of their lungs, while the rest stared dumbstruck at Huang Xiaolong’s bravado, including the young man that tried to pull Huang Xiaolong to safety earlier.

Listening to the clamors from the Tie Family guards, a mysterious smile arched at the corner of Huang Xiaolong’s mouth. Without warning, he let go of his grip on Tie Xiao’s throat. However, Huang Xiaolong’s action made Tie Xiao think he was afraid. A finger pointed at Huang Xiaolong as Tie Xiao bellowed, “You maggot, it’s too late for you even if you let me go now! I want your whole family dead! You, dead!”

Before Tie Xiao could state his powerful threat to the end, Huang Xiaolong struck out another palm with a turn of his wrist, striking accurately on Tie Xiao’s chest. Letting out an earth-shaking wail, Tie Xiao’s body was sent flying. When he crashed down, large amounts of blood were spurting out from his mouth.

“Young Lord!!!” The Tie Family guards cried out.

Huang Xiaolong struck out another palm, this time it was aimed towards the Tie Family guards. A palm imprint pierced through space, sending the large group of guards tumbling out in a whirlwind. Huang Xiaolong fused the first move of the Asura Sword Skill into this palm strike, although it was much weaker than using the Blades of Asura, it was sufficient to deal with this level of fodder. Amongst these Tie Family guards, the strongest was only a Xiantian Second Order. Therefore, to Huang Xiaolong

they were a trivial inconvenience.

The heads in the crowd turned to look at Tie Xiao and his guards, then turned the other way to look at Huang Xiaolong. There were a thousand and one expressions, from admiration to worship, pity, and others in between.

At this point, the same young man who pulled Huang Xiaolong earlier arrived at his side, saying in an anxious tone, “Bro, hurry and leave the Imperial City immediately, run as far as you can! If the Guo and Tie Families’ people arrive, you won’t be able to run even if you wanted to!”

“Run?” Huang Xiaolong shook his head. “I’ve just returned. My younger sister is getting married in three day’s time, I need to be there for the ceremony so I won’t run.”

The young man blanked at Huang Xiaolong’s reason, “Bro, how can you be thinking about your younger sister’s wedding in this situation? Fleeing for your life supersedes everything, if your life is already gone, would you still be talking about attending your younger sister’s wedding?!”

Watching the young man’s anxiety and concern for him, a feeling of goodwill towards this young man emerged in his heart. After all, they were nothing more than strangers on the same street

“Which family are you from?” Huang Xiaolong looked at the young man and asked.

Again, the young man blanked. What situation was he in, this man still has the time to enquire which family he’s from?!

“Bro, forget which family I come from. Quickly get out of the Imperial City, most likely the Guo and Tie Families already knew what happened here!” The young man became even more anxious.

Whereas Huang Xiaolong was cool as a cucumber, “What are you so anxious for?”

Hearing this sentence made the young man speechless to the

core. In the end, he could only give up, answering Huang Xiaolong with a helpless expression: “My name’s Gao Yong, a Gao Family disciple from the Geer Kingdom.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded, “Since we’re both free, how about we go and have a few drinks?”

Since we’re both free?

Have a few drinks?!

The young man felt an onslaught of dizziness, he truly did not know what to say anymore.

...

At this time, Guo Shiwen, Guo Shiyuan, and some others were seated in the Guo Family Mansion’s main hall, laughter and voices filled the air. Next to Guo Shiwen sat a beautiful woman, and that beautiful woman Guo Xiaoqing, Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan’s younger sister.

Guo Xiaoqing was laughed dazzlingly, “Big brother, Second brother, now that our family is becoming in-laws with the Huang Family, even Emperor Duanren needs to pay attention to our Guo Family. I want to see who dares to blaspheme our Guo Family in the future!”

Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan were full of smiles.

“Patriarch!!” At this moment, a Guo Family guard ran into the main hall all flustered shouting, “It’s bad, Young Master Tie Xiao was beaten on the streets!”

Guo Shiwen, Guo Shiyuan, and Guo Xiaoqing were stupefied!

“What did you say?!” A brief moment passed and Guo Xiaoqing instantly awakened as the meaning of the Guo Family guard dawned on her, “You’re saying someone wounded my Xiao’er?”

“Yes, on Dawn River Street!” The guard confirmed.

“Dawn River Street,” Guo Shiyuan repeated, “It’s not far from

our Guo Mansion.”

Guo Xiaoqing jumped to her feet. Undisguisable wrath in her voice: “I want to see who has such big guts to dare hurt my Xiao’er!”

Guo Shiwen stood up too, ordering the guard with a cold sneer, “Tell people to have the city gates on lockdown, that punk must not escape!” He turned towards Guo Shiyuan and Guo Xiaoqing, “Let’s go and have a look, we’ll capture that punk alive!”

## Chapter 235: Young Noble Huang!

---

“Big bro, do we need to inform Father about this matter?” At this moment Guo Shiyuan brought up a question.

Hearing this, Guo Shiwen chuckled instead, “I say, Second Bro, how big could this matter be? Is there a need to bother Father with such sesame-seed size matter? The Old Man is accompanying House Master Huang, Miss Huang Min, and the rest.”

“That’s right.” Guo Xiaoqing a parroted her Big brother’s decision, “Second Brother, in my opinion, you’re becoming more of a scaredy cat. With the status our Guo Family has now, who do we need to be afraid of? Even if that person is Duan Wuhen, he must still give our Guo Family an explanation!”

Guo Shiyuan no longer opened his mouth at his sister’s words.

Hence, the three of them exited the Guo Mansion in a grand manner, leading more than a hundred experts with them, heading towards Dawn River Street. The entire Duanren Imperial City was on lockdown, the commoner felt a heavy foreboding atmosphere like the gloomy monsoon rain.

The entire time, Huang Xiaolong stood in the same spot, in the same street, chatting merrily with the young man.

Anxiety was biting all over Gao Yong like a million ants when he suddenly paled, staring at Huang Xiaolong’s back. At the end of the street, Guo Shiwen, Guo Shiyuan, and Guo Xiaoqing were rushing in their direction.

Gao Yong’s heart sank faster than falling off a cliff.

Noticing Gao Yong’s expression, Huang Xiaolong knew that behind him the Guo Family had arrived, but he acted indifferent to the situation. Tie Xiao and the Tie Family guards, on the other hand, lit up when they saw Guo Shiwen’s group walking towards them on the street, with a trail of experts.

However, when Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan saw Huang Xiaolong's back, both of them stiffened.

"This is...?!" Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan exchanged a look, the expressions on their faces mirrored each other, unease, fear, and terror. Although they had yet to see the person's face, still, how could they not recognize Huang Xiaolong's silhouette?

Guo Xiaoqing's anger had already erupted from afar, seeing her son's injured appearance, "Who wounded my Xiao'er!? I will dig out all the bones in his body one by one!"

When these words entered Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan's ears, their faces turned from pale to ghastly white.

"Mother!" Under the Tie Family guards' assistance, Tie Xiao managed to greet his mother, Guo Xiaoqing, and came to her side. "It was him, it was this little punk! Mother, after you've captured this punk, I want to dig out every bone in his body with my own hands!"

Guo Xiaoqing looked at Huang Xiaolong with a contemptuous cold sneer, "Don't worry, he has no way to run!" Her eyes signaled one of the guards that followed along. Just as that guard was about to take action, Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan finally awoke from their trance.

"Stop!!" Both bellowed at the same time. Their order was so sudden that everyone was stunned for a moment, turning towards them.

Before the stunned Tie Xiao, Guo Xiaoqing, Gao Yong, and the crowd, Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan approached Huang Xiaolong looking like frightened kids, faces full of guilt and apprehension: "Young Noble Huang!"

Young Noble Huang! Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan's stance was filled with fear, trepidation and utmost respect. Utterly shocking everyone around!



Even more so was Tie Xiao, his eyes were rounded wide, as were his Mother's eyes next to him, and Gao Yong standing in front of Huang Xiaolong.

Gao Yong's gaze fell on Huang Xiaolong. To be called respectfully as Young Noble Huang by Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan, there was only....

There was only...?!

Huang Xiaolong!

He is Huang Xiaolong! The thought flashed in Gao Yong's mind and his breathing quickened, a little light-headed that the Huang Xiaolong was standing in front of him! Heavens! He actually spoke with Huang Xiaolong?! Wait, wait, wait, what did Huang Xiaolong call him just now, brother?! Yes, it was 'brother.' Huang Xiaolong even invited him to drink a few cups of wine?! Gao Yong could hardly determine the directions of north, south, east, or west at the moment.

Gao Yong guessed Huang Xiaolong's identity from Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan's greetings, and so did Tie Xiao, Guo Xiaoqing, and the rest of the guards that followed over.

Suddenly, Tie Xiao's four limbs started to shake uncontrollably. The Tie Family guards' legs were swaying violently as if there was a class thirteen super earthquake.

Guo Xiaoqing's beautiful face lost all color.

What did she say to Huang Xiaolong just now? Dig out every bone from his body one by one?

Finally, Huang Xiaolong turned around, looking at the frightened Guo Shiwen and Guo Shiyuan before glancing at the trembling Tie Xiao and the ashen Guo Xiaoqing.

"Patriarch Guo." Huang Xiaolong 'greeted' nonchalantly.

Hearing that, Guo Shiwen stood in attention: "Here, Young

Noble Huang!”

Here, Young Noble Huang!

Guo Shiwen’s response before Huang Xiaolong raised weird expressions from the crowd, he was akin to a well-trained house slave.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes scanned the hundred over experts standing behind Guo Shiwen, his indifferent voice sounded: “Patriarch Guo brought so many people over so that you can dig out my bones one by one?”

Beads of sweat poured out on Guo Shiwen’s forehead and face as he listened to the question. He hurried to deny, “Young Noble Huang, it’s a misunderstanding, really a misunderstanding. We really didn’t know it was you, truly!” If he knew early on, give him a thousand hearts and he still wouldn’t dare to do such a thing, ah! At this moment, Guo Shiwen even wished he could just drop dead!

“Tie Xiao, why aren’t you kneeling down and begging forgiveness from Young Noble Huang?!” Guo Shiyuan suddenly turned around and snapped furiously at Tie Xiao.

Tie Xiao somehow managed to walk to Huang Xiaolong with his shivering knees. Falling to a kneel, Tie Xiao exclaimed fearfully, “Young Noble Huang, I, I didn’t know it was you, Your Elderly! Have mercy, ah!”

Your Elderly!

Watching the incoherent and clumsy Tie Xiao due to overly frightened, Huang Xiaolong frowned. Noticing the tiny frown on Huang Xiaolong’s brows, Guo Shiyuan’s heart plummeted, and it was at this time that several figures came with the wind whistling. In the blink of an eye, they arrived in the midst of the scene.

“Ancestor!”

“Senior Zhao, Senior Zhang!”

The several people were Guo Family's Ancestor Guo Chen, as well Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu.

Guo Shiwen, Guo Shiyuan, and the other Guo Family members' hanging hearts loosened slightly by seeing Guo Chen's arrival.

"Young Lord!" Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu walked up to Huang Xiaolong, greeting respectfully.

Huang Xiaolong nodded in return.

"Father!" Guo Shiwen, Guo Shiyuan, and Guo Xiaoqing hurried to Guo Chen's side, but before they could utter the second word, Guo Chen barked: "All three of you kneel down!" The three adults shivered at Guo Chen's order. Yet, all three knelt down obediently.

Ignoring his children, Guo Chen came beside Huang Xiaolong, smiling: "Young Noble Huang, I already heard what happened here, please be assured that I will punish them and give you a satisfactory explanation." He placed himself at a lower stance, full of courtesy and respect.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "Three days later is my sister's wedding, I will forgive this matter here. However, I do not wish to see similar things in the future!"

Since Guo Chen had spoken, Huang Xiaolong would still give him some face. He didn't want the matter to become bigger just when his sister was marrying into the Guo Family.

"Yes, Young Noble Huang! Rest assured, it will never happen again, such a thing." Guo Chen sighed in relief inwardly as he guaranteed Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, he turned back towards Gao Yang beside him, "Let us go for a drink?"

## Chapter 236: Chen Tianqis Suspicion

---

Go for a few drinks?! Gao Yong looked at Huang Xiaolong in a daze. In the next moment, his young blood boiled, coursing through his veins with excitement, and his heartbeat turned cartwheels in his chest. However, on the surface he only managed to nod his agreement in stiff movements.

Before long, Gao Yong followed Huang Xiaolong, leaving the Dawn River Street. The entire way, Gao Yong felt as if he was floating on a cloud, nothing could hook him back to earth.

When Huang Xiaolong reached the outside of the Southern Hill Estate, Huang Peng and Su Yan craned their necks as they waited for him at the front entrance. The moment Su Yan spotted Huang Xiaolong's figure appearing on the horizon, she hurried out in a few steps, pulling Huang Xiaolong into a hug, "Long'er, you're finally home!"

Being embraced in public by his mother at his age made Huang Xiaolong slightly embarrassed, but he clearly felt Su Yan's motherly love and longing for her son. Recalling the fact these years he had mostly been apart from his family, either away or cultivating, spending very little time with them, a trace of guilt rose in Huang Xiaolong's heart.

"Yes Mother, I'm back!" Huang Xiaolong affirmed. Inwardly, his heart soured.

"Good, good, as long as our son comes back safely. There are so many people here, Yan'er, don't embarrass our son, let us go in first." Huang Peng came to his son's rescue at this moment, comforting his wife at the same time.

Only then did Su Yan release her son. She knew her son's identity and status were no longer the same, hugging in public like this was indeed embarrassing.

“Big brother!” Huang Min stood in front of her big brother while smiling sheepishly in happiness.

Huang Xiaolong laughed watching his younger sister, “Your wedding’s in two days’ time, your Big brother made an effort to rush back. Thankfully, I made it in time!”

“Big bro!” Huang Min’s eyes turned red-rimmed instantly. She too rushed up and hugged Huang Xiaolong for some time before letting go. Huang Xiaolong studied his sister’s loveable, delicate face as he lifted his right hand to wipe away the tears flowing from the corner of Huang Min’s eyes, he was pleased and content: the little girl finally grew up.

He could clearly recall as if it was yesterday when he used to sneak out to the back mountain to practice the Body Metamorphose Scripture, a little girl used to go all the way up the hill to look for him.

More than ten years had passed... in the blink of an eye.

After the New Year, the little girl would be nineteen, and he, twenty.

“You’re old enough to get married yet you still cry like a little kid. Come, let’s go in.” Huang Xiaolong smiled, teasing Huang Min.

Huang Min nodded in agreement, tears turning into a spurt of laughter. Hence, Huang Xiaolong, Huang Peng, Su Yan, and the others standing at the door went into Southern Estate Manor’s great hall, where lively words and sounds of laughter continued.

Two days later was Huang Min’s big wedding day, and Huang Xiaolong’s return heightened the festive atmosphere building up in the Southern Hill Estate. Huang Xiaolong was the backbone of the Huang Family, if Huang Xiaolong was unable to make it back in time for Huang Min’s wedding, the celebration and atmosphere would have felt lacking in some way.

Several hours later, Huang Xiaolong left the great hall and went back to his courtyard. Summoning Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Fei Hou over, inquiring over the matters over the past two years in the Southern Hill Estate. The three of them respectively reported the matters under their charge one by one.

According to their reports, the Nine Tripod Commerce was established successfully in Duanren Imperial City, and had opened many branches in Duanren Empire's main cities. Due to Emperor Duanren's strong support, progress and business was good, laying a good foundation. In less than two years' time, the daily revenues had exceeded three to four thousand gold coins.

With Nine Tripod Commerce's development, Huang Xiaolong believed that within thirty to forty years, it would become one of the top four companies in Duanren Empire.

"Any movements from Yao Fei or the Deities Templar?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Zhao Shu shook his head, "Ever since the battle in Duanren Institute where Yao Fei was rescued by that person from Deities Templar, he did not show himself again. There were no movements from Deities Templar."

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "Tighten the estate's patrol for the next two days."

"Sovereign, you mean to say Yao Fei and Deities Templar might use Miss Huang Min's wedding day to make trouble?" Zhang Fu asked his doubt.

"The possibility exists, there's nothing wrong with being extra careful." Huang Xiaolong said.

The Yao Family's Manor, its foundation, its headquarters was burned to the ground by him, Yao Fei and the Yao Ancestor fled like dogs with their tails between their legs. No doubt they would retaliate sooner or later.

Huang Xiaolong had a feeling, on the day of his sister Huang Min's wedding, something would happen.

"Sovereign, there's something this Subordinate wishes to report." At this point, Zhao Shu interjected.

"Oh, speak." Huang Xiaolong permitted.

"Both of us, me and Zhang Fu, left Asura's Gate headquarters and Main Domain Chief Chen Tianqi might have become suspicious of something going on. He...has sent people over to Snow Wind Continent." Zhao Shu hesitated before revealing the latter information.

Huang Xiaolong looked over, a light flickering in his eyes. Has Chen Tianqi finally become aware of his existence?!

However, it had been quite some time since Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu left Asura's Gate, thus it was normal for Chen Tianqi to be suspicious. Since Chen Tianqi took the first step by sending someone over, it was safe to assume he might soon come over the the Snow Wind Continent himself as well. He knew this was inevitable, sooner or later it would arrive.

Perhaps the day when he and Chen Tianqi finally meet would be the day when they compete for the Asura's Gate Sovereign throne.

"Asura's Gate Sovereign!" The Asura Ring on Huang Xiaolong's finger gleamed.

Huang Xiaolong planned to go against Deities Templar, and it would be an almost impossible feat relying only on himself, therefore Huang Xiaolong must capture Asura's gate Sovereign position. Control Asura's Gate and its million disciples.

"In fact, Sovereign need not worry too much for now. Sovereign possesses the Asura Ring, the rightful successor appointed by the Old Sovereign. Even if Main Domain Chief Chen Tianqi arrives here, he can't do anything to Sovereign!" Zhang Fu spoke.

Huang Xiaolong nodded in silence.

Though Zhang Fu said so, if he wanted full control of Asura's Gate he must first subjugate Chen Tianqi!

“Sovereign, did you manage to enter the Buddha Cavern in your trip to the Blessed Buddha Empire?” Zhao Shu glanced at Huang Xiaolong, and cautiously asked the question he had been burning to know the answer to.

Zhang Fu and Fei Hou quickly turned their attention onto Huang Xiaolong. Detecting the subtle expressions on the trio, Huang Xiaolong could guess what was going inside their minds. Smiling slightly, he nodded, “Yes, Godly Mt. Xumi has been reined in by me.” It wasn't necessary to keep the matter a secret from them, they would learn about it one way or another.

Time seemed to paused for a moment for Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Fei Hou. Then all three dropped to their knee in salute, excitedly lauding: “Sovereign invincible throughout!”

“Sovereign invincible throughout!”

The Godly Mt. Xumi!

The number one treasure listed on the Heavenly Treasure, it was beyond their imagination that one day their Asura's Gate Sovereign would successfully rein it!

That was the legendary Godly Mt. Xumi, ah, a treasure rumored to possess the most unbelievable power in this world for several thousands of years.

Thinking of this, all three of them couldn't help but shiver excitedly.

The truth was, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu weren't fully confident in Huang Xiaolong wrestling the Asura's Gate Sovereign position from Chen Tianqi. Now, however, they had no qualms fully standing behind Huang Xiaolong. If he could even rein in heavenly treasures such the Godly Mt. Xumi, would there be things he cannot do?!



“Stand up.” Huang Xiaolong looked at the three people kneeling, said.

Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Fei Hou acknowledged respectfully before rising to a stand.

“Pay attention to the supply of grade one spirit stones, I want to procure a batch of grade one spirit stones.” Huang Xiaolong then added.

A batch?! All three were stupefied.

# Chapter 237: Snow Wind Continents

## Number One Beauty

---

A batch of grade one spirit stones! The three middle-aged men exchanged glances between themselves.

“Sovereign, what do you need so many grade one spirit stones for?” Zhao Shu tried asking.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, “I have a use for them, just pay attention and have them ready for me.”

“Yes Sovereign!” Seeing this, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Fei Hou dared not inquire into the matter.

Huang Xiaolong further asked for information about Chen Tianqi from the three of them. A short while later, the three figures left Huang Xiaolong’s courtyard.

After they had left, Huang Xiaolong entered the Godly Mt. Xumi’s temple at the belly of the mountain. Coming to the Xumi Temple’s side hall, Huang Xiaolong swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and entered the center of the Ten Buddha Formation to practice the Godly Xumi Art.

While Huang Xiaolong was practicing the Godly Xumi Art, internally, the Asura Tactics and Body Metamorphose Scripture would start running on their own. All of this happened while Huang Xiaolong’s twin dragon martial spirits hovered in the void above him, long bodies coiled, devouring and absorbing three different energies gushing down—the ancient Buddhism energy, true dragon qi, and the netherworld spiritual energy.

Above the space in Huang Xiaolong’s Qi Sea, a golden Buddha, a golden dragon, and an Archdemon silhouette brightly glimmered.

The night passed in practice.

Opening his eyes, Huang Xiaolong breathed out foul qi from his

mouth, “At this rate, within three months I can advance into the Sixth Order!” Sensing the power coursing inside his body, Huang Xiaolong was secretly delighted.

Xiantian Sixth Order!

No more than three years passed since Huang Xiaolong stepped into the Xiantian realm! Before, this was something Huang Xiaolong himself dared not believe.

Coming out from the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong’s sight caught a glimpse of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. A thought suddenly struck him. He already reached Xiantian Fifth Order, so he wondered if he would be able to open the third layer on the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. What would be kept there on the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda?

Not dawdling, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi and tried to open the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. A glaring light flashed before Huang Xiaolong’s eyes, and after opening them again, he was in a different space.

The four sides of this space were golden walls in four directions, similar to the first and second layer space in the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Only, this third layer was much bigger. Huang Xiaolong’s eyes scanned the space slowly, instantly enthralled by the grand altar in the middle of the space!

An enormous sacrificial altar! All over the sacrificial altar were dense carvings of ancient runes, combining into a large mysterious array. Up on the sacrificial altar were nineteen giant puppets that gave off a crystal-like resplendent radiance.

All nineteen giant puppets exuded whelming pressure.

There was nothing else in the third layer space other than the altar and the nineteen puppets on it.

“These are... puppets?” Huang Xiaolong blanked for a moment looking at the nineteen giant puppets. He had heard about puppets

from Zhao Shu. Puppets were something that certain people refined using some secret method, from dead things—puppets were undoubtedly loyal! However, there were distinctions between low and high-grade puppets.

Low-grade puppets had no intelligence and wore a sluggish expression, following the orders of their master, but some high-grade puppets were said to possess simple thoughts. Although lacking compared the average living beings, high-grade puppets could have independent thoughts and actions to a certain extent.

Huang Xiaolong's silhouette blurred in a flicker, arriving on the sacrificial altar at the center.

From a close distance, Huang Xiaolong noticed on these giant puppets' foreheads, there were tiny runic patterns, looking like a type of special letters of some ancient tribes.

"How do I control these puppets?" Huang Xiaolong wondered as he flew the perimeter of the sacrificial altar before landing on the left hand corner.

In that corner, there was a string of the same ancient runic patterns that Huang Xiaolong couldn't understand. Wrinkling his brows, Huang Xiaolong assumed these ancient writings explained the methods of controlling these puppets, but he had no idea what most of it was.

"Looks like I need to make a trip to Duanren Institute to investigate these ancient writings." Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself. However, he had a feeling that what these writings explained was not the method of controlling the puppets.

"Hmm, I wonder if my current strength allows me to open the fourth layer as well?" Huang Xiaolong immediately acted on the thought, running his battle qi, trying to open the fourth layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Unfortunately, there was no reaction, even after the second time, everything remained still and calm. Thus, he gave up.

Huang Xiaolong was feeling somewhat depressed at the failure, meaning he would need to break through the high-level Xiantian realm before trying again. Coming out from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, Huang Xiaolong left the Southern Hill Estate in Duanren Institute's direction.

Just as he arrived at Duanren Institute, he ran into Xie Puti at the front entrance.

Xie Puti was surprised running into Huang Xiaolong in this manner, then a huge smile bloomed on his face as one hand clasped over Huang Xiaolong's shoulder, "I say, this time you were missing for almost two years, a pity for me that I can't even find someone to drink with me. Do you know how much suffering I went through this period?!"

Huang Xiaolong laughed wryly, "Then, shall we head to the wine house now?"

"Do you need to ask, you can't escape today!" Xie Puti exclaimed with glee. Both of them headed straight towards the Sapidity Wine House in the amusement area.

While passing by the red house, Xie Puti grinned sheepishly, "How about it? Shall we spend a night here after drinking?"

Huang Xiaolong was stumped at the idea, smiling bitterly he shook his head: "Forget it."

Xie Puti chuckled, "Ever since Yao Fei fled in shame, Zhao Wuji, that tramp, rarely shows her face in Duanren Institute anymore. This red house is mostly handled by Cui Li, that tramp, now."

"Cui Li..." This piece of news was unexpected for Huang Xiaolong. Inexplicably, he couldn't remember the time during the Imperial City Battle, of Cui Li clinging onto him, the attempts of 'seduction.' Thinking about it, it was close to two years since he hadn't seen Cui Li.

"What? Missing that tramp?" Detecting the myriad of changes

flashing passed Huang Xiaolong's face, Xie Puti taunted good-naturedly.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head in silence. A few moments later, both of them walked into the Sapidity Wine House. Like all those times before, like it was a tradition, Huang Xiaolong took all of the remaining jugs of Sapidity Wine for the day. Cups clinked continuously as Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti enjoyed their wine.

"I heard you were in Blessed Buddha Empire?" Xie Puti asked.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, not denying his whereabouts.

Xie Puti continued, "I heard Blessed Buddha Empire's Holy Buddhism Maiden, Shi Xiaofei is our Snow Wind Continent's number one beauty. So, did you get the chance to meet her when you were there?"

Shi Xiaofei? Snow Wind Continent's number one beauty?

Huang Xiaolong was baffled at the multitude of questions and then laughed wryly. He found this Xie Puti overlapping with Luo Tong Kingdom's Prince Lu Kai with each passing day. Thinking of Lu Kai, he wondered, how was he now? He would probably ascend to the Luo Tong Kingdom's throne in a few years' time.

Huang Xiaolong had no chance to meet that fella ever since he came to Duanren Imperial City, and truth be told, he missed that guy a little.

Huang Xiaolong didn't have many friends, there was one Lu Kai, and now a Xie Puti.

"That Shi Xiaofei is Blessed Buddha Emperor Shi Fantian's daughter." Xie Puti continued his topic, "There were rumors coming from the Blessed Buddha Empire saying that if Shi Fantian leaves the Martial Spirit World to ascend to the Buddha World, this Shi Xiaofei would be the most likely person to take over his position as the Empress of Blessed Buddha Empire."

"Oh!" Huang Xiaolong was surprised.

“Forget it, let’s not talk about that Shi Xiaofei.” Xie Puti chuckled, “The day after tomorrow is your sister’s big wedding day, when’s your turn coming? Do you need this brother to introduce a few girls to you?”

## Chapter 238: The Bedlam Lands

---

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and laughed hearing Xue Puti's generous offer, "No need". Li Lu's shadow appeared in his mind.

Xie Puti chuckled at Huang Xiaolong's reaction, "I've heard about your story. Is it because of that girl that the Deities Templar took away, Li Lu?"

Huang Xiaolong didn't want to talk about it, so, changing the topic, he asked, "Do you know which auction house keeps grade one spirit stones?" The Xie Family had a broad intelligence network and Xie Puti could have some information about this.

"You want to buy grade one spirit stones?" Xie Puti was surprised. He continued, "Grade one spirit stones are very scarce and the three top companies in our Duanren Empire rarely auction them, but I know of a place that has them."

"Oh, where is it?" Huang Xiaolong's interest rose.

"Sin City, the Bedlam Lands!" Xie Puti lowered his voice as he said the name of the place.

Huang Xiaolong's brows creased into a furrow.

Zhao Shu had mentioned about this place to him. Bedlam Lands was the most violent, chaotic, complicated, bloodthirsty, and heinous place in the Martial Spirit World. Everywhere, every day was complete balagan filled with killing, thievery, and vile, corrupted morals.

There are three main continents in the Martial Spirit World—Snow Wind Continent, Starcloud Continent, and Ten Directions Continent. Used to be Shifang Continent. Other than these three continents, there were also many dangerous and forbidden lands.

And this Bedlam Lands sat in between the Snow Wind Continent and Ten Directions Continent, also an ancient battlefield ruin of the primordial God Tribes. Its land area was filled with thick dead



air and demonic air. The climate was of polar extremes, from frozen ice lands that stretched as far as a thousand li to scorching plumes of magma, hotter than a furnace, and there were wide barren plains that bore no living beings.

Because of these unique characteristics of the Bedlam Lands, none of the three continents or neighboring empires bothered themselves with it. In short, all three continents washed their hands off the Bedlam Lands.

Amongst all the wicked chaos, Sin City prevailed and stood above others as the largest domain in the Bedlam Lands.

Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti drank as they talked, three hours passed by the time they left the wine house. Outside the entrance, Xie Puti suddenly said, “It’s been a long time since the two of us sparred, how about a match?”

Huang Xiaolong was stumped with the sudden request, but he refused, “Next time, I have something to do.” He feared Xie Puti would receive too big a blow if his current strength was revealed.

However, Xie Puti insisted vehemently, “No way, I had just broken through to Xiantian Third Order a few days ago, today I absolutely must spar with you as revenge for the Imperial City Battle three years ago!”

Huang Xiaolong looked at Xie Puti seriously, “Must we really spar?”

Xie Puti nodded solemnly: “We definitely must!”

It didn’t take them long to get to a secret battle chamber in Duanren Institute. The Duanren Institute constructed two types battle stages within its grounds; the open battle stage and the secret battle chamber. Students were allowed to use these stages to spar with other students; for those who wished to keep things low profile, the secret battle chamber was an option.

Both of them entered the secret battle chamber together, yet

barely ten minutes later, both were seen walking back out again. Xie Puti was swollen in the face with black and green bruises and a slight limp in his gait. All the while, a strange expression hung on his face as he glanced at Huang Xiaolong from time to time. He was depressed, frustrated, and many complex emotions all rolled into one.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Xie Puti saying, “I’ve said next time, you were the one who insisted to spar.”

Xie Puti cursed wryly, “Damn, you freak actually broke through to the Fourth Order?! It seems hardly possible anymore to avenge myself in the future!”

After entering the secret battle chamber earlier, Huang Xiaolong merely exposed a Xiantian Fourth Order’s strength. Even so, Xie Puti was beaten up to the point he was crying for mercy within ten minutes. His situation could only be described as miserable, he couldn't put even an inch of resistance in front of Huang Xiaolong.

That year, during the Imperial City Battle, Huang Xiaolong defeated Xie Puti with the strength an order lower, at Xiantian First Order. Now that Huang Xiaolong’s strength exceeded his, all his dreams of revenge were pulverized into powdered dust.

Hearing Xie Puti claiming his strength to be Xiantian Fourth Order, Huang Xiaolong did not clarify the misunderstanding, it would only rise more unnecessary issues if Xie Puti knew the truth: not only had he broken through Xiantian Fifth Order, his strength was actually closer to a peak late-Xiantian Fifth Order, Xie Puti might start knocking his head against walls.

“I have some injury healing pellets, do you want some?” Huang Xiaolong grinned as he took out a small jade bottle from the Asura Ring.

Xie Puti grumbled as his hand reached out to take the bottle, “Couldn’t you be a little gentler.”

Huang Xiaolong laughed: “Then I’ll be gentler next time.”

A cold shiver ran down Xie Puti’s back hearing this. He quickly shook his head and waved his hands vigorously, “Forget it, no matter who I find to spar with, I won’t be looking for you!”

Both broke out in laughter.

Moments later, Xie Puti left the Duanren Institute, while Huang Xiaolong made his way to the Institute’s library.

At the library entrance, just as Huang Xiaolong wanted to step in, he was stopped by one of the students on guard. The student librarian looked at Huang Xiaolong up and down as he stated, “Are you a new student? Don’t you know the Institute’s rules? To enter the library, all students must display their student badge and wear the Institute’s robe.”

Huang Xiaolong’s brows scrunched slightly.

Indeed, there was such a rule in Duanren Institute, however, under normal circumstances, the student librarians wouldn’t really request every student that enters the library to be in robes and have the Institute’s badge on display. Because no one dared to disguise as a Duanren Institute’s student unless they felt they had lived enough.

‘But... this student librarian doesn’t recognize me? It has only been two years since I have left the Institute,’ Huang Xiaolong touched his chin as this thought crossed his mind.

“I don’t have the Institute’s student badge on me right now.” Huang Xiaolong said, and he was telling the truth.

However, though he may not have the Institute’s student badge with him, he did have Duan Ren’s Golden Token and was pondering if he should take that out instead. Unfortunately, the student librarian’s actions were quicker. Sneering, he said: “Don’t have your student badge on you? Little rascal, I think you aren’t our Duanren Institute’s student at all! How dare you disguise

yourself as one of our Duanren Institute's students!"

Huang Xiaolong was struck dumb at the accusation, a wry smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Yet the student librarian was emboldened and continued, "Little rascal, you're really looking for death daring to disguise as our Duanren Institute's student! Come, you're coming with me to the Penalty Hall!" His hands reached out, wanting to capture Huang Xiaolong.

This student librarian didn't seem weak, a strong gust of wind formed as his fingers bent into a claw shape, reaching out. Huang Xiaolong stood calmly, waiting. When the student librarian's hand drew close before him, Huang Xiaolong raised his palm and gently pressed forward, instantly shattering the claw attack.

The student librarian felt an overwhelming force surging towards him, pushing him back again and again until he reached the corner. Being repelled so easily by Huang Xiaolong, the student librarian was surprised and angry at the same time. He made a second attempt to detain Huang Xiaolong, a glaring light burst out from his body, going out at full force.

"Wait!" Huang Xiaolong shouted.

It was ignored by the student librarian, his palm continued to aim at Huang Xiaolong, stronger than before, laced with a trace of killing intent.

Detecting this, Huang Xiaolong's eyes grew cold as his patience wore thin. When the student librarian got close enough, Huang Xiaolong's body swayed to the side, his palm snaked out and landed a palm strike on his chest.

The student librarian screamed, his body thrown far back. His scream attracted the attention of others, thundering footsteps rushed in from all directions towards the library's entrance.

## Chapter 239: Ancient Puppetry Art

---

Detecting more than a dozen strong auras rushing in his direction, Huang Xiaolong remained calm. Within a few breaths' gap, several student librarians had Huang Xiaolong surrounded.

In that dozen of student librarians, most had an expression of astonishment seeing him. Obviously, some of them recognized Huang Xiaolong.

At this point, the first student librarian sent flying by Huang Xiaolong's palm climbed up from the floor and wobbled to his fellow students' side, specifically 'reporting' to one of them, "Senior Brother Chen, this rascal wanted to trespass into the library, disguising himself as our Duanren Institute's student. I tried to stop him but he attacked and injured me!"

The student librarians that recognized Huang Xiaolong turned a ghastly shade of white hearing that. Especially Senior Brother Chen. His hand shot out in anger, slapping the student librarian with enough force to send him tumbling away before turning around and facing Huang Xiaolong on his knees, "Young Noble Huang, he's blind for being unable to recognize Your Elderly, please forgive us!"

The others who recognized Huang Xiaolong quickly followed suit on their knees out of apprehension, whereas the first student librarian was flabbergasted and stood dazedly as he watched a group of student experts including Senior Brother Chen on their knees.

Unable to recognize Your Elderly? Huang Xiaolong looked at this 'Senior Brother Chen' who was kneeling in front him. Did he look so old?

"It's nothing, all of you get up." Huang Xiaolong said.

That Senior Brother Chen hesitated for quite a while before

slowly getting to his feet. Although he stood up, his waist leaned at a respectful angle with his head lowered, not daring to look at Huang Xiaolong directly. The other student librarians stood in a similar posture.

“Can I go in now?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

Senior Brother Chen blanked at Huang Xiaolong’s question, unable to make heads or tails out of it, he remained blank.

“Can I go in now?” Huang Xiaolong asked again when no response came.

Senior Brother Chen reacted this time around, nodding energetically, “Of course, of course, Young Noble Huang. Please, please, this way Young Noble Huang!” swiftly stepping to the side, giving a wide berth for Huang Xiaolong to pass. The other students parted to the sides, making a big path in the middle.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, lifted his foot and walked into the library.

Only after Huang Xiaolong was out of sight did Senior Brother Chen straighten his back, cold sweat seemed to soak the back of his robe through and through. His hand dripped with drops of sweat from his forehead.

Some students that were still confused as to who Huang Xiaolong was, came beside Senior Brother Chen, cautiously inquiring, “Senior Brother Chen, who was that kid just now, ah?”

Senior Brother Chen scanned the faces crowding around him, slowly spitting three words from his mouth: “Huang-Xiao-Long!”

Huang Xiaolong!

Like an abrupt thunderbolt on a clear day, the students trembled and eyes rounded with fear. Whereas the first student librarian who had just gotten up from the floor a second time felt his legs weaken, shaking uncontrollably, falling butt first to the ground.

That person was actually Huang Xiaolong! Huang Xiaolong, the person even Emperor Duanren needed to greet as Young Noble Huang courteously!

“Oh my mother, so that was His Elderly!” After a long time, one of the student librarians exclaimed aloud when the truth sunk in.

That Senior Brother Chen looked at the first student librarian, “I hope Young Noble Huang doesn’t blame us, if not, not only us, even our families might be implicated!”

While shocked discussions were going on at the front, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the ancient languages section of the library, flipping through books one by one from the shelves and comparing them to the ancient runic-like patterns etched on the edge of the sacrificial altar.

There was more than one ancient language in existence. The ancient demonic beast clan and ancient human race used different forms of writing and just the ancient human race alone had many different forms, based on their own tribes’ uniqueness.

“The Linglong Tribe.” Out of the many books he had pulled from the shelves, Huang Xiaolong found similar ancient texts belonging to the Linglong Tribe in the yellowed pages of an old book. Comparing them to the text he saw on the sacrificial altar, Huang Xiaolong’s eyes shone with joy.

According to the old book, the Linglong Tribe was one of the ten biggest human race tribes.

“Golden Linglong Body?!” Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong was shocked as he read further down, for the book brought up the Golden Linglong Body. His eyes narrowed in concentration. His shock increased as the book stated that the Golden Linglong Body originated from the ancient Linglong Tribe’s sacred canon!

“Could the Linglong Treasure Pagoda have been refined by the ancient Linglong Tribe?!” A great wave rose in Huang Xiaolong’s

heart, for the Linglong Treasure Pagoda's heritage skill was none other than the Golden Linglong Body!

On top of that, the text patterns on the sacrificial altar on the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda matched with the ancient Linglong Tribe's text. Without a doubt, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda was definitely connected to this ancient tribe.

Several hours later, Huang Xiaoling finally finished translating the text on the sacrificial altar in the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

Puppetry Art!

These words jumped out at Huang Xiaolong. The sacrificial altar actually recorded an ancient puppetry art.

The records stated that cultivating the Ancient Puppetry Art could continuously temper and strengthen one's spiritual force and will. The stronger and more powerful one's spiritual force and will, the higher the chances of them refining a high-grade puppet, which was more powerful.

Huang Xiaolong was ecstatic beyond words. This Ancient Puppetry Art could temper and strengthen one's spiritual force and will!

Huang Xiaolong did not lack battle qi cultivation techniques or battle skills, the only thing he lacked was a way to temper his spiritual force!

It was already dark outside by the time Huang Xiaolong come out from the library. When he reached the entrance, the dozen or so student librarians were still there.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong emerging from within the library, all of them shivered for no reason, scrambling forward as they called out: "Young Noble Huang, you're out!"

Huang Xiaolong's eyes swept over them, he knew very well the reason these students were still waiting here for him. He openly



said, "Very well, I don't blame any of you for this matter, go home."

Huang Xiaolong truly did not hold the matter in his heart. At the moment, he was in a very good mood due to the Ancient Puppetry Art.

Huang Xiaolong walked away after leaving such a sentence to the student librarians. Only then were Senior Brother Chen and the rest able to breathe out in relief as if they had just escaped the biggest calamity of their lives.

When Huang Xiaolong returned to the Southern Hill Estate, he immediately entered the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. In a single leap, he landed on the sacrificial altar at the center. Going through the ancient text once again, committing it to his memory, he sat cross-legged and started practicing, following the method stated.

The essence of practicing this Ancient Puppetry Art was meditation, meditation, and meditation. Meditate to sense everything in the world, letting his spirit blend into the surrounding space, feeling every gust of wind, every drop of water, every spark of fire in the space around him, allowing them to temper his spiritual force.

The night passed quickly.

Although it was merely one night, Huang Xiaolong could feel a significant improvement in his spiritual force.

It seems I must practice at least three months before I can start controlling these puppets. Huang Xiaolong stared at the nineteen giant puppets.

He estimated that with his practice speed he needed three months to achieve minor completion in the Ancient Puppetry Art, entering the first level to brand a soul mark. Only after branding the puppets with a soul mark was it considered fully controlling

them.

# Chapter 240: Trouble Really Came!

---

Two days passed in busy preparations for the wedding.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong exited the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, where he had spent the last two days perfecting his self-created Earthen Buddha Palm skill.

Huang Xiaolong's Earthen Buddha Palm was inspired by the millions of Buddha statues in the Buddha Cavern, the invisible spiritual pressure emanating from each of the far reaching waves of Buddha statues and their effect on the spirit, while the Ancient Puppetry Art was a rare cultivation technique that strengthened one's spiritual force. Thus, practicing the Ancient Puppetry Art greatly enhanced Huang Xiaolong's Earthen Buddha Palm's attack power.

After two days of practice, Huang Xiaolong saw a big stride in improvement for his Earthen Buddha Palm. But then again, Huang Xiaolong did not neglect his Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and Body Metamorphose Scripture. He was getting stronger with each passing day.

When Huang Xiaolong appeared, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu sensed at once the change in Huang Xiaolong's aura, enough to make two high-level Saint realm experts lament with admiration.

"What's the situation these days?" Huang Xiaolong asked Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu when he saw them.

"Replying to Sovereign, everything is normal." Zhao Shu promptly answered.

Huang Xiaolong made his way to the great hall and while doing so, he cautioned them: "Increase defense measures for today, everyone must be extra alert!"

Today was his sister's wedding day! Huang Xiaolong had a strong premonition, Heartless Young Noble Yao Fei would definitely

choose to mire his sister's wedding day!

Moments later, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the great hall where Huang Peng, Su Yan, and Huang Xiaohai were waiting.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong walk in, all three of them stood up, gathering around him.

"Father, Mother." Huang Xiaolong greeted.

"Long'er, you're here." Su Yan smiled as she pulled Huang Xiaolong to a chair next to hers.

"Where's Ah Min?" Huang Xiaolong looked around, asking when he did not see his sister.

"Getting her makeup done, she should be coming out soon. The Guo Family will be arriving in an hour or so." Su Yan answered with a small laugh. It was obvious to see that she was very happy.

Huang Xiaolong nodded. A tiny sigh sounded in his heart, in no more than an hour's time, the Guo Family's wedding procession would be picking up his sister, Huang Min. Although the distance between the Southern Hill Estate and Guo Mansion wasn't great, after today, his sister would be counted as a Guo Family member.

Still, Huang Xiaolong was happy for Huang Min, she found someone she loved and wanted to be together with him.

Huang Xiaolong stayed in the great hall, spending some idle time with his parents and younger brother. Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong said, "They are probably close, let's go and have a look?"

Huang Peng, Su Yan, and Huang Xiaohai nodded happily. Hence, the four stood up and headed towards Huang Min's courtyard.

"Master, Madame, Young Lord, and Third Young Lord!" When they arrived in Huang Min's courtyard, the maidservants and guards knelt in salute.

"Where's Second Miss?" Huang Peng asked.

"Replying to Master, Second Miss is having her makeup done,

she should be ready soon.” One of the maidservants answered.

Huang Peng nodded and the four of them entered the outer room of Huang Min’s boudoir.

“Father, Mother, Big brother, Little Brother!” Huang Min had just finished with her makeup when she saw the four people come in and called out eagerly as she stood up.

Everyone laughed and nodded, praising Huang Min’s appearance. “My sister’s the most beautiful today.” Huang Xiaolong complimented.

Huang Xiaolong spoke the truth. The light makeup emphasized Huang Min’s youthfulness with a hint of the budding glamorous woman about to bloom, fresh and alluring.

Huang Min blushed shyly, “Big brother, you only know how to tease me.”

“Big Sis, it’s true! You look really beautiful today!” Huang Xiaohai chimed in with a huge grin on his face.

Huang Min smiled sweetly, “Really?”

Putting on a solemn expression, Huang Xiaohai insisted in a serious tone: “Really!”

This small interaction made others in the room burst into laughter. Su Yan suddenly stepped forward, pulling Huang Min into her arms. Her eyes turned slightly red, with glistening tears threatening to fall.

“Mother.” Huang Min cried. Even she was influenced by Su Yan’s tears.

“You, ah, what are you crying for, this is a joyous occasion. Moreover, it’s not like Min’er won’t be back here.” Huang Peng comforted his wife.

Huang Min nodded with resolve, “Mother, I will come back often to visit everyone.”

Su Yan wiped the tears away, smiled and nodded. Her baby daughter was getting married! Su Yan was happy, but more than that, she was reluctant to part with her.

A short moment later, blaring sounds from suonas, drums, and gongs came from outside. A sign that the bride escort procession from the Guo Family had arrived to pick up the bride.

“Let’s go out.” Huang Xiaolong spoke.

Everyone agreed. Thus, Su Yan held Huang Min’s hand as they walked out of Huang Min’s yard towards the estate’s entrance. The main entrance was very lively when they got there, other than the bride escort wedding procession members from the Guo Family, there were spectating disciples from other forces crowding the street.

The Guo Family went all out with the wedding procession, three to four hundred people enough to line from the Southern Hill Estate’s entrance to the other end of the street. Spotting Huang Min and the rest coming out from the estate, Guo Tai, who was at the front of the line, hurried to meet them.

He first greeted Huang Peng and Su Yan: “Uncle, Auntie” and then respectfully towards Huang Xiaolong: “Big brother.”

Though today was their wedding day, Guo Tai and Huang Min had to go through the ceremony first, before he could change how he addressed Huang Peng and Su Yan. Su Yan nodded and walked over to Guo Tai, releasing Huang Min’s hand from her own and placing it into Guo Tai’s hands. A symbolic gesture that she was passing her daughter to Guo Tai. While doing this, Su Yan couldn’t resist and a teardrop rolled down the corner of her eye.

“Guo Tai,” Huang Xiaolong reminded: “You must treat my sister well. If you dare to bully her or make her feel aggrieved in any way, I will not spare you!”

Guo Tai was a little scared but he promised, “Don’t worry, Big

brother, I will definitely treat Min'er well, I absolutely will not let her be wronged!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded, satisfied.

Soon, the Guo Family's wedding procession lifted up the red bride palanquin with Huang Min sitting inside and started to head towards the Guo Mansion.

Strings of pearl-like tears fell on Su Yan's cheeks as she watched the Guo Family wedding procession leaving, growing smaller in her sight. Huang Peng opened his mouth but no words of comfort came.

"Father, Mother, let's go back first." Huang Xiaolong persuaded. According to Martial Spirit World's tradition, the girl's family needed to wait until the wedding procession reached the future husband's residence before they could go over for the next step ceremony.

Nodding, all of them returned inside the estate.

However, just as everyone turned around, Huang Xiaolong suddenly spun around, eyes searching the other end of the street vigilantly.

"Long'er, what is it?"

Huang Xiaolong replied: "Nothing." But his eyes held a deeper meaning as they directed a look at Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu. Both nodded their heads slightly and disappeared with a sway without anyone noticing.

Huang Xiaolong remained waiting at the same spot after he told Huang Peng, Su Yan, and his younger brother to go in first. Before long, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu returned.

"So?" Huang Xiaolong questioned.

Both of them shook their head, "Replying to Sovereign, we found nothing."

Huang Xiaolong frowned, he was sure he felt a trace of killing intent. Although it was only a split second instant. Then, Huang Xiaolong's heart sank: Guo Family's wedding procession!

“Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, both of you immediately go catch up with the Guo Family's wedding team!” Huang Xiaolong blurted out of anxiousness.

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu exchanged a glance, they understood what Huang Xiaolong meant in the next moment; Huang Xiaolong was afraid Yao Fei might make a move against the wedding procession team!

“Yes, Sovereign!” Both already disappeared before the voice fell.

Huang Xiaolong relaxed a little after sending Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu over. However, a short while after Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu went away, powerful energy fluctuations came from the distance, close to the Southern Hill Estate. Huang Xiaolong's face tightened, they really targeted the Guo Family's wedding procession!

Sister! Huang Xiaolong disappeared in a blur, sprinting towards the source of the energy fluctuations.



## Chapter 241: Under Brutal Siege

---

When Huang Xiaolong arrived on the scene, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were battling four people in the sky!

The person battling Zhang Fu was none other than Li Lu's master, Li Molin, whereas Zhao Shu was fighting one against three the Yao Family's Ancestor Yao Shan, and two other people from Deities Templar, which was obvious from the Deities Templar's Elder robes on their backs.

But, Yao Fei was nowhere to be seen.

Below, on the street, members of the Guo Family's wedding procession were lying in pools of scarlet red blood. Not far away at a street corner, Guo Tai blocked in front of Huang Min with the remaining number of Guo Family disciples, grouped together in a defensive circle.

Seeing both his sister and Guo Tai were still safe and sound, Huang Xiaolong let out a breath of relief.

"Big brother!" Huang Min cried out when she spotted Huang Xiaolong and quickly ran over to his side with Guo Tai.

"Are you two alright?" Huang Xiaolong concerned.

"We're unhurt." Huang Min and Guo Tai shook their heads.

Huang Xiaolong's tension disappeared hearing they were unharmed.

At this time, sounds of whistling wind rang in the sky as figures rushed over to the battle scene, everyone turned to look and saw it was Emperor Duanren and Guo Family's Ancestor, Guo Chen.

"We're leaving!" Seeing it was Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen, Li Molin, who was battling Zhang Fu, made a forceful palm strike to push Zhang Fu back, barking orders to her comrades.

Zhang Fu met her palm strike head on.

A thunderous explosion pushed both of them apart and Li Molin seized the chance, disappearing into the void in a flicker.

The other three people, Yao Shan and the two Deities Templar Elders, did the same. All three attacked Zhao Shu all out with a palm strike, disappearing into the void after pushing Zhao Shu back.

Seconds after the four had fled, Emperor Duaren and Guo Chen arrived, the expression on their faces was grave and solemn, with rage boiling underneath. Especially Guo Chen. His face darkened facing the scene of Guo Family disciples' bodies lying in pools of their own blood.

"The Yao Family went too far!" Guo Chen roared lowly through gritted teeth, suppressing his rage. An intense hatred burned in his eyes.

Today was a big joyous occasion for the Guo Family, yet Yao Shan was so shameless as to disregard his Saint realm status, attacking Guo Tai and these disciples. This action provoked Guo Chen's ire.

Arriving not far behind Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen were Duan Wuhen and a group of Guo Family experts.

However, the wedding was an important affair and it wouldn't do good to miss the good hour, thus Guo Chen instructed the Guo Family experts to tidy up the matters while he sought Huang Xiaolong's opinion on the wedding's arrangement, and then proceeded to send Guo Tai back to Guo Mansion with Huang Min, escorted by Guo Family experts.

"Young Lord, Yao Family's Ancestor and those people, do you want us to...?" After Guo Tai's group left the scene, Zhao Shu approached Huang Xiaolong, inquiring.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead, "No need to chase." Although that Yao Shan was merely a Saint Third Order, with Deities Templar's experts and Li Molin's help, to chase up and kill

him wouldn't be an easy matter.

“Duan Ren,” Huang Xiaolong looked over to Emperor Duanren beside him, “I need to trouble you to lock down the city and search if there are any Deities Templar and Yao Family's disciples.”

Emperor Duanren replied with prompt courtesy, “Young Noble Huang is too polite, it's no trouble at all. It's something we should do.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

Following Huang Xiaolong's request, Guo Chen too sent Guo Family experts out to comb the Imperial City.

Roughly one hour later, the remaining of Guo Family's wedding procession arrived at the Guo Mansion with Guo Tai and Huang Min. With Guo Tai and Huang Min's safe arrival at the Guo Mansion, the Huang Family went over.

“Long'er, how about we try to make peace with the Yao Family?” on the way over, Su Yan suggested with a worried face. She had heard about the Yao Family Ancestor Yao Shan and some Deities Templar experts slaughtered many of the Guo Family's wedding procession members midway.

Huang Xiaolong looked at his mother, noticing her deep worry lines, he shook his head saying, “Mother, even if we agree to talk peace, the Yao Family would not agree.”

Disregarding the personal grudge Huang Xiaolong had with Yao Fei, just the fact that Huang Xiaolong burned the Yao Family's foundation of thousands of years— Yao Manor to ashes was no different than burning all possibilities of peace between them.

Moreover, he didn't wish to make peace with the Yao Family.

Su Yan sighed inwardly hearing her son's answer. In fact, deep down she already knew it was useless and impossible.

“But the Deities Templar...” Su Yan hesitated. At the mention of

Deities Templar, even Huang Peng revealed a worried look.

The truth was the Yao Family Ancestor wasn't a threat, it was the Deities Templar at his back. From Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou's conversation, both Huang Peng and Su Yan understood to a certain extent what kind of terrifying existence the Deities Templar was.

A tyrannical hegemony that even the entire Duanren Empire needed to be wary of!

"Mother, Father, rest assured, a day will come when I will annihilate Deities Templar with my own hands!" Huang Xiaolong spoke the vow slowly.

And this day would not be too far away!

Both Huang Peng and Su Yan thought Huang Xiaolong was comforting them, thus neither said anything more on the topic.

About an hour later, Huang Xiaolong, Huang Peng, Su Yan, and Huang Xiaohai arrived at the Guo Mansion. When they arrived at the front entrance, the Guo Family's Ancestor Guo Chen, Guo Shiwen, Guo Shiyuan, and Guo Tai were already waiting for them in person. Lead by Guo Chen personally, the group made their way into the main hall, sitting down in two sections.

"Emperor Duanren has arrived~!" Shortly after Huang Xiaolong and the others sat down, came Guo Family's Chief Steward Zhang Yue's voice announcing Emperor Duanren's arrival from outside.

Emperor Duanren in person!

Everyone present was baffled, but they stood up and went outside to welcome the Emperor.

Regardless, today was his sister's wedding, thus Huang Xiaolong could be considered as half a host. The Emperor personally coming for the banquet, Huang Xiaolong indeed should go and welcome him.

“Congrats, congrats, ah!” Just as Huang Xiaolong and the rest stepped over the archway, Emperor Duanren walked in with a wide smile, cupping his fists in greeting.

Huang Xiaolong and Guo Chen also cupped their fists in greeting.

Duan Wuhen following behind Emperor Duanren also cupped his fists, congratulating Huang Xiaolong and Guo Chen in a respectful manner. Other than Duan Wuhen, there was a beautiful woman with noble bearing together with them. Huang Xiaolong guessed this woman must be Duan Wuhen’s mother and he was right. Emperor Duanren introduced her as Duan Wuhen’s mother.

Emperor Duanren’s arrival instantly livened up the banquet. The many forces that came to congratulate, all stood up and saluted, a joyous mood filled the air as wine and laughter flowed.

With Emperor Duanren, the group moved to a more private hall and sat down.

However, Huang Xiaolong did not relax his vigilance. He instructed Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Yu Ming to keep an eye on the surroundings for any sudden unforeseen situation. The Yao Family’s Old Ancestor may have run off after failing to achieve his goal, ambushing the wedding procession team, but Huang Xiaolong had a gut feeling that things wouldn’t end so easily.

Furthermore, there was something strange about Yao Fei’s absence today.

When the banquet’s atmosphere was at its liveliest, a Huang Family guard burst in until he was in front of Huang Xiaolong, “Young Lord, a message came, more than a dozen Nine Tripod Commerce’s branches were under brutal siege.”

More than a dozen of Nine Tripod Commerce’s branches were under brutal siege!

The big hall quieted in an instant. Countless pairs of eyes turned to look at Huang Xiaolong.

A fierce light glinted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, there was no need to ask, the Nine Tripod Commerce being under brutal siege must be the handiwork of the Yao Family and Deities Templar.

## Chapter 242: Formless Poison

---

More than a dozen Nine Tripod Commerce's branches were under brutal siege. Like Huang Xiaolong, those present at the wedding banquet easily guessed the masterminds being the Yao Family and Deities Templar. Everyone in the hall remained quiet as no one dared to interrupt Huang Xiaolong's contemplation.

It was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

"Young Lord, should I make a trip to the branches?" Seconds ticked and Zhang Fu suddenly stood up saying.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead at his question, "No need."

There were more than ten Nine Tripod Commerce branches being sieged, Zhang Fu alone, even if he knew how to split himself into a dozen body clones and went there, he might fall into the enemy's well-laid trap. The Yao Family and Deities Templar's purpose in attacking the Nine Tripod Commerce branches may be to draw Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu away from his side.

"How are the casualties for each branch?" Huang Xiaolong turned around, directing the question to the Huang Family guard.

"Replying to Young Lord, the disciples of these several Nine Tripod Commerce are, are..." The Huang Family guard hesitated at this point.

"Say it!" Huang Xiaolong raised his voice.

"Are almost all dead. Only a few disciples managed to escape from each branch." The Huang Family guard blurted everything out.

Almost all dead! Huang Xiaolong's face darkened.

Every Nine Tripod Commerce branch had at least three to four hundred disciples, a dozen branches amounted to four, five

thousand disciples!

“Pass the order down, all disciples are to return and assemble back here.” Huang Xiaolong’s solemn voice sounded.

This debt, Huang Xiaolong jotted it down to be settled with the Yao Family and Deities Templar in the future!

“Yes Young Lord!” The Huang Family guard respectfully replied.

Huang Xiaolong waved the guard away. Today was his sister’s wedding, an important day for her.

Exactly at this moment, in a dilapidated abandoned courtyard on the north section of Duanren Imperial City, space fluctuated. Li Molin, Yao Family’s Ancestor Yao Shan, and the two other Deities Templar Elders emerged from the void. And together with them were Yao Fei and Ao Baixue.

Six people appeared in total. Li Molin scoffed, “I didn’t expect Huang Xiaolong, that little brat, to endure it so well, foiling our plan!”

Ao Baixue frowned deeply, “With Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu around, it’ll be difficult for us to act.”

Yao Fei snorted, “It doesn’t matter even if Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu are present, my Formless Poison is undetectable even by a high-level Saint realm expert!” As Yao Fei said this, his hand took out a dark purple jade bottle out from his spatial ring.

“Formless Poison!” The five with Yao Fei paled slightly, including the high-level Saint realm Li Molin.

The Formless Poison’s toxicity superseded all other poisons, being heralded as the king of poison. Rumor has it, the Formless Poison has neither color, taste, nor form. Totally invisible to the naked eye and senses, even high-level Saint realm experts could not detect its presence. Once someone is poisoned, other than Saint realm experts, who could suppress and gradually force out the poison with their Saint power, those of lower realms died



without exception.

And the victim would be subjected to a pain like the bites from millions of ants, like the sharp fangs of millions of snakes piercing them, like the wrenching of the soul by millions of ghouls, tortured to the very last moments of death.

However, the Formless Poison was said to have been lost more than two hundred years ago, no one imagined that Yao Fei would have something like it in his possession, not even the Yao Family's Ancestor Yao Shan.

"That's right, Formless Poison!" Yao Fei nodded proudly, "This Formless Poison was something I got one year ago from a cave in the Raven Hills. I've already instructed one of the Guo Mansion's wine servers to mix this poison into the celebration wine being served today at the banquet!"

A cruel light flashed across Yao Fei's eyes, "When Huang Xiaolong, that punk, drinks the wine, hehe..!"

In fact, he could already imagine Huang Xiaolong's face distorting with pain and misery. Li Molin and the rest inhaled sharply. If everything went according to what Yao Fei said, today, the Guo Manor's wedding would be turned into a mass funeral!

Not only would Huang Xiaolong die in torment, every member of the Huang Family, all of Guo Family and its disciples, the guests that came to congratulate the Guo Family, from nobles to big and small forces' Patriarchs, all will meet their end.

Only Guo Family's Ancestor Guo Chen, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Emperor Duanren could survive!

"Isn't it a bit too much this way?" Old Ancestor Yao Shan said with his brows scrunched together. "Duan Wuhen and Imperial Consort Fei are inside the Guo Mansion too."

Duan Wuhen was Emperor Duanren's most favored son, the successor to Duanren Empire, whereas Imperial Consort Fei was

Emperor Duanren's beloved concubine, also Duan Wuhen's birth mother. If both of them died tragically in the Guo Mansion under the Formless Poison, their hatred would turn into a blood feud, forged into eternity!

If it came to that, the Yao Family could not be rebuilt on Duanren Empire's land any longer!

Yao Fei knew what his family ancestor was worried about, saying: "Ancestor, Duan Ren wouldn't let us be even if we do not kill Duan Wuhen. Since it is so, why should we need to care about a mere Duan Wuhen? Moreover, we're going to destroy Dunren Empire sooner or later, killing Duan Wuhen now is like pulling out one of that old guy's arms. Isn't that much more favorable to us?"

Hearing this, Yao Shan nodded his head in agreement.

...

At this time, the Guo Manor was once again filled with a joyous mood. Mostly, it was due to Huang Xiaolong suppressing the matters related to the attack on Nine Tripod Commerce branches that the wedding banquet wasn't affected much.

Approaching the [wu hour](#), Guo Tai and Huang Min, dressed in brilliant red wedding garbs, came out to bow to heaven and earth and pay their respects to parents and elders under the ritual officer's guidance.

"First bow to Heaven and Earth!" The ritual officer cried at the top of his lungs.

After Guo Tai and Huang Min had done so, the ritual officer continued, "Second bow to parents!"

Watching the two youngsters, Huang Peng and Su Yan, Guo Shiyuan, and the elders, including Huang Xiaolong were full of cheers.

Finished performing their bows to the parents, Guo Tai and Huang Min made the third and final bow towards each other as

husband and wife.

Thus, the ceremony was completed.

“Wonderful! Let us move to the seats and begin the banquet.” Moments later, Guo Family’s Ancestor Guo Chen announced. Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong nodding, everyone made their way to the tables, including the guests waiting in the outer hall, consisting of Patriarch from all over Duanren Empire’s kingdoms.

Guo Shiyuan instructed Chief Steward Zhang Yue to serve the wine and dishes after getting the nod of approval from his father, Guo Chen.

“Yes!” Zhang Yue acknowledged with respect. He turned around and bellowed: “Serve the wine and dishes!”

“Serve the wine and dishes!”

The Guo Family’s servants kicked into a flurry of actions, plates after plates of dishes and jugs of wine were brought to the guests’ tables. It did not take long for them to laden the tables with fragrant, colorful dishes. There were sixteen types of dishes on every table, every delicacy from the land and sea that one could think of, cheerful laughter filled the air.

However, when Guo Tai stood up with a wine cup in his hands to toast with Huang Peng, Huang Xiaolong, and the others, Huang Xiaolong’s voice rang sharply: “Wait!”

It was too sudden that the guests were startled, all turning around to look at Huang Xiaolong.

In front of everyone, Huang Xiaolong sucked a wine urn to his hand with a single hand: “There’s something wrong with the wine!”

“What?! Something wrong with the wine?” All present were taken aback.

“This...?!” Guo Chen, Emperor Duanren, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu exchanged a baffled glance.

Before they could say anything, a dazzling black and blue light shot out like lightning from Huang Xiaolong’s body, revealing his twin dragon martial spirits behind him. Both the black and blue dragons sucked at the wine urn, drawing strands of dark purple lights from the urn of wine, gathering in the air above, turning into a vague demonic shadow, shrieking shrilly, making everyone shudder.

11 am - 1 pm

## Chapter 243: Promoted to Holy Maiden

---

Watching as a mysterious dark purple light flew out from the jug of wine into the air, forming the strange image of a howling demon, everyone present turned a shade white for this was something only the most toxic of poisons could reach. The toxic fumes shaped like a demon!

Seeing the dark purple demon-shaped fumes in the air, something flashed in Zhao Shu's mind recalling something. He blurted: "This is Formless Poison!"

Formless Poison!

The Patriarchs of families and nobles alike turned ghastly pale with shock at the mention of Formless Poison. Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen jumped to their feet in astonishment.

"Formless Poison, this, how can this be!"

"Didn't the Formless Poison disappear more than two hundred years ago?! How can it appear here?!"

A wave of shock, confusion, and unease swept the guests. Most of them were Patriarchs of small and big forces or part of a kingdom's royal family, their knowledge far exceeded the commoners', therefore many of them knew a thing or two about this Formless Poison, even Huang Xiaolong who was usually calm on the surface had a ripple of surprise traveling across his face.

Earlier, the twin dragon martial spirits in his body were agitated for some reason he couldn't understand. Feeling strange at their behavior, Huang Xiaolong followed their feelings and locked onto the jug of wine the Guo Family servants served up.

There was a problem with the wine! Huang Xiaolong firmly concluded his findings just as Guo Tai raised his wine glass to toast, which was why Huang Xiaolong spoke curtly to stop them from drinking. At that moment, Huang Xiaolong had no idea the

wine was laced with Formless Poison.

It was actually the Formless Poison! After a split second of surprise, a ferocious gleam shone in Huang Xiaolong's pupils, the murder in his heart soared sky high. Huang Xiaolong wasn't the only person with the intense killing intent, Emperor Duanren, Guo Chen, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and the Patriarchs of the many families of forces present had a similar reddish bloodlust in their eyes.

“Who was it! How dare they put poison into the celebration wine at the Guo Family's mansion!” One of the big family's Patriarch failed to repress his wrath, loudly shouted.

The truth was glaring obvious to all that the person behind this planned to kill indiscriminately, taking the lives of everyone in the Guo Mansion, including them, who came to congratulate on the occasion—poisoning every Patriarch, leader, and disciple!

Because Huang Xiaolong had the news about the Guo Family's wedding procession being ambushed blocked off, none of these guests who came to attend the banquet were aware of the matter yet. If they knew, they'd easily guessed the mastermind behind the poison was none other than the Yao Family!

Huang Xiaolong scanned the crowd and his cold voice rendered the air: “It's the Yao Family!”

“What?! Yao Family?!” The hall was in an uproar.

“That's right, it's the Yao Family. Earlier, our Guo Family's wedding procession was attacked by the Yao Family's Ancestor and Deities Templar.” Guo Chen interjected.

The Guo Family's wedding procession was attacked by the Yao Family's Ancestor and Deities Templar! This message was a booming shock to all present.

“The Yao Family is atrocious! Plotting to have us all die here! We must retaliate, exterminate all of Yao Family's disciples!”

“Right, kill off all Yao Family's disciples!” Majority of Patriarchs

and royal families from fealty kingdoms responded to the suggestion, anger and wrath surged.

Emperor Duanren motioned the angry guests to calm down with his hand, he turned to his son, Duan Wuhen, beside him: “Pass the order, mobilize all the territories’ army, search and kill all Yao Family’s disciples. I do not wish to see any Yao Family disciple in my Duanren Empire!” Emperor Duan Ren’s eyes glimmered with a chilling cold killing intent, making those standing close to him shrink away involuntarily.

The Yao Family poisoning the celebration wine at the Guo Family’s wedding banquet had stirred the hornet’s nest, completely angering Emperor Duan Ren. If it wasn’t for Huang Xiaolong detecting something amiss, his son Wuhen, his Consort Fei, and the many present Patriarchs and royals would have left their lives here.

Sensing the terrifying killing intent coming from Emperor Duanren, only one thought crossed the minds of the people present: the Yao Family’s done it this time!

Although Huang Xiaolong burned the Yao Family headquarters to the ground, there were still many Yao Family branches all over the empire in remote small towns and less fertile lands.

However, this time they were truly being uprooted from the ground!

At this point, Huang Xiaolong faced Guo Shiyuan with an icy expression, “Capture and detain all the servants responsible for today’s food and wine, interrogate them one by one!”

Guo Chen and Guo Shiyuan finally awakened and realized one of the crucial points. That’s right! Although this matter was orchestrated by the Yao Family from the shadows, it wouldn’t succeed if there wasn’t a spy amongst the Guo Family’s servants. The wine wouldn’t be tainted with poison.

Immediately, Guo Chen instructed to have all the servants in charge of the food and wine served tonight captured and detained. However, before long, Chief Steward Zhang Yu returned to report all servants in charge of food and wine died due to poisoning.

“What? All dead from poison!” Guo Chen’s face was ugly. Obviously, this was another move from the Yao Family. Guo Chen seethed with anger and frustration.

“Have all the celebration wine and dishes changed, change everything!” A short while later, Guo Chen said to Guo Shiwen.

Though the rest of the wine wasn’t determined to be poisoned, Guo Chen still had everything replaced as a safety precaution. Guo Shiwen acted swiftly. To accommodate such a large occasion, the Guo Mansion did make backup preparations.

When the new dishes and wine were sent up and determined safe by Huang Xiaolong, everyone relaxed and raised their cups. But, the joyous atmosphere had dampened noticeably due to the unexpected scare.

At the same time, in the same abandoned courtyard on the north side of Duanren Imperial City, Yao Fei’s face twisted hideously. He already got the message saying Huang Xiaolong found out about the Formless Poison. But Yao Family Ancestor Yao Shan looked worse, he could imagine what kind of scene the remnants of Yao Family’s disciples would face the coming onslaught.

The Yao Family foundation that he had struggled to build in the past thousand years will be turned into gray ashes on the ground.

“I didn’t expect Huang Xiaolong, that little punk, to actually be able to detect the Formless Poison!” Ao Baixue harrumphed coldly.

Yao Fei sneered, “This outcome is fine too, letting him die so easily is letting him off too lightly. I want to kill him with my own hands, let him have a taste of living worse than death!”

Li Molin interjected, “Li Lu was found out to possess a high-grade



God Tribe bloodline and the Temple Preceptor has chosen her to be promoted to a Holy Maiden. She must not find out about this.”

Yao Fei and the rest understood Li Molin’s meaning.

“Very well, we’re heading back.” Li Molin said in her cold sullen one, “We’ll look for other opportunities in the future to kill Huang Xiaolong, that little brat.” With a flicker, her body swayed and disappeared into the void. The rest followed one after another and the abandoned dilapidated courtyard returned to silence.

Night descended and the surroundings were quiet.

At this hour, the Huang Family had already returned to the Southern Hill Estate from the Guo Mansion.

Standing quietly in his yard, Huang Xiaolong reflected the day’s event, from the Guo Family’s wedding procession and Nine Tripod Commerce branches being attacked to the Formless Poison in the wine, his eyes grew increasingly cold.

Deities Templar, the Yao Family, he must exterminate them at the earliest!

Next day morning, Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple hall and headed to the estate’s great hall. Seeing that both of his parents were present, Huang Xiaolong hesitated for a moment before telling them about his plan to head to the Bedlam Lands.

“What? Long’er, you’re leaving again?” Su Yan’s high spirits turned glum.

Watching his mother’s expression, Huang Xiaolong felt a tinge of guilt. Sighing in silent, he nodded: “Yes, Mother.” This trip to the Bedlams Lands was something he must do, not only because of the grade one spirit stones.

However, breaking through to the Sixth Order was more urgent, Huang Xiaolong decided to leave after that. Hence, he would depart one month later.

# Chapter 244: Breakthrough Xiantian Sixth Order!

---

When Huang Xiaolong said he would only be departing for the Bedlam Lands after one month, Su Yan's face looked slightly better.

Thus, in the coming one month, Huang Xiaolong concentrated his effort on breaking through to Xiantian Sixth Order, spending his time cultivating inside Godly Mt. Xumi.

Other than the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture, Huang Xiaolong worked at improving his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate from the Absolute Soul Pearl, both of these were crucial to Huang Xiaolong.

Combining the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate, Huang Xiaolong believed he would be able to control and build an expansive team made of Xiantian warriors.

With Huang Xiaolong's current strength, he could advance to the first level of Ancient Puppetry Art in three months' time, at that time, he would be able to refine a Xiantian Sixth Order, perhaps even Seventh Order puppet!

Not to mention, the Soul Mandate too could be used to control warriors of Sixth and Seventh Order Xiantian. When Huang Xiaolong broke into the Saint realm in the future, perhaps he could even control a Saint realm warrior!

Time flowed like running water, twenty days quietly passed.

Huang Xiaolong divided most of the twenty days practicing within the Xumi Temple and the remaining to accompany his parents as well as his younger brother, giving advice in their cultivation. Limited by the potential of their martial spirits, it bore almost zero chances for Huang Peng, Su Yan, and Huang Xiaohai to advance into the Xiantian realm, but Huang Xiaolong was

confident he could do what others failed.

In the future, he would make sure his parent, sister, and brother would break through to Xiantian. If Saint realm couldn't do it, then he would strive to break through to God Realm, if that still fails, he would continue, advancing to higher realms.

Above the God Realm, there were more powerful existences!

In the last twenty days, vibrant netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy surged endlessly, while above his Qi Sea, the three shaped Archdemon, Golden Dragon, and Golden Buddha became more and more condensed.

As Huang Xiaolong cultivated, breathing in and out, so did the three mandates that had taken form. The netherworld spiritual qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy poured down from the void.

The black and blue twin dragons hovered above Huang Xiaolong, faint echoes of dragon roars sounded endlessly and dragon scales shone with a steely glint on their huge bodies. The twin dragons had evolved into real, solid entities. Hovering behind Huang Xiaolong, they looked like two daunting mountains of black and blue.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong started practicing like he usually did. Taking a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir, he stepped into the Ten Buddha Formation at the center of the temple hall and started practicing the Godly Xumi Art, while the Asura Tactics and the Body Metamorphose Scripture ran simultaneously.

After so many months of practicing inside the Ten Buddha Formation, Huang Xiaolong noticed there was an additional benefit, other than connecting to the Buddhism energy in the Buddha World, the Ten Buddha Formation allowed the person cultivating to enter a state of ethereal emptiness. Entering this state, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation seemed smoother and faster.

Every time at the end of his practice, Huang Xiaolong felt his soul and physique undergoing another cleansing, just like the sanctification ritual.

As Huang Xiaolong continued with his breathing exercise, the netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy continued to course in his meridians, whereas in his Qi Sea, the three different energies were buoyant and stalwart.

Three vigorous energies crashed against the Sixth Order barrier, causing a soul splitting pain to spread over Huang Xiaolong's body.

Huang Xiaolong knew it was time. Swiftly gathering his focus, Huang Xiaolong did his best to suppress the pain spreading out in every inch of his body.

The tearing pain came again and again as Huang Xiaolong persisted, crashing at the Xiantian Sixth Order barrier again and again.

Entering the Xiantian realm, especially mid-levels Xiantian realm, every order advance was like an uphill battle. The pain that came with it was ten, a hundred fold what a Houtian warrior experienced, so much that even someone as strong willed as Huang Xiaolong could barely grit his teeth and bear the soul splitting pain.

It went on for some time, and suddenly, Huang Xiaolong's body shook as a breaking sound echoed internally. Three different lights burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body, filling the entire space of the Xumi Temple.

Sixth Order, he broke through!

The netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy cheered into Huang Xiaolong's Xiantian Sixth Order meridians route.

Bright lights exploded from the twin dragons hovering above, dragon scales fell off like autumn leaves and regrew as their bodies

became bigger. Huang Xiaolong's twin dragon martial spirits evolved every time he broke through a Xiantian Order.

Huang Xiaolong continued running the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture, stopping only when the signs of breakthrough stabilized. Submerging his spiritual sense to check his body's condition, Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed, he advanced! Reaching Xiantian Sixth Order, then the Seventh Order was closer within his grasp.

As long as he reached Xiantian Seventh Order, he was a high-level Xiantian warrior! No matter in which empire, a high-level Xiantian warrior carried an extremely high status.

However, Huang Xiaolong did not immediately depart to the Bedlam Lands, he took some time to spend with his family. His sister Huang Min also came to the Southern Hill Estate for visits several times after marrying over to the Guo Family.

Watching this pair of newlyweds acting sweet and lovely, Huang Xiaolong was happy for them and content. His sister had chosen the right person.

Inevitably, the intimate pair also made Huang Xiaolong think of Li Lu, the young woman dressed in a white flowing dress, revealing two lovely dimples when she laughed.

'I wonder what she's doing now...' Huang Xiaolong wondered to himself.

Ten days came and went.

In these ten days, Huang Xiaolong had firmly stabilized his recent breakthrough, even enhancing his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate. Initially, according to Huang Xiaolong's estimation, he needed at least three months time to reach the first level of Ancient Puppetry Art, but only two months had passed and he had already reached the first level.

"It's time to head to the Bedlam Lands." On this day, Huang

Xiaolong exited the Godly Mt. Xumi, muttering to himself.

Bedlam Lands!

Other than buying grade one spirit stones in the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong had another motive: to build his own power, a power that truly belonged to him.

Huang Xiaolong aimed to build a new powerful empire with his own hands!

And the Bedlam Lands was the perfect choice for this, being negligible in the eyes of the three continents, saving him a lot of trouble not being in conflict with other empires.

In the great hall, when Su Yan heard Huang Xiaolong was leaving to the Bedlam Lands, moreover, going alone, the words flew from her lips: “Long’er, you want to go to the Bedlam Lands alone?! No!”

About the Bedlam Lands, Su Yan had heard about it from Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu, she was aware that the place was filled with murders, atrocities, and evil people.

“That’s right Young Lord, it’s too dangerous for you to go to the Bedlam Lands alone. Either me or Zhang Fu, one of us should accompany you!” Zhao Shu tried to persuade.

Zhang Fu followed up, “That’s correct Young Lord. The Bedlam Lands is very different from the Blessed Buddha Empire. In the Bedlams, even a Xiantian Tenth Order warrior could lose his life anytime.”

Huang Xiaolong insisted, “Say no more, I have already decided to make the trip alone.” He wanted to use the time to grind, how could he not be aware of the dangers and risk involved? Furthermore, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu’s presence could not guarantee his protection all the time.

When Huang Peng and Su Yan wanted to say more, Huang Xiaolong laughed lightly, “Father, Mother, don’t worry, I’m the

Godly Mt. Xumi's owner, I won't die that easily."

Legend has it, the owner of Godly Mt. Xumi was protected by a mysterious power, and would not fall so easily.

## Chapter 245: Entering the Bedlam Lands

---

“The owner of Godly Mt. Xumi won’t fall so easily?” Huang Peng and Su Yan were dumbfounded. Although both of them were aware of their son possessing the Heavenly Treasure, neither of them had heard about this particular detail.

At this point, Zhao Shu stepped forward to reaffirmed, “House Master Huang, what Young Lord said is true, there indeed is such a legend.”

Zhang Fu behind him nodded convincingly as well. Both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu did heard legends related to it.

Seeing this, Huang Peng and Su Yan’s worried hearts loosened a little. Even so, Huang Xiaolong couldn’t escape when Su Yan clutched at his hand, telling him for more than an hour he should take care of himself, safety first, pay attention, be vigilant, don’t fight with others, etc, and more.

Huang Xiaolong smiled wryly in his heart as he patiently listened to his mother, nagging for more than an hour.

Close to two hours later, Huang Xiaolong bid farewell to the four people looking at him, Huang Peng, Su Yan, Zhao Shu, and Zhang Fu. Huang Xiaolong left Duanren Imperial City on foot, he had the flying twin dragon martial spirits and the Godly Mt. Xumi, therefore he did not require a mount.

Watching her son’s figure grow smaller, dimmer, and vaguer before her eyes, Su Yan couldn’t resist getting teary eyed.

“It’ll be fine, don’t cry. Long’er promised, he’ll be back within two years.” Huang Peng wrapped an arm around his wife’s shoulders, comforting her.

Su Yan nodded, wiping away her tears. Then she suddenly added, “I wonder how is that child Li Lu doing.”

Huang Peng was taken aback at the abrupt topic, but he said,



“Don’t worry, Long’er and her will definitely be together!”

Su Yan nodded her head again. The four of them turned around and returned to the Southern Hill Estate a while later.

...

At this time, in a certain kingdom under Duanren Empire’s territory, Yao Fei was listening to his subordinate’s report. Cruel lights of excitement flashed in his pupils, “You’re very sure, Huang Xiaolong left Duanren Imperial City alone?”

“Yes Young Lord, there's no mistake about it!” That subordinate answered respectfully, “Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu did not follow him, both are still in the Southern Hill Estate!”

Yao Fei burst out in a hearty laughter hearing that, “Huang Xiaolong, oh Huang Xiaolong, this time I’ll see how you can escape from my hand!” he turned towards his subordinate again, “Did you find out where he’s heading to?”

“Not yet,” the subordinate added, “But he’s traveling towards the southeast direction.”

“Southeast direction.” Yao Fei repeated to himself, he turned around saying, “Continue to have people watch the Southern Hill Estate’s movements, go.” He waved the subordinate away after finished giving the instruction.

That subordinate saluted with respect before making his way out.

“Southeast direction...” Yao Fei’s figure leaped into the air, disappearing in a blur as he flew southeast, piercing through space.

Ten days later, Yao Fei landed on a piece of bare land. When his feet touched the ground, Yao Fei struck out his fist in anger, shattering a hundred zhang small hill not far away into pieces.

For the last ten days, he had been chasing and tracking, but not to mention Huang Xiaolong’s shadow, he couldn’t even find a hair

left behind by Huang Xiaolong along the way.

According to his subordinate's report, Huang Xiaolong was confirmed to be traveling in the same southeast direction, but ten days! He had been pursuing Huang Xiaolong for ten days and he didn't catch a wisp of Huang Xiaolong's presence.

"Huang Xiaolong, I don't believe you can hide under this heaven and earth!" Yao Fei snarled ferociously, and disappeared from the spot, continuing his pursuit. He waited a long time for an opportunity like this one, he would not let it go so easily.

One month later.

In the air close to one of Spring Faun Empire's borders, with a flash, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette appeared. Looking at the dark sky, Huang Xiaolong surveyed the surroundings. Deciding on a spot to rest for the night, he leaped towards one of the hills in front. He would continue his journey tomorrow.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't aware that Yao Fei was chasing him. This one month's time, he traveled using the Godly Mt. Xumi, controlling it to fly as he practiced at the center of the Ten Buddha Formation. That piece of heaven grade spirit stone given by Shi Fantian, Huang Xiaolong used it as the Ten Buddha Formation's energy source.

Heaven grade spirit stones were undoubtedly valuable, but for Huang Xiaolong nothing was more important than enhancing his strength. Only by becoming stronger could he have the qualifications to stand at the top of the Martial Spirit World. Otherwise, this so-called wealth and power were nothing more than a mirage.

And because he was cultivating within the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong had inadvertently avoided Yao Fei's pursue.

The Godly Mt. Xumi was practically an independent space on its own, cutting off any nature of tracking from the outside. Not to

mention Yao Fei, who was a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, not even an early Saint realm expert could sense it.

Landing in the vicinity of a small forest, Huang Xiaolong chose a spot, ran his internal force and built a fire. The winter weather had yet to pass and with a small camp fire going, it quickly warmed up the area, dispersing the lingering cold.

“If my Body Metamorphose Scripture reached stage twelve, reaching perfection, would I really be able to condense a true core...” Huang Xiaolong pondered as he watched the burning fire, his hand moved to take out a jug of Sapidity Wine from the Asura Ring.

Just a few more days and his Body Metamorphose Scripture would advance into Stage Eleven: Fighting Form.

During his time on Earth, the explanation passed down by his ancestors stated that by completing the twelve stages of Body Metamorphose Scripture, an individual would enter the small perfection realm and the true qi internal force inside their dantian would evolve into true essence energy. Following that, true essence energy would then rebuild and improve upon the body's physical potential to the extent that one would remain youthful-looking. In addition, it even added years to one's lifespan! At that time, Huang Xiaolong's dantian would also transform into an inner core.

Bearing an inner true core, it would grow and multiply by itself, absorbing spiritual energy at all times, meaning Huang Xiaolong could cultivate his internal force at all times. The most crucial point was—after the dantian evolved into an inner true core, Huang Xiaolong could fly on a sword.

Sword flight... by Huang Xiaolong's estimation, would be much faster than flying on the blue dragon. According to ancient legends, practitioners that successfully formed an internal core could fly ten thousand li in a day on their swords.

“There's also the Asura Tactics, I'm on the edge of breaking

through the fourth stage.” Huang Xiaolong mumbled to no one.

The Asura Tactics. Entering the fourth stage, Huang Xiaolong could open the Eye of Hell, which could see through all illusions, penetrating all space barriers, to the extent of seeing another mountain behind a mountain. Not to mention, the Eye of Hell had a bizarre spiritual attack. If Huang Xiaolong opened the Eye of Hell, it meant he had another trump card in his hand.

More importantly, it would save him a lot of trouble.

Morning arrived and Huang Xiaolong leaped up, shuttling in the air, continuing his journey to the Bedlam Lands.

Three months passed.

Huang Xiaolong finally traversed through Snow Wind Continent, arriving at the Bedlam Lands.

Other than rushing on the journey, he spent most of the three months cultivating in the Xumi Temple, thus avoiding unnecessary troubles. Only sometimes, when Huang Xiaolong stayed out in the wilderness, would he run into some small groups of bandits that took Huang Xiaolong for some vulnerable lone traveler. All of them were easily taken care of by Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong’s current strength allowed him to easily deal with two average Xiantian Seventh Order without breaking much of a sweat.

“This is the Bedlam Lands?!” Huang Xiaolong stared at the vast of parched land in front of him, sand and dust rolling in the dry wind. The instant he stepped onto the land, Huang Xiaolong felt a strong death aura in the air as well as a demonic energy and an indescribable bloodthirst, evil, and desolateness.

Huang Xiaolong ran his internal force and battle qi, vigilantly preparing for any unforeseen events. He moved forward slowly, unhurriedly, northward, where the Sin City was located, in the most northern part of the Bedlam Lands.

“The death aura in front and the smell of blood is too dense!”  
After flying for two hours, Huang Xiaolong suddenly stopped. His vigilance soared.

## Chapter 246: Shall We Entertain this Kid?

---

Detecting the dense death aura and a strong smell of rusty blood, Huang Xiaolong slowed down. As he got closer, the stench of death in the air became denser and the smell of blood suffocating.

‘What a thick death aura!’ Huang Xiaolong’s heart tightened warily.

This density of dead aura could only form from several hundreds of thousands of people dying in the same place, perhaps even millions.

As such, there was only one possibility, the area in front was a battlefield! The suffocating smell of blood meant there was a war going on up ahead.

Huang Xiaolong spread his spiritual sense out, and ten minutes later, he landed atop a small hill. Looking out from a higher point, Huang Xiaolong indeed found people fighting in the wide plains some distance ahead.

Differentiated by the color red and yellow, two armies, armed to the teeth with swords and spears, engaged in an intense battle, stallions roaring from hundreds of miles, blood-curdling screams weaved amongst raging bellows. War cries shook the sky, death aura and heavy blood scent gathered above the battlefield into pillows of dark red clouds—dead spirits cloud.

Although the nearby empires did not set their minds to conquer the Bedlam Lands, on the Bedlam Lands were at least ten thousand cities controlled by different forces or sects. Small powers controlled one city, bigger forces controlled two or more cities, and the more tyrannical hegemonies had ten or more cities under their rule.

War was common between these cities. Today, the master of a city could be a certain family, but when the sun shines tomorrow

or the next month, the master could have been replaced.

Therefore, the battle scene in front of him didn't surprise Huang Xiaolong. Watching the rich dark red clouds of death aura and blood energy in the sky, an idea flashed through Huang Xiaolong's mind. All these dead spirits clouds, in essence, were formed from blood soul qi, which was the most favorable for Huang Xiaolong to practice the Asura Demon Claw.

All these years, Huang Xiaolong had mostly sidelined this battle skill due to its blood soul qi requirement. But the Asura Demon Claw's power was undeniable. There were five moves to the Asura Demon Claw, and each one had an earth-shaking effect, any one of them reaching major completion would carry more destructive power than the Asura Sword Skill.

Huang Xiaolong immediately diverted his energy in accordance to the Asura Demon Claw technique. Ten fingers bent into claws and a suction force aimed towards the groups of dark red clouds in the sky. Instantly, strands of dark energy floated down toward Huang Xiaolong's hands.

Strands of dark energy continued to flow to Huang Xiaolong's hands, being absorbed into his body, circulating along the veins. In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong slashed the void with both claw-shaped hands.

Horrifying cries reverberated as two dark palms flew out, tearing space straight onto the cliff wall some distance away. The surrounding sky darkened, shadows spiraled within the dark fog, no less than fifteen wraith heads issued wails that raised goosebumps down the neck.

Watching this result made Huang Xiaolong ecstatic. Practicing the Asura Demon Claw using the soul blood qi from the dead spirits cloud gathered above this battlefield exceeded his expectations by many folds over! Based on this result, if Huang Xiaolong practiced here for three to four months, he would be able

to reach major completion in Asura Demon Claw's first move.

Not wasting time, Huang Xiaolong continued to absorb the soul blood qi coming from the dead spirits cloud above time and again as he practiced the first move of Asura Demon Claw, Laments of Thousands of Demons.

More than two hours passed. Huang Xiaolong immersed himself in practice, entering a state of selflessness.

Although it was a mere two hours, the attack power the first move, Lament of Thousands of Demons experienced a great leap. When attacking, the dark claw imprints doubled in size, the dark fog around them was more condensed, and the wraiths' cries sounded the air akin to thousands of demons struggling to break free from a cage.

At the same time, dark black fog enshrouded Huang Xiaolong akin to a supreme wraith, forming a protective barrier around him. This was one of the terrifying points of the Asura Demon Claw, while attacking, it also protected the user, a powerful and unpredictable offensive and defensive skill.

And while Huang Xiaolong was in a state of selflessness, from afar, sounds of piercing winds trailed behind two figures clad in deep amethyst robes. Two middle-aged men landed on another peak, on the edge of the battlefield.

One of them had a slanting sword scar on his forehead and the other had a long horse-like face. From a higher point, both watched the maelstrom of chaos and blood on the battlefield below and nodded appreciatively.

"Kill, kill more, the more dead the better, haha... The more dead spirit blood qi the faster the undead corpse we refined will advance to Earth rank grade six." The scar-faced middle-aged man laughed in a boisterous manner.

The long horse-faced middle-aged man followed laughing, "Five



years later, us brothers' undead corpse would be able to advance to Earth rank grade seven. At that time, joining our strength together, no disciples in Sky Magi Sect would be our opponents, other than Master!"

The scar-faced man looked up towards the rolling dark red dead spirits cloud above. His brows knitted together all of a sudden, "Something's wrong! How come the dead spirit blood qi is so much lesser than usual?!"

Hearing the scar-faced man's exclamation, the long horse-faced man hurried to look at the sky above the wide plains. Just one glance and he knew, indeed, the dead spirit blood qi was much lesser.

Both of them came to collect dead spirit blood qi yesterday as well. When they left, the dark red clouds above were much more abundant than this, and today, the two armies continued to battle, the dead spirits blood qi should have accumulated much more. There was something fishy going on.

On this ongoing battlefield, the death aura was strong, and in general dead spirit blood qi could last for a long period of time at high altitudes.

"Eh, there's actually someone absorbing the dead spirits blood qi?!" In the next moment, the horse-faced middle-aged man saw that within the clouds above some blood qi was being absorbed, flowing towards another peak.

Seeing this, the scar-faced middle-aged man sneered coldly, "There's actually someone unafraid of death, they dare to come here to this Specter Battlefield trying to snatch dead spirits blood qi from us! Since someone's looking for death, then we shall fulfill their wish!" He flew up without another word, transforming into a wisp of black smoke, floating towards the peak where Huang Xiaolong was.

The horse-faced man quickly caught up.

From far away, both men watched Huang Xiaolong practicing the Asura Demon Claw. His hands waved out, tearing space, manifesting many wailing wraiths. They exchanged a glance and saw shock mirrored on each other's face.

“So powerful, what battle skill is this kid practicing?!” Seconds later, the scar-faced man couldn't help blurting, “This, this is probably even stronger than our Sect's Sky Magi Palm?!”

The horse-faced middle-aged man exclaimed: “Could it be a Heaven rank battle skill?!”

Heaven rank battle skill! Their eyes lit up brightly.

The scar-faced man broke out in a hearty laughter, “I didn't expect, ah, that we would run into such a good thing. Brother, even the Heavens are looking after us! With this Heaven rank battle skill, once we both made progress in its cultivation, not even Chen Xiaotian, that old fogey, will our opponent. At that time, the Sky Magi Sect can only be ours!”

The horse-faced man laughed agreeably.

“Come, capture that kid alive, we must not let him escape!”

“Capture this kid, make him tell us about this battle skill, then we'll ‘entertain’ him a little, let him know the consequences of snatching dead spirits blood qi from us!”

The two men sped up, whistling past the wind, arriving on the peak where Huang Xiaolong was training on in the blink of an eye. One in front and one at the back, blocking all of Huang Xiaolong's escape routes, preventing him from running away.

Landing on the ground, both men slowly approached Huang Xiaolong.

## Chapter 247: Not Willing?

---

It wasn't until the two people closed in within a hundred meters that Huang Xiaolong gradually ended his practice. Converging his Asura Demon Claw flow within his body, Huang Xiaolong scrutinized the two people approaching, one from the front and one behind him.

In fact, Huang Xiaolong had already noticed them the moment they appeared on the other peak, however, because these two were only Xiantian Sixth Order, Huang Xiaolong paid no further attention to them.

By this point, the two middle-aged men halted their steps ten meters away from Huang Xiaolong and stood still.

The scar-faced man's eyes inspected Huang Xiaolong up and down while his lips arched in a friendly smile, "This Lil' Bro, may I know which sect you're from, how shall I address you?"

Although the scar-faced man already planned to capture Huang Xiaolong and force the battle skill out from his mouth, he was in no hurry to do so before he has an idea about Huang Xiaolong's background, for instance, which sect Huang Xiaolong belonged to.

The Sky Magi Sect wasn't weak by the Bedlams' standard, but still, before certain hegemony existences they were no different than an insignificant ant. By chance, this young man was one of those existences' disciple, or worse, a core disciple, the scar-faced man would think twice before making a move.

Otherwise, if he mistakenly provoked a tyrannical existence without knowing, he risked being turned into slag.

Huang Xiaolong already knew what two these were thinking by the look on their faces. Sneering secretly he repeated in a taciturn manner, "Which sect's disciple?"

The horse-faced man revealed a kind smile, "Yes, who knows,

maybe Lil' Bro's Master is an old friend of our Master..."

"You think too much, I don't belong to any sect in the Bedlam Lands." Huang Xiaolong cut in, "So, you need not worry about loose ends after killing me."

Both the scar-faced and horse-faced middle-aged men were stunned, neither expected Huang Xiaolong's would be so 'direct.' Exchanging a glance between them, there was faint doubt in their eyes as their attention fell on Huang Xiaolong once again.

Did not belong to the Bedlam Lands?!

Then, where does this young man's confidence come from? Both of them could tell Huang Xiaolong was just a mid-Xiantian Sixth Order, whereas the two of them were late-Xiantian Sixth Order experts. With them joining to attack, this young man had no chance to escape.

"Make your move." While both were still stumped, Huang Xiaolong spoke again, "I'm giving you one chance, letting you make the first move."

Hearing this, the two of them frowned as they stared at Huang Xiaolong, confusion and vigilance spiked as they exchanged another glance. Yet, no one moved.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and smiled sardonically watching these two people's hesitation, "Weren't both of you curious to know if I was practicing a Heaven rank battle skill? I can tell you now, it is indeed a Heaven rank battle skill, and it is not a mere Heaven rank low-grade battle skill."

Not a mere Heaven rank low-grade! Their eyes shone brightly.

Before they realized what happened, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, his two hands formed into claws and slashed out in opposite directions. From Huang Xiaolong's attack, two huge dark claw shadows tore across space, black fog rolling as a dozen evil wraiths shrieked viciously. The surrounding light was blotted out.

Watching the two huge dark palms targeting them, the scar-faced and horse-faced middle-aged men were alarmed, instantly jumping back to dodge, releasing their battle qi at the same time, aiming a fist to counter Huang Xiaolong's attack.

“Sky Corpse Fist!”

“Feral Undead!”

Both men shouted at the same time.

Their attacks were shrouded in a perceivable death aura, accompanied by a nauseating smell that withered the air, akin to a hundred-year-old rotting corpse laid bare.

In a split second, their fist imprints collided with Huang Xiaolong's palm imprints.

Boom! A loud impact resounded like the crackle of a vengeful thunderbolt. Air currents shook violently, blasting out in all four directions, sand and dust rose as crack lines zigzagged on the peak's surface, deepening into fissures.

What horrified the two men most was that Huang Xiaolong's Asura Demon Claws did not dissipate after the collision, instead they continued towards them.

Just when they wanted to swerve away, the black claw imprints already arrived before them, striking their torso accurately.

Both men plummeted to the ground with a tragic scream, raising another screen of dust and sand.

Poof! Crashing into the ground, blood spurted from their mouth, dyeing the dry yellow soil dark red.

“You, you cannot be!” Two men looked fearfully at Huang Xiaolong, there was shock, disbelief, and discernible fear in their eyes. Both of them were late-Xiantian Sixth Order, yet in a joint attack, they were the ones being gravely injured by the young man!

Huang Xiaolong approached slowly, ignoring the shock on their

faces, his cold voice sounded, “Like I’ve said earlier, I gave you a chance to attack first.”

Struggling to get up, they hastily moved back in panic.

“You, what do you want to do?!” Scar-face repressed the fear in his heart, asking Huang Xiaolong aloud.

“What do I want to do?” Huang Xiaolong sneered, “Didn’t you want to capture me, and ‘ask’ me about the Asura Demon Claw skill?”

Having their intentions exposed so plainly, uncertainty flitted past their eyes. It finally dawned on them that Huang Xiaolong already saw through their plan from the very beginning.

The horse-faced man forced an awkward smile, “This Lil’ Bro, we, we...”

Before he could finish, Huang Xiaolong’s silhouette blurred in a flicker, disappearing in mid-air. In the next instant, he appeared right in front of them, hands poised for another attack, but both men raised their hands in defense half a beat too late, as Huang Xiaolong’s palms once again struck their chests, sending them flying.

Two figures slammed into the cliff wall not far away, sliding down with gravel and stones. Huang Xiaolong approached once again, standing in front of two sprawled bodies.

“Lil’ Bro, we were wrong, we have eyes but failed to see, I beg, beg you, spare us.” The horse-faced middle-aged man cried pitifully with a trembling voice. Regardless if they believed it or not, Huang Xiaolong’s strength far surpassed their expectation and their strength. Before Huang Xiaolong, their resistance was futile.

“Spare you?” Huang Xiaolong dawdled, “Not killing you, is a negotiable option.”

The two men looked dumbly at Huang Xiaolong, unable to react appropriately. At first, both of them thought they were dead for

sure, for it was impossible for Huang Xiaolong to spare them. But Huang Xiaolong really wasn't going to kill them?

“You... won’t kill us?” Scar-face ventured cautiously.

“That’s right.” Huang Xiaolong answered, ever indifferent.

The scar-faced man hesitated before saying, “You, want us to submit to you?” There was no other possibility other than this that could make Huang Xiaolong spare them.

Huang Xiaolong nodded nonchalantly, causing the two to contemplate in silence. Huang Xiaolong waited patiently, in no hurry for a decision.

His plan to conquer the Bedlam Lands had to proceed one step at a time, and frankly, he had thought of reigning these two people when they appeared, as the stepping stones to taking over their sect, and with their sect as his base and foundation, spreading out to the entire Bedlam Lands. If these two had no value, they would have died long ago.

“I agree.” A short while later, the horse-faced middle-aged man was the first to speak, “I’m willing to submit to you.”

Following that, the scar-faced man echoed the same words, willing to submit to Huang Xiaolong.

“Good. Now, release your soul sea, I’m going to brand your soul sea with a soul mark.” Huang Xiaolong said while nodding his head.

“Brand a soul mark!” Both men blurted out in shock as their faces turned a shade whiter.

Watching their drastic reaction, Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly, how could he not guessed what these two were thinking earlier. First, they would agree to submit and the second they stepped into the Sky Magi Sect, they would sound the alarm, gathering the sect’s forces to siege him.

“What? Not willing?” The look in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes sharpened.



## Chapter 248: Black Demon City

---

Both the scar-faced man and horse-faced man looked warped with shock and fear. They never imagined that Huang Xiaolong would know such a method.

Soul marking techniques were arcane and had been a lost heritage for many years. Around six hundred years ago, there was a Saint realm warrior that used such arcane, soul marking to take control over several big families' Patriarchs and Sect Sovereigns, setting off a maelstrom of carnage in the Martial Spirit World. Cultivators and commoners alike lived in trepidation. During that time, the Xiantian warriors that died under that person's hand numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

Xiantian realm warriors, hundreds of thousands!

As for Houtian warriors, countless!

The real manifestation of 'blood flows like a river'!

At the end, that person's actions finally enraged some high-level recluse Saint realm experts that lived in a mysterious independent space, coming out to siege and hunt that person. Still, it only ended when a half-step God Realm high-expert joined the ranks of the pursuers, successfully killing the culprit. He was referred to as Gorefiend by later generations.

Watching the many thoughts flashing clearly on the two people's faces, Huang Xiaolong's mouth curved up at the corners into a cold sneer, sharp cold lights flickered close to Huang Xiaolong's hands as he summoned the Blades of Asura.

The Blades of Asura appeared, issuing a strange buzzing sound as they vibrated. On the surface of their bodies, a mysterious dark light flowed like a black liquid, causing the two injured men to tense up immediately.

"I, I'm willing to release my soul sea barrier!" The words flew out

from the horse-faced man without further delay.

“Me too, I’m willing!” The scar-faced man also did the same.

Compared to dying, both of them were more willing to let Huang Xiaolong brand a soul mark in their soul seas, although doing so would give Huang Xiaolong full control over their life and death. Still, it was more favorable than dying immediately.

Seeing the two men’s swift response, Huang Xiaolong snorted, ordering them to release their soul seas as he initiated the Soul Mandate. Deep inside Huang Xiaolong’s pupils, two dark purple soul characters glowed and flew out from Huang Xiaolong eyes, instantly entering into the scar-faced man and horse-faced man’s soul seas through the center of their eyebrows before their horrified expressions, firmly imprinting a soul mark in the core of their minds.

In the three months journey here, Huang Xiaolong had entered the first level of the Ancient Puppetry Art, allowing him to brand soul marks into others’ soul sea. Not only that, he managed to fuse the Ancient Puppetry soul marking method with the Soul Mandate so that he could use the Soul Mandate to perform the soul mark. It brought a better effect. The person being controlled looked normal from outside, being no different before and after the branding, not even someone close would notice anything wrong.

Sensing Huang Xiaolong’s soul mark within their soul seas, both men gave up on the idea of betrayal.

“This two pellets, swallow them.” A tiny bright spark flashed as Huang Xiaolong withdrew two thumb-sized medicinal pellets from the Asura Ring.

Staring at the round pellets in Huang Xiaolong’s palm, their faces tightened once more. “This is..?!” Once again they couldn’t help but ask with apprehension.

Huang Xiaolong’s face turned icy, “If I tell you to swallow, then

swallow it down!” With a wave, the two pellets floated into their palms.

Staring at the round pellets and at Huang Xiaolong, the scar-faced and horse-faced man paled slightly, however, they obediently swallow it down.

The instant the medicinal pellet entered their mouths, a warm energy spread throughout their bodies, they clearly felt the injuries on their bodies heal at rapid speed. Knowing that they had mistaken Huang Xiaolong’s kind intentions, thinking those two pellets were poison pills instead of healing pellets, they looked gratefully at Huang Xiaolong.

“Now, lead me to your Sky Magi Sect, tell me about the sect’s situation on the way.” Huang Xiaolong instructed.

“Yes, Master!” Both bowed respectfully.

Huang Xiaolong flew up and left the wide plains, led by his newly recruited subordinates. As for the Asura Demon Claw, Huang Xiaolong would come again another time.

On the way, the two middle-aged men reported the Sky Magi Sect’s situation to Huang Xiaolong.

The horse-faced man was called Du Xin and the sword scar-faced man was called Deng Guangliang, both were Sky Magi Sect Elders. Furthermore, the Sky Magi Sect’s Patriarch, Chen Xiaotian, was their Master.

Chen Xiaotian had five disciples in total, and amongst them, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang’s strength was considered the highest. The other three disciples were Xiantian Third Order, Fourth Order, and one at Xiantian Fifth Order.

Apart from them, the Sky Magi Sect had roughly one hundred and thirty Xiantian realm experts, however, within those numbers, only twenty of them were mid-level Xiantian, and as for high-level Xiantian, there were only two people.

High-level Xiantian realm experts, one of them was none other than their Master, Chen Xiaotian, a late-Xiantian Seventh Order, whereas the other person was the Sky Magi Sect's Grand Elder, Geng Ken, a peak mid-Xiantian Seventh Order. When the subject steered towards Chen Xiaotian's martial spirit, Huang Xiaolong was quite surprised to find out that Chen Xiaotian's martial spirit was actually the Windfire Tree!

Windfire Tree, a nature type martial spirit of the tree family, a first rank grade eleven martial spirit! In the Martial Spirit World, the emergence of a nature type tree martial spirit was rare, moreover, it was a superb talent martial spirit.

Geng Ken's martial spirit was slightly lackluster compared to Chen Xiaotian, a top grade ten martial spirit belonging to the weapon type, the Heaven Splitting Hammer. Although Geng Ken was only a Grand Elder, his influence in the sect was comparable to Chen Xiaotian's, as the Sovereign. There were over twenty Elders in the Sky Magi Sect and nearly half of them belonged to Geng Ken's faction, listening to his orders.

In conclusion, Chen Xiaotian didn't have full control over the Sky Magi Sect.

"Geng Ken..." Huang Xiaolong repeated the name to no one in particular.

This Geng Ken's strength was weaker than Chen Xiaotian's, yet he succeeded in reigning in half of the support to stand toe to toe with Chen Xiaotian. There had to be a different charm to him.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang led Huang Xiaolong, flying northward. Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong saw a granite city, built upon vast stretch of golden sand dunes.

The city was undoubtedly huge. Perhaps because of the years of succumbing to the grinding of desert sand, the city walls looked mottled and weather worn. Nearing the city, Huang Xiaolong noticed that the top of the city walls reflected countless obscured

dark lights, decorating the granite city walls. Huang Xiaolong guessed these dark lights should be splatters of blood left behind for many years, then again, only a massive number of slaughters could leave such a mark. One could imagine how many people's blood stained these city walls.

It could be a million, it could be ten million!

“This is Black Demon City?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

“Yes, Young Lord, this is Black Demon City.” Du Xin and Deng Guangliang both replied.

‘Master’ sounded awkward to Huang Xiaolong’s ears, thus he made Du Xin and Deng Guangliang change how they refer to him to Young Lord.

The Sky Magi Sect was located in Black Demon City.

Huang Xiaolong nodded as he followed the two towards Black Demon City’s city gates.

“Oh, it’s Elder Du Xin and Elder Deng Guangliang.” When they neared the city gates, someone that seemed to be the city guards’ captain approached Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, greeting them with a cupped fist and a smile. He ordered his subordinates to open the city gates, allowing the group of three to enter the city smoothly.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang nodded their heads slightly towards that captain, entering the city with Huang Xiaolong.

Entering the city, Huang Xiaolong surveyed the city as he walked down the streets. The streets in Black Demon City were about twenty meters wide, with shop fronts lining both sides of the streets, yet it lacked the bustling, prosperous atmosphere found in the Duanren Imperial City or any other big cities for that matter. Most of the doors and walls of these shop fronts bore fighting scars from blades, swords, and other weapons. Some of these shop fronts’ signboards were actually cleaved in half, and along the way,

they would come across an occasional puddle of blood.

Evidence that a fresh battle just happened.

As Huang Xiaolong strolled along the streets, looking around, the people in the streets were also observing him with curious stares. But, these curiosities were nipped in the bud when they caught sight of Du Xin and Deng Guangliang behind him. Noticing Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, the pedestrians quickly scrambled away in fear.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang donned on the Sky Magi Sect Elders' robes, and here in Black Demon City, the Sky Magi Sect was one of the three hegemony powers.

## Chapter 249: Ghost Shadow Sect

---

With Du Xin and Deng Guangliang following behind him, no one dared to look for trouble with Huang Xiaolong, otherwise, there would have been a dozen instances of people coming to welcome Huang Xiaolong with ‘kind’ intentions in the new city.

The whole time, from Huang Xiaolong’s observation, the majority of these Black Demon City residents emanated a strong killing aura and a heavy blood scent. Of course, most of them possessed quite a high battle qi cultivation. Even the little kids running around in the streets exuded a feral temperament.

No doubt, those who managed to survive in the Bedlam Lands were no easy characters. In the Bedlam Lands, you couldn’t afford to be kind!

“Be—Beg, I beg you, don’t kill me!” Just as Huang Xiaolong continued to walk calmly, up ahead on the same street, a disturbance took place. Looking over, Huang Xiaolong met with the scene of a brawny man kneeling on his knees, crying for mercy before a woman.

This woman had her back towards Huang Xiaolong, hence he wasn’t able to make out her features. Still, this woman’s back was a scenery in its own right; tall and slender, with scandalous curves.

While the brawny man was on his knees begging for mercy, the woman slowly unsheathed her longsword from the scabbard hanging around her waist. The blade reflected the sunlight, glinting a chilling azure-emerald light.

Watching the woman’s action, fear took over the brawny man, knocking his head against the street intensively as he continued to beg, “Don’t kill me, I know my wrongs, I won’t dare anymore!”

At the precise moment that man’s voice fell, the woman’s wrist turned, the longsword in her hand made a dazzling curve and the

brawny man's pleading cries halted forever. A finger raised halfway to point at the woman, but the man's body swayed to the side, tumbling to the street. Only then did blood spurt out from the man's throat, painting a canvas of red on the pavement.

Pedestrians gathered some distance away, watching like a spectating crowd at a performance, there were sounds of talking and laughter as if this kind of event were the norm for them.

After killing the brawny man, the woman didn't even spare a glance at his corpse, she turned away and left without a word. When she turned around, Huang Xiaolong caught a glimpse of the woman's face—beautiful, but icy.

As the woman was leaving, her eyes swept past Huang Xiaolong's face. There was a momentary shock when she caught sight of Du Xin and Deng Guangliang right behind him, but it was only for a moment and was gone when she brushed past Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's heart tightened: this woman was not so simple, her strength was on par with him, at least, a Seventh Order.

"That woman is probably someone from the Ghost Shadow Sect." After the woman was out of sight, Du Xin stepped closer to Huang Xiaolong and explained.

"Ghost Shadow Sect?" Huang Xiaolong puzzled.

"Yes, Young Lord. The Ghost Shadow Sect's power in the Bedlam Lands is not weaker than our Sky Magi Sect. To be honest, they are slightly stronger than us." Deng Guangliang added, "The Ghost Shadow Sect's Sovereign is a Xiantian Eight Order expert, and that woman earlier should be Ghost Shadow Sect Sovereign Gui Ying's disciple. Their headquarters is located in Blood River City, not far from our Black Demon City."

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

Blood River City is it? Mn, after he took control of Black Demon City, the cities surrounding Black Demon City would be next



Soon, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang brought Huang Xiaolong to their mansion.

Having a personal mansion in a main city such as Black Demon City was a symbol of strength and power. In general, only mid-Xiantian experts with status, such as Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, could own personal land in Black Demon City. Xiantian experts with lower cultivation and status, at most, could own a small courtyard.

Entering the mansion, the servants and guards greeted Du Xin and Deng Guangliang respectfully as they moved towards the main hall.

In the main hall.

Huang Xiaolong sat in the center main seat. He had ordered both Du Xin and Deng Guangliang to assemble all the mansion's servants and guards to the main hall. Understanding Huang Xiaolong's intentions, both of them executed Huang Xiaolong's order without question.

When all the servants and guards arrived, each was shocked noticing the person sitting in the center main seat was a stranger to them, while Du Xin and Deng Guangliang stood on each side.

With all of them gathered, Du Xin briefly introduced Huang Xiaolong to the servants and guards. Of course, it was done with obscuring details of Huang Xiaolong's background. Mainly stating that Huang Xiaolong was to be referred to as Young Noble Huang, seeing him was no different than seeing him or Deng Guangliang in person, and to be shown the same respect.

Although many were curious and doubtful at the same time about Huang Xiaolong, no one dared to ask, only obediently following orders.

Huang Xiaolong scanned the many faces of these servants and guards and spoke slowly, addressing their curiosity "I know all of

you are curious about my identity, but I hope you understand clearly what should be said and what shouldn't be said! Whoever dares to leak a word of this outside this main hall, discussing my identity, if it reaches my knowledge, they will be killed on the spot! Do you understand?" Huang Xiaolong released a sharp, murderous aura from his body, enveloping the entire main hall in a whelming pressure.

Enveloped by the chilling murderous aura, all the servants and guards felt as if they fell into a thousand year ice abyss, fear filled their eyes as all of them swiftly got down on their knees, each claiming they dare not whisper a word. At that moment, they realized, this Young Noble Huang was stronger than their masters.

Watching the group of servants and guards on their knees, Huang Xiaolong nodded, satisfied with their response. Allowing them the stand, Huang Xiaolong waved them away, "You can leave, return to whatever you should be doing."

Everyone answered in unison and hurried to withdraw from the main hall.

Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze from the leaving servants. He wasn't done controlling the Sky Magi Sect, therefore he didn't wish to expose his existence in Black Demon City so early, attracting Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken's suspicion. It would be too much work. He believed that with his warning earlier, there wouldn't be any loose lips amongst these servants and guards, unless someone tortured them.

Of course Huang Xiaolong could use soul marking to control them, however, every time he used this method, it greatly consumed his spiritual force. And overusing the method had side effects, which would be detrimental to his future cultivation. Hence, unless it was necessary, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't exhaust his spiritual force this way.

"Young Lord, what should we do next?" After everyone had left

the main hall, Deng Guangliang inquired of Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the two of them, saying: “No hurry, I will tell you what to do when the time comes.”

Both replied yes with respect.

A tiny glow shone from Huang Xiaolong’s hand as he took out two spirit pellets from the Asura Ring, “These two are grade six spirit pellets.” With that, he flicked the two pellets towards Du Xin and Deng Guangliang’s palm.

Instantly, an enticing fragrance wafted into Du Xin and Deng Guangliang’s noses.

“Grade six spirit pellets!” Both exclaimed in surprise looking at the pellet in their hands. Even in the Bedlam Lands, grade six spirit pellets were hard to come by.

“Young Lord, this, is rewarding us?” Du Xin wasn’t sure and ventured with caution.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, “Perform well in the future, you’ll have many more of these grade six spirit pellets.” Although Huang Xiaolong branded their soul seas with his soul marks, forcing them to have no other choice but to listen to his orders, Huang Xiaolong was someone who had clear distinctions between reward and punishment. With those deserving to be rewarded, he would not be stingy.

Moreover, to others, refining grade six pellets was a difficult task, but it didn’t apply to Huang Xiaolong, who had the Thousand Beasts Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

“Many thanks, Young Lord! We will definitely carry out all of Young Lord’s orders, doing our best effort for Young Lord unto our dying day!” Du Xin and Deng Guangliang knelt down and kowtowed as they vowed.

The words spoken were honest and heartfelt.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and allowed them to take their leave for now. He would be giving them instructions later. Huang Xiaolong already had a plan on how to take over the Sky Magi Sect.

# Chapter 250: Controlling the Giant Puppets

---

And so, Huang Xiaolong stayed in Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's mansion and started cultivating.

For the time being, Huang Xiaolong was in no rush to take over and control the Sky Magi Sect. At times like these, it was never a good idea to rush, even if he wanted to. Otherwise, it would only make matters worse, causing him to fall flat on his face instead.

Huang Xiaolong needed to first restore his spiritual force after branding the soul marks on Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, it had consumed most of his spiritual force.

Seven days passed quickly.

Over the last seven days, everything went on as usual within the mansion.

Due to the stern warning from Huang Xiaolong on the first day, none of the servants dared to speak of him to outsiders or have hushed discussions amongst themselves. Thus, Huang Xiaolong's arrival escaped the attention of Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken of the Sky Magi Sect.

This gave Huang Xiaolong time to cultivate the Ancient Puppetry Technique and Soul Mandate in peace.

Seven days—it was enough for Huang Xiaolong to fully recover from his overdrawn spiritual force, and it even became stronger, which made Huang Xiaolong notice a crucial point. Cultivating to restore spiritual force after exhaustion actually helped his spiritual force to grow faster.

This discovery made Huang Xiaolong elated.

With his spiritual force abundant again, Huang Xiaolong entered the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and approached the sacrificial altar. On the altar, the nineteen supreme looking giant puppets still remained seated in the same meditative pose.

Although Huang Xiaolong had reached the first level of the Ancient Puppetry Technique, giving him the ability to brand other living beings with a soul mark, he had yet to try manipulating any one of these nineteen giant puppets.

Now that Huang Xiaolong aimed to take over the Sky Magi Sect, it highly increased his chances if he succeeded in controlling these giant puppets as his aides.

Walking up to the sacrificial altar, Huang Xiaolong looked at the puppet in the front row that was the furthest away from him, on the left corner.

According to the ancient Linglong Tribe's writings on the sacrificial altar, one must follow a specific order if they wished to activate and control these puppets. That puppet on the edge of the front row was the first one.

Coming to a stop in front of the first puppet, Huang Xiaolong ran the Ancient Puppetry Art. His sea of consciousness shook as he gathered spiritual force, sending out invisible waves of energy in the form of an imprint that aimed at the giant puppet from the center of its brows, penetrating straight into its 'mind.'

When Huang Xiaolong's soul mark entered the puppet's mind, he was horrified at the absorption force that emerged from inside the puppet. Huang Xiaolong felt his spiritual force being drained, devoured at rapid speed and out of his control.

"This is...?!" Huang Xiaolong paled considerably.

At this rate, his spiritual force was going to be emptied out in less than two minutes. If that happened, Huang Xiaolong would be reduced to an idiot!

Huang Xiaolong ran the Ancient Puppetry Art again, planning to terminate the connection between him and the puppet forcefully, but subsequently, Huang Xiaolong found out he actually couldn't withdraw or cut the connection using violent force!

“This... why is it like this!”

Just as Huang Xiaolong contemplated if he should strike the giant puppet away, the strong suction whirlpool vanished all of a sudden. For Huang Xiaolong, it felt like he had just gone through an arduous battle for his life. His body swayed, falling to his butt on the altar, heavily gasping for air.

Huang Xiaolong wiped his forehead and cold sweat trickled down his fingers.

Damn, that was close! Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

While Huang Xiaolong was trying to calm down, the first puppet's eyes snapped open, two brilliant green lights shone from their depths. Next, the giant puppet slowly got up. Even so, its every action shook the large sacrificial altar.

When these giant puppets were in a sitting posture, Huang Xiaolong had roughly estimated their height to be more than three meters, but when the first giant puppet rose to full height in front of him, it far exceeded Huang Xiaolong's imagination!

The giant puppet's height was close to four meters, with a body twice as big as an average human warrior, akin to a small hill.

“Ah Feng greets Master!” After the puppet stood up, it moved closer to Huang Xiaolong and knelt before him in greeting.

Seeing that his first attempt in branding a soul mark into the puppet's mind was successful, Huang Xiaolong was greatly relieved.

“Ah Feng?” At this point, some memories entered Huang Xiaolong's consciousness, related to this particular puppet.

The first puppet's strength had reached early-Xiantian Sixth Order. However, because it was refined from an ancient giant tribe, its body defense and brute strength were entirely on another level. Therefore, even though it was only an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, this puppet was stronger than two late-Xiantian Sixth

Orders like Du Xin and Deng Guangliang put together.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up.

Nineteen supreme giant puppets. As the order moved towards the back, each puppet's strength was higher than the one before!

If the first supreme giant puppet was an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, then what about the second and the third one? What extent would their strength reach?

Huang Xiaolong's heart surged with anticipation.

"Get up." Huang Xiaolong ordered Ah Feng. Instead of rushing to control the second puppet, Huang Xiaolong sat down and started to restore his nearly depleted spiritual force.

Three days and three nights later, Huang Xiaolong returned to peak form. Once again, he noticed that his spiritual force had grown much stronger after recovering.

The entire time he was recuperating, the first giant puppet, Ah Feng, stood close to Huang Xiaolong, safeguarding him.

After his spiritual force had recovered, Huang Xiaolong came to stand before the second supreme giant puppet. The second puppet seemed to be a female but its appearance was just as intimidating as the first one... and just as huge.

Standing in front of the second giant puppet, Huang Xiaolong once again ran the Ancient Puppetry Art. His spiritual force gathered, transforming into a soul mark as the energy swirled, entering the female puppet's mind between the brows, just like with the first puppet.

The same strong suction force came from within the female puppet, but this time, having experienced it once, Huang Xiaolong did not panic.

Sometime later, the suction force disappeared just like it did before. However, the amount of spiritual force purloined by the



second puppet exceeded the first.

Inferring the situation from this discovery, Huang Xiaolong surmised that, at most, he could control four giant puppets with his current level of spiritual force. Any more than that, his spiritual force would not be able to support if he tried controlling the fifth giant puppet as well.

Gaining the second puppet, Huang Xiaolong spent the next few days restoring his spiritual force, preparing to brand a soul mark into the third giant puppet. The process repeated with the fourth giant puppet and Huang Xiaolong stopped after that.

The first giant puppet was an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, the second puppet was mid-Xiantian Sixth Order, the third puppet a late-Xiantian Sixth Order, whereas the fourth giant puppet was peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order!

Though for the time being, Huang Xiaolong could only manage to control four giant puppets, it was sufficient for his goal.

Bringing these four giant puppets into play, Huang Xiaolong's plan of taking over the Sky Magi Sect had just become much smoother. Initially, going up against Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken, he did not have a full grasp of defeating them. However, with these four giant puppets, those two were no longer an issue down the road.

With that, Huang Xiaolong exited the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

As for the four giant puppets, Huang Xiaolong left them inside the pagoda, where he could easily summon them out from if the need arose.

Appearing out from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, Huang Xiaolong called for Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, telling them to hold a banquet tomorrow evening and invite their three Junior Brothers.

“Yes, Young Lord!” Du Xin and Deng Guangliang answered

respectfully, aware that Huang Xiaolong was prepared to make his move.

Huang Xiaolong's plan was to control Sky Magi Sect's Elders firsthand before dealing with Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken at the end.

When both of them and the Sky Magi Sect Elders were under his control, the Sky Magi Sect would belong to Huang Xiaolong.

# Chapter 251: An Impetuous, Death Seeking Slave!

---

It was a beautiful sunny weather the next day!

Huang Xiaolong was nursing a cup of wine in the mansion's main hall. Du Xin and Deng Guangliang had both gone out to invite their three Junior Brothers to the planned banquet. Huang Xiaolong believed the two of them could perform this task well.

While Huang Xiaolong was taking pleasure from the wine in his hand, sounds of footsteps and laughter were heard outside the main hall.

“Eldest Senior Brother, you're too kind to invite us several Junior Brothers personally. Sending a servant to inform us would've been enough. Do you think the three of us would dare refuse an invitation from you?”

Listening to these voices, Huang Xiaolong knew Du Xin and Deng Guangliang had returned. The one who had just spoken was one of their Junior Brothers.

“What is Junior Brother saying? Amongst so many disciples, Master favors Junior Brother Lin the most, us two Senior Brothers still need your help to say some good things in front of Master for us!” It was Du Xin who spoke.

“Hehe, no problem.”

Just as that voice ended, Huang Xiaolong saw Du Xin and Deng Guangliang leading three young men wearing Sky Magi Sect Elder's robes, stepping into the main hall.

Upon entry, the trio saw Huang Xiaolong sitting in the hall, leisurely sipping on wine and could not help feeling dumbfounded.

After a brief moment of gaffe, all three regained their reason.

“Which dog cojones of a slave dares to sit in the master's main

hall drinking wine!” One of them bellowed with anger.

Apparently, he had mistaken Huang Xiaolong for an audacious mansion servant.

“Eldest Senior Brother, isn’t that slave acting too fearlessly? He dared to saunter into the master’s place and drink wine when you were out!” Another one seconded.

“Since it’s like this, this Junior Brother shall teach this impetuous death seeking slave on behalf of two Senior Brothers!” The last of the trio exclaimed righteously and his body blurred away in the next moment, striking a punch towards Huang Xiaolong.

A fist imprint shattered the void, emanating a burst of nauseating smell like that of a rotting corpse that spread inside the hall.

This was the same move that Du Xin and Deng Guangliang had tried to attack Huang Xiaolong with before, on the hill, the Sky Corpse Fist. But this person’s attack power paled significantly compared to Du Xin and Deng Guangliang.

Watching that person aim a punch his way, Huang Xiaolong snickered coldly. According to Du Xin’s description, this person should be Lin Yu, Chen Xiaotian’s most favored disciple.

Lin Yu, a peak-late Xiantian Fifth Order.

Huang Xiaolong watched without moving, waiting until the fist got closer, then he simply lifted a hand and countered with a casual palm strike, clashing against the opponent’s fist head on.

From Huang Xiaolong’s palm strike, a myriad of Buddha statues emerged beneath the floorboards in various appearances. A pure aureate light shone as Buddhism energy brightened the entire hall space, and at the same time, a great spiritual pressure enveloped everyone in the main hall, flooding the four directions.

This was Huang Xiaolong’s self-created battle skill, Earthen

Buddha Palm.

The space high above shook violently all of a sudden.

The rest found it hard to believe as they watched the Sky Corpse Fist being crushed under Huang Xiaolong's palm, and the golden palm, which embodied the multifarious Buddha statues, slamming hard into Lin Yu's chest.

Lin Yu screamed, his body spun around, crashing into one of the main hall's stone walls, but not before shattering the wooden door, scattering wood pieces all over the floor.

A deathly silence filled the messy main hall.

The other two, Gao Qing and Wu Honggang's eyes almost popped out of their sockets watching their Third Senior Brother Lin Yu being smashed to the floor with a blood-stained body.

Third Senior Brother Lin Yu was defeated so pitifully by just one palm strike from a slave?! Their first natural reaction was disbelief, how could a slave be this powerful!

Their subsequent reaction was: this black-haired young man was probably not their Senior Brothers' mansion slave. It was impossible for a slave to have that kind of strength.

The two couldn't help but seek confirmation from Du Xin and Deng Guangliang.

"Big Senior Brother, who is this person? Is he also a guest of yours? How dare he injure Senior Brother Lin Yu so heavily!" Gao Qing sounded shocked and angry at the same time.

Before Gao Qing's words could finish, both of them saw Du Xin and Deng Guangliang approach the black-haired young man with respect, bowing their upper body in salute, greeting: "Young Lord!"

"Young Lord?!" Gao Qing and Wu Honggang were dumbfounded as they stared at Huang Xiaolong.

What did Du Xin and Deng Guangliang call this young man? Young Lord?!

What is happening here?! Neither one of them could figure out the situation fast enough.

“Both of you did well.” Huang Xiaolong spoke a word of praise to Du Xin and Deng Guangliang.

Joy spread across Du Xin and Deng Guangliang’s face hearing Huang Xiaolong’s praise. Quickly bowing again in gratitude, “Many thanks for Young Lord’s praise, this is something we subordinates should do.”

Something we subordinate should do?! Gao Qing and Wu Honggang finally understood what was going on. Both were spitting fire from their eyes as they glowered at Du Xin and Deng Guangliang. Their faces distorted horribly with anger. If they still could not figure out what happened by now, they should just end their lives by jumping off a cliff.

“Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, both of you actually betrayed the Sky Magi Sect, submitting to another master?!” Gao Qing pointed a finger at Du Xin and Deng Guangliang’s noses in an admonishing manner.

These words made Du Xin and Deng Guangliang snicker in satire.

“Young Lord will take over the Sky Magi Sect sooner or later. Not only the Sky Magi Sect, in fact, the entire Black Demon City will soon fall under Young Lord’s hands!” Du Xin sneered, “I advise you three Junior Brothers to kneel down and submit to Young Lord now, swear your allegiance. Otherwise, it would be too late to feel regret later.”

Gao Qing burst into a manic laughter hearing this. A finger pointed at Huang Xiaolong with a face full of contempt, “This little colt wants to take over our Sky Magi Sect? Control the entire Black Demon City?” His laughter reverberated as if it was the funniest

joke in the world.

Not only Gao Qing, even Wu Honggang smirked at Du Xin's proclamation.

The truth was, they couldn't be blamed for suspecting Huang Xiaolong's chances in the matter. Their Master, Chen Xiaotian, had sat in the position of Sky Magi Sect's Sovereign for more than a hundred years and yet had never been able to fully control the sect in his hands. They dared to claim a mere young man could achieve what their Master couldn't?

As for taking over the Black Demon City, that was akin to an impossible fantasy.

Watching the two snickering in mockery, Huang Xiaolong paid no heed and walked towards them at an unhurried pace.

Noticing Huang Xiaolong coming towards them, Gao Qing and Wu Honggang were startled. It finally dawned on them at this very moment the most crucial point of all, regardless if Huang Xiaolong could control the Sky Magi Sect and Black Demon City, for now, if Huang Xiaolong wanted their lives, neither one of them was capable of escaping.

As if by agreement, both Gao Qing and Wu Honggang each flicked out a poison pellet in Huang Xiaolong's direction, and skidded backward, turning into two groups of yellow mist, wanting to escape. But, just as both of them leaped back, they caught sight of Huang Xiaolong, who blurred into multiple images, with numerous illusionary arms coming out of his back.

Two miserable screams echoed as the two were slapped to the ground.

Poof! Blood spurted from their mouths as they raised their heads, looking fearfully at Huang Xiaolong.

What was that battle skill just now?!

Gao Qing and Wu Honggang were not the only ones shocked, Du

Xin and Deng Guangliang watching from the side felt cold shivers down their spine.

“I’m giving you one last chance: die, or swear allegiance to me.” Huang Xiaolong’s cold voice rang.

At this moment, Lin Yu, the first person struck by Huang Xiaolong, got up slowly from the floor. Rage colored Lin Yu’s eyes as he glared at Huang Xiaolong and spat the blood in his mouth at him, “Pehh, want us to submit to you? Little punk, who do you think you are, do you dare to kill us off? Don’t expect to leave Black Demon City alive if you lay a finger on us!”

Lin Yu’s fearlessness stemmed from having support behind him, he truly believed that Huang Xiaolong didn’t dare to kill them.

“Really?” A strong killing intent exploded in Huang Xiaolong’s pupils. In one swift action, he had moved beside Lin Yu, two cold lights glinted and vanished just as fast.

Lin Yu clutched at his throat, turning slowly sideways, a finger numbly pointed at Huang Xiaolong. Red, warm blood spurted endlessly out from his throat.

“You, could, could it be...” He still refused to believe, Huang Xiaolong dared to kill him in Black Demon City!



# Chapter 252: Eye Of Hell

---

Before the words finished, Lin Yu's body swayed and fell the floor. When he tumbled, his eyes were wide in disbelief! Until the very end of his life, he couldn't imagine what confidence Huang Xiaolong had to actually kill him in Black Demon City.

“Third Senior Brother!”

“Third Senior Brother!!”

Gao Qing and Qu Honggang looked on dumbly as Lin Yu's body crashed to the floor. But the time they shook off the shock stiffening them, both had an ugly expression on their faces as they dashed to Lin Yu's side, crying out to him.

Regardless how many times they cried out, there was no reaction from Lin Yu.

From another spot, Huang Xiaolong slowly walked towards them, causing them to stumble backward in fright.

After the little ambush earlier, both knew very well that they were powerless to escape Huang Xiaolong's clutches.

“Why aren't the two of you kneeling down, submitting to Young Lord?!” Du Xin and Deng Guangliang stepped out at this moment, ordering Gao Qing and Wu Honggang.

Hesitation and fear flashed back and forth on Gao Qing and Wu Honggang's faces. Did they really have no other choice but to surrender to this black-haired young man?!

But, the consequences of betraying the Sky Magi Sect were...!

On the other hand, if they didn't submit, it was certain death. Involuntarily, their eyes swayed towards Lin Yu's cold body on the floor not far away. Both struggled internally.

Huang Xiaolong waited patiently for their final decision, in no rush at all.

“Fine, I agree to submit to you, serving you as my master!” Not long later, Gao Qing spoke with a slight hesitation. In the end, he chose to submit to Huang Xiaolong, he chose to live.

Wu Honggang watched as Gao Qing submitted, his weak resolution faltered. Sighing quietly in his heart, he spoke the same words: “I’m willing to surrender too.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded, satisfied with the results.

No one person was willing to die. Before the choice of life and death, in ten thousand people, nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine people would choose to submit, compromise, or surrender.

“Open up your soul sea, I will brand a soul mark inside.” Huang Xiaolong stated matter-of-factly..

“Brand a soul mark!” Gao Qing and Wu Honggang were shocked and fearful.

A technique like branding someone’s soul, Gao Qing and Wu Honggang had only heard about it in passing. Inexplicably, their eyes turned towards Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, at this moment, they finally understood why their Senior Brothers were serving Huang Xiaolong so willingly.

“Correct, I also branded their soul seas with a soul mark.” Noticing their expressions, Huang Xiaolong said, and his words confirmed their suspicions.

Once again, Gao Qing and Wu Honggang struggled with doubt and hesitation.

In the beginning, Gao Qing and Wu Honggang held the same thoughts that Du Xin and Deng Guangliang initially had. First pretend to submit to Huang Xiaolong and then look for an opportunity later to deal with him. If they were branded with a soul mark, their lives would be controlled by Huang Xiaolong at all times. At that time, they would have no other choice than to serve Huang Xiaolong willingly.

Despite many thoughts swirling in their mind, in the end, both Gao Qing and Wu Honggang lowered their spiritual defense and opened up their soul seas. When the two released the barriers protecting their soul seas in front of Huang Xiaolong, combining the Soul Mandate and the Ancient Puppetry Arts, Huang Xiaolong marked their souls.

At this stage, both Gao Qing and Wu Honggang were fully under Huang Xiaolong's control. When it ended, Huang Xiaolong was secretly relieved. If all three of them refused to submit, he had no choice but to kill all three of them. This was not the result he wanted.

After branding their soul seas, Huang Xiaolong gave each of them a grade six spirit pellet. Seeing the grade six spirit pellets in their palms, Gao Qing and Wu Honggang were so excited, quickly kowtowing in gratitude.

Instructing the four to deal with Lin Yu's corpse and some other matters, he told Gao Qing and Wu Honggang to return, everything was as if.

It seems I must speed up the plan. Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Huang Xiaolong told Gao Qing and Wu Honggang to create a smoke screen with Lin Yu's death, telling outsiders that Lin Yu went out on a mission, and probably won't be coming back in the short one two months' time. This way, Chen Xiaotian wouldn't feel suspicious for the time being, but if the time dragged on too long, it would be inevitable for Chen Xiaotian to notice something was amiss.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong had to control the other Sky Magi Sect Elders within these two months, including Geng Ken!

By then, even if Chen Xiaotian became suspicious, the foundation of his plan would have already been laid. Chen Xiaotian alone wouldn't be able to flip any big waves.

Subsequently, Huang Xiaolong entered Godly Mt. Xumi to restore his depleted spiritual force while cultivating the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture.

Five days later, Huang Xiaolong's spiritual force returned to its peak condition. Then came Huang Xiaolong's instructions for Du Xin and Deng Guangliang to hold another banquet, inviting the Elders of Sky Magi Sect.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang were Chen Xiaotian's eldest disciple and second disciple, therefore, in Sky Magi Sect, both had an esteemed standing. Their invitation was received and face was given as the Elders came to attend the banquet.

Their invitation did not arouse other Elders' suspicion. However, Huang Xiaolong limited the number to three people for every invitation.

Relying on the strength of his current spiritual force, Huang Xiaolong could only brand a soul mark onto three people at the same time.

Twenty days later, including the four people | Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, Gao Qing, and Wu Honggang, Huang Xiaolong had successfully branded eighteen of the Sky Magi Sect's Elders. All in all, the Sky Magi Sect had twenty-four Elders, with eighteen submitted to him, Huang Xiaolong controlled a big portion of the sect, as only six remained.

Another ten days and I can fully have all the Elders under my control. Huang Xiaolong calculated in his mind.

At this point, the overall situation had basically come to a conclusion.

...

In the north side of Black Demon City stood a grand manor structure many times bigger than Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's mansion. Its four walls were the color of blazing fire red,

numerous huge blossoms of fire-red flowers bloomed on the ground.

Inside the manor's great hall sat a small old man wearing a luxurious brocade garb the color of burning ember. This little old man was none other than Sky Magi Sect's Grand Elder, Geng Ken. A very ordinary looking, dwarf-sized old man.

"You're saying recently, every three to five days, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang would hold a banquet and invite three of our sect's elders?" Geng Ken asked the Sky Magi Sect Elder, Wang Jing, beside him.

"Yes, that's right Grand Elder." Wang Jing affirmed respectfully.

Geng Ken's brows creased together, "What is their goal doing so?"

Wang Jing laughed, "In another two months is the day our Sky Magi Sect select the representative to enter the Magi Mausoleum. In my opinion, both of them are just trying to woo some support, hoping to gain some help at that time. What tricks could they have up their sleeves?"

Geng Ken shook his head, "I have this nagging feeling that it's not so simple. Try to find out more, what did these two talked about with the elders they invited."

"Yes, Grand Elder!" Wang Jing acknowledged with utmost respect.

"Du Xin and Deng Guangliang already invited eighteen people, there are six remaining," Geng Ke's voice sounded solemn, "If I'm not mistaken, five days later, they will invite another three people. When they do, you must report to me."

"Grand Elder, you're planning to?" Wang Jing ventured cautiously.

A sharp light glinted in Geng Ken's eyes, "I want to make a trip and confirm what exactly is going on."

Five days passed quickly.

Huang Xiaolong exited the Godly Mt. Xumi. His recent period of cultivation had considerably strengthened Huang Xiaolong's spiritual force.

On top of that, Huang Xiaolong's Asura Tactics finally broke through to the fourth stage. Coming out from the Godly Mt. Xumi's space, Huang Xiaolong initiated the Asura qi and in the middle of his forehead suddenly appeared a vertical slit, revealing an eye a color of the brightest blood-red.

The Eye of Hell!

Huang Xiaolong surveyed the surroundings with this new eye and everything within the mansion was clearly reflected within it.

Even the scene behind a dozen stone walls entered his eye clearly.

## Chapter 253: Geng Kens Doubt

---

Huang Xiaolong opened the Eye of Hell and surveyed the mansion's surroundings. In the next second, a sharp glint flickered inside the Eye of Hell and two red beams of light pierced through the sky above. Some birds flying in the air above plummeted down to the ground with a 'puchi' sound coming from their bodies. After a few moments of futile struggle, their vitality disappeared.

This is the Eye of Hell's spiritual attack? Judging based on outside appearances, these birds didn't seem like they were harmed in any way.

Regardless of what kind of living being it was, as long as it was something alive, it contain a soul. Just as these birds had souls, under Huang Xiaolong's Eye of Hell spiritual attack, these birds' souls were instantly destroyed.

However, Huang Xiaolong was frowning as he watched the last bird on ground, muttering to himself; it seems I need to increase my spiritual force cultivation.

The power of a spiritual attack was relevant to the strength of one's spiritual force. Currently, Huang Xiaolong's spiritual force was still too weak, otherwise, with the Eye of Hell's spiritual attack earlier, these birds should have died instantly, not struggling even after falling to the ground.

Moreover, these were just normal birds, their souls were more vulnerable than most living beings. If they were Xiantian realm experts that had been cultivating for a long time, even without a spiritual force cultivation technique like Huang Xiaolong, their spiritual force was hundreds time stronger than these birds.

Thus Huang Xiaolong had to intensify his spiritual force cultivation.

After testing the Eye of Hell's spiritual attack power, Huang

Xiaolong triggered the Asura battle qi in his body and the Eye of Hell on his forehead slowly closed, vanishing without a trace, and Huang Xiaolong's appearance returned to normal.

Huang Xiaolong then headed to the mansion's main hall, summoning Du Xin and Deng Guangliang there, he instructed them to prepare for a banquet like they did previously and invite another three Sky Magi Sect's Elders.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang left the main hall after receiving Huang Xiaolong's order and went out of the mansion to perform the task. Huang Xiaolong himself remained in the main hall, slowly savoring the Sapidity Wine's fragrance, muttering to himself, "I should have brought more Sapidity Wine with me if I've known this earlier."

When he left Duanren Empire, the Sapidity Wine collection he had inside the Asura Ring was not very big, and it grew lesser by the day. The Sapidity Wine was the best wine Huang Xiaolong had ever tasted.

Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong raised his head, a light flitted past his eyes like quicksilver as he quietly ran the Asura Qi, opening the Eye of Hell in the middle of his eyebrows. When it was fully opened, Huang Xiaolong directed his gaze towards the main entrance of the mansion, where Du Xin and Deng Guangliang were, having just returned, leading three middle-aged men dressed in Sky Magi Sect's Elder robes in.

But, there was an additional guest other than these three people! A small old man wearing a brocade robe of ember-red.

Following behind the group of five, the small old man hid his presence skillfully. His small body seemed to fade into a half translucent appearance that blended with the air, cunningly escaping Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's detection.

"Looks like this little old man is that so-called Geng Ken." Huang Xiaolong sneered.



Watching Geng Ken sneakily hiding his presence, trailing behind Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's group, it was evident that Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's actions these days of inviting Sky Magi Sect Elders had roused this old man's suspicion. Still, Huang Xiaolong remained nonchalant.

At this point, the key pieces had fallen into place. Since the old man presented himself at the door, he might as well subdue him together, lest it becomes troublesome in the future.

After controlling Geng Ken, next would be Chen Xiaotian. With that, the Sky Magi Sect will be fully under Huang Xiaolong's control.

His spiritual force had improved greatly with recent practice. Exerting a little effort, he could manage to brand soul marks into four people at once.

As these thoughts ran through Huang Xiaolong's mind, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang walked into the main hall with the latest batch of Elders for the 'banquet.'

Similar to Lin Yu, Gao Qing, and Wu Honggang's reaction, all three Elders were shocked and surprised to Huang Xiaolong sitting in the main hall drinking wine as they walked in.

However, this time Huang Xiaolong did not waste time with nonsense, instead, he leaped up and struck all three with an Earthen Buddha Palm.

The three men did not expect the black-haired young man would suddenly attack and all three Sky Magi Sect Elders was sent flying from the unexpected impact.

"You, who are you?!" All three heavily crashed to the floor. Getting up to their feet, the three Elders demanded in anger, fear weaved into their voices.

"Young Lord!" Du Xin and Deng Guangliang greeted respectfully seeing Huang Xiaolong.

“Young...Lord?!” Du Xin and Deng Guangliang’s actions and reference towards Huang Xiaolong stumped the three Sky Magi Sect Elders. A strong feeling of unease rose in their hearts.

Geng Ken who hid his presence was also shocked watching Huang Xiaolong suddenly attacking the three Elders and it rose a greater height hearing Du Xin and Deng Guangliang calling Huang Xiaolong Young Lord. His eyes sharpened.

At this point, Huang Xiaolong slowly approached the three Sky Magi Sect Elders.

“Let me enlighten you, those Sky Magi Sect Elders that were invited by Du Xin and Deng Guangliang before you, other than Lin Yu who was killed by me, the rest have submitted to me, just like Du Xin and Deng Guangliang.” Huang Xiaolong said, stopping in front of them.

“What?!” The three Sky Magi Sect Elders turned ghastly pale, shouting in shock. This message came like a thunderbolt on a sunny day.

Not only were the three Elders shocked, even Geng Ken nearly sounded his surprise.

Most of the Sky Magi Sect Elders had aligned and sworn themselves to serve this black-haired young man as a master?! Impossible, absolutely impossible! This was the first thought that crossed Geng Ken’s mind.

“Not possible! This cannot be true!” At this time, all three Sky Magi Sect shook their heads vehemently in denial, “This can’t be true! Little brat, do you think we would easily believe some nonsense out of your mouth?! Speak, who are you exactly, and what is your purpose coming to Black Demon City!!”

Seeing either one of the three believed him, Huang Xiaolong’s expression did not change. He knew this was indeed something difficult to believe. Not to say just these three, anyone would have

found it hard to believe. But then again, he didn't expect them to believe.

“Whether you believe it or not, is not important to me.” Huang Xiaolong continued, “Now, I'm giving you a chance, submit to me or die like Lin Yu!”

The three Elders were fearful, moving away from Huang Xiaolong swiftly.

When the trio prepared to flee, Huang Xiaolong made a dash forward, and with a palm strike across space, the three elders fell back to the floor.

Huang Xiaolong sneered watching three figures crash to the floor, “It's best if you snuff the idea of escaping, this is your last chance, submit to me or die.”

“Pui! Punk, who do you think you are, daring to dream that we will submit to you! You mother's bullshit!” One of them raged: “This old man only has one cheap life, kill me if you dare!”

Huang Xiaolong looked at the temerarious expression on that man's face, a sarcastic sneer appeared on his face, knowing that this Elder was holding the same notion as Lin Yu, that he dared not kill them in Black Demon City.

In front of the other two Elders and the hidden Geng Ken, Huang Xiaolong raised his hand and pointed a finger, a finger imprint shot out, piercing through that Sky Magi Sect Elder's forehead.

That Elder's eyes rounded in shock, his body tumbled to the floor.

## Chapter 254: Who Allowed You to Leave?

---

“You, you really killed him?!” The remaining two Sky Magi Sect Elders stammered, watching that Elder’s blood seep out from the hole in the mid of his forehead.

Despite it happening in front their eyes, the two Sky Magi Sect Elders still found it hard to believe that a Sky Magi Sect Elder was killed by Huang Xiaolong.

Earlier, when the three of them were invited by Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, all of them were talking happily and laughing on the way here, but now one of them was murdered! Even if death was nothing new to them, this was too sudden.

“You still think all this is a farce?” Huang Xiaolong rebutted with a sarcastic expression on his face.

Seconds passed and the truth finally sunk in for the two Sky Magi Sect Elders. Both of them struggled up and remained silent as both stood there.

Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry and did not rush them.

While waiting for their answer, Huang Xiaolong’s spiritual force was locked onto the hidden Geng Ken. As long as there was any sign that Geng Ken was going to leave, Huang Xiaolong would make a move without hesitation.

“Fine, I’m-I’m willing to submit, willing!” It didn’t take long before both Sky Magi Sect Elder spoke, willing to submit to Huang Xiaolong just like all the other Elders before them. Thus, their decision didn’t surprise Huang Xiaolong. However, this time, Huang Xiaolong didn’t start with branding the soul mark on them, instead, he looked over towards the left corner of the hall, “How about it, old man Geng Ken? Still not willing to show yourself? How much longer are you going to watch?”

Everyone present in the main hall was stunned.

From Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, and the two Elders, to the hidden Geng Ken at a corner, for he did not expect that Huang Xiaolong would suddenly say something like that. Especially Geng Ken, who did not believe anyone had the ability to detect him with all of his aura converged.

Geng Ken hesitated for a moment, then in a flicker of light, he emerged from the dark corner and floated down to the great hall, appearing before everyone.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang panicked at Geng Ken's sudden emergence. Flustered and panicked, both of them hastened to plead guilty in front of Huang Xiaolong, "Young Lord, please punish us!" It was evident to them by this point that Geng Ken trailed them over.

"Stand up, this can't be blamed on you two." Huang Xiaolong said.

"We're grateful for Young Lord's understanding." Du Xin and Deng Guangliang rose and retreated to Huang Xiaolong's side.

"Grand Elder, save us, save us~!" The two Sky Magi Sect Elder that had just 'willingly' submitted to Huang Xiaolong shouted with joy and ran towards Geng Ken the instant they saw him materializing in front of them, as if they found the last ray of hope.

Geng Keng directed a cold gaze at the two Elders as he harrumphed coldly, "When the two of you return, go receive punishment according to the Sect rules!"

Hearing that, the two Elders' expression tightened. The Sky Magi Sect levied heavy punishment for actions of betrayal!

Watching the changes in their expression, Geng Ken added, "But, looking at your many years of meritorious contributions to the Sky Magi Sect, I will speak to the Sect Sovereign on your behalf to lighten your punishment."

This 'promise' seemed to appease both of them, as they cupped

their fists in thanks to Geng Ken, “We thank Grand Elder, many thanks! We will definitely remain loyal to the Sky Magi Sect and Grand Elder in the future!”

Geng Ken nodded his head with satisfaction.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the side, watching the three of them discussed between themselves and gracefully did not interrupt.

Wait for Sky Magi Sect’s punishment when you return? This Geng Ken was so sure they could leave here safely? Huang Xiaolong sneered.

Judging from Geng Ken’s manner of speech, it seemed he was very confident in his strength.

At this time, Geng Ken finally turned his attention towards Huang Xiaolong with a scrutinizing eye, going over Huang Xiaolong up and down, “Little Brother, what shall I call you?”

“Huang Xiaolong.” Huang Xiaolong calmly replied. Huang Xiaolong did not hide his name, for, in his opinion, it wasn’t something worth concealing.

Geng Ken searched his memories and ‘Huang Xiaolong’ was a name unfamiliar to him.

“Hehe, so it’s Little Brother Huang. It seems that Little Brother Huang’s strength is not bad.” Geng Ken chuckled as he said, “Even Chen Xiaotian, that old fellow, cannot detect when I display my hidden body technique, which made me very curious, when did Little Brother Huang notice my presence? Just now?”

Just now was referring to when Huang Xiaolong revealed that the majority of Sky Magi Sect’s Elders were under his control, Geng Ken may have accidentally exposed a faint trace of his aura due to shock. In Geng Ken’s view, it must’ve been at that time Huang Xiaolong detected him.

“Is it so important?” Huang Xiaolong asked instead of answering.

Geng Ken was taken aback and then burst into a chuckle, “Hehe, I’m just asking. Little Brother Huang’s strength is not bad, how about we discuss a cooperation between us?”

“Cooperation?” Huang Xiaolong waited for Geng Ken to continued.

“Correct, cooperation.” Geng Ken’s face bloomed, “The two of us will cooperate to kill Chen Xiaotian. Then, we can swallow up Blood Swallow School, annihilate the Nine Fiend Sect and we’ll control the entire Black Demon City in our hands!”

Sky Magi Sect, Blood Swallow School, and Nine Fiend Sect were the three major forces of Black Demon City.

Amongst the three forces, Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School’s strength were similar, but the Nine Fiend Sect was much stronger than both of them. Currently, the Black Demon City’s Castellan position was held by the Sect Leader of the Nine Fiend Sect. In other words, the Nine Fiend Sect was the real master of Black Demon City, while the Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School only controlled an area within Black Demon City.

Of course, Sky Magi Sect’s and Blood Swallow School’s forces weren’t as weak as it seemed, it wouldn’t be easy if the Nine Fiend Sect decided to annihilate these two forces. Moreover, Nine Fiend Sect would need their assistance when outside forces come to attack. Hence, all this while, the Nine Fiend Sect did not make any moves against the Sky Magi Sect or Blood Swallow School.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Geng Ken. Surprisingly, this little old man’s ambitions were bigger than his build. Not only did he want to rein in the Blood Swallow School, he desired to annihilate the Nine Fiend Sect and rule over Black Demon City.

Geng Ken took Huang Xiaolong’s silence as pondering over his proposal and was secretly delighted. Smiling amiably, he continued, throwing out a bait, “After we conquer Black Demon City, Little Brother Huang and I shall assume the equal positions of

Castellan.”

In the Bedlams, this was a normal practice. One city with two equal authority ruling Castellans.

“Oh, we both become Black Demon City’s Castellans?” Huang Xiaolong’s expression was bland, making it hard for anyone to guess what he was thinking.

Geng Ken smiled and continued, “That’s right, both of us would share the responsibility of Black Demon City’s Castellan.”

Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, and the two Sky Magi Sect Elders stood on the side, no one uttered a sound. The two Elders originally belonged to Geng Ken’s faction, thus neither showed expression of shock hearing that Geng Ken planned to kill Chen Xiaotian.

Huang Xiaolong looked directly at Geng Ken and shook his head. This old man Geng Ken was quite good at scheming, wanting to borrow his strength by using the position of Black Demon City’s Castellan to lure him.

This old fogey really thought Huang Xiaolong was a fool.

Huang Xiaolong spoke, “Sky Magi Sect and Black Demon City will be conquered, but not two people, only me.”

Geng Ken burst out laughing at Huang Xiaolong’s words, but just as abruptly, his face turned gloomy. Sneering coldly, Geng Ken said, “Since Little Brother Huang is so confident, then I shall await for the glorious day when Little Brother Huang succeeds in becoming Black Demon City’s Castellan.” Finished saying that, Geng Ken turned around, planning to leave with the other two Sky Magi Sect Elder.

“Who allowed you to leave?” at the same time, Huang Xiaolong icy voice sounded.

Geng Ken stopped and turned around, facing Huang Xiaolong. A dangerous light flickered gloomily in the depth of his eyes, “Little



brat, within Black Demon City, I come and go as I please. Do you think a little Sixth Order like you can make me stay?” As his sentence ended, a fiery-red battle flame burst out from his body and the surrounding space was instantly enveloped by a strong momentum.

# Chapter 255: No Medicine for Regret

---

Geng Ken's battle qi momentum exploded, a bright light flashed behind him, revealing a giant hammer!

A top grade ten martial spirit—Heaven Splitting Hammer!

When the Thunderbolt Hammer appeared, the hammer head rotated rapidly, issuing a whistling hum as it hovered behind Geng Ken, raising palpitations that clouted the listener's heart.

Geng Ken immediately soul transformed after summoning his martial spirit, fusing with his martial spirit as one entity. The originally dwarf-sized old man Geng Ken more than doubled in size after soul transforming. He was covered in shining silver, as if he had put on silver-armored battle gear. His arms became muscular and thick, akin to the sturdy handle of a hammer, clenched fists intimidating, like iron hammers.

Geng Ken bellowed and launched an attack onto the young man without the slightest hesitation. Figure blurring, instantaneously reappearing in front of Huang Xiaolong. A steely fist punched out.

“Little punk, die!” Old man Geng Keng's eyes shone with brutality.

With his keen eyes, Geng Ken judged the young man to be quite a powerful opponent despite only being a Xiantian Sixth Order. Hence, he soul transformed immediately after summoning his martial spirit and took the initiative advantage by attacking first.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang were alarmed and wanted to rush out, but Huang Xiaolong's voice halted their actions, “No need, retreat to the side and keep an eye on those two!”

Although stunned, both of them replied respectfully and retreated to the side, blocking the escape route to prevent the two Sky Magi Sect Elders to make a run for it.

Huang Xiaolong stood where he was. Watching the opponent's

fist close in, he sneered. Without dodging, Huang Xiaolong clenched his hand into a fist, bright battle qi dazzled as he struck out his fist, colliding with the enemy's attack in the most direct manner.

Seeing a measly Sixth Order like Huang Xiaolong daring to compete in fist power with his steel fist, Geng Ken's heart exploded with joy. Though he was only a peak mid-Seventh Order, the Heaven Splitting Hammer's steel body fused with his fists after he soul transformed. Now, his fists were like the hardest steel, not even a late-Xiantian Seventh Order expert would dare risk a direct collision.

In his view, Huang Xiaolong was courting death faster by doing so!

Under the tensed focus of others, two fists collided into each other. Like the screeching of metals, a sharp 'clang!' echoed in the air.

Geng Ken's body was pushed backward, leaving more than twenty ten-inch deep footprints on the marmoreal floor. Fissures snaked across the surface as large cracks appeared.

Huang Xiaolong was repelled from the force, retreating more than twenty steps, but the difference between him and Geng Ken was the light footprints he made. There were no cracks or fissures on the floor surface resulting from Huang Xiaolong's retreat.

"Ah?!" Seeing the result, shock was evident on both Sky Magi Sect Elders. However, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang were feeling the same.

Both were aware that Huang Xiaolong was strong, yet it never crossed their mind that Huang Xiaolong's strength could dominate, albeit marginally, over the Sky Magi Sect's Grand Elder Geng Ken.

A peak mid-Sixth Order warrior had the upper advantage against

a peak mid-Seventh Order warrior, this was too monstrous! At least, the four people present in the hall, even with their positions as the Sky Magi Sect's Elders, had never come across anything like this before!

Still, the shock they were experiencing was nothing compared to Geng Ken's.

In that collision just now, he understood the most the extent of the young man's terror.

His fists were as hard as steel after the soul transformation, but in that collision earlier, it felt like his steel fist slammed into a wall of fine iron that was several folds sturdier.

While others were still caught in shock, Huang Xiaolong steadied himself and his eyes locked onto Geng Ken. Though he was strong, the exchange cemented Huang Xiaolong's confidence in reigning in old man Geng Ken.

If Geng Ken's cultivation was just a little bit higher, a late-Seventh Order, then Huang Xiaolong might have to give up on the idea.

The time spent on practicing the Godly Mt. Xumi Art is still too little. Huang Xiaolong thought to himself. Despite cultivating the Godly Mt. Xumi Art for only a little while, it had greatly enhanced both his physical defense and flesh's toughness that it was comparable to fine iron, but he was far from achieving major completion.

Otherwise, Huang Xiaolong could've broken Geng Ken's arm with the shockwave. As for Geng Ken's fist, it would be nothing more than exploded pieces of flesh.

Huang Xiaolong strolled towards Geng Ken. With every step, his aura changed as he activated the Asura Physique, majestic ebony Wings of Demon erupted on Huang Xiaolong's back, visible dark red energy twisting and winding around his body. Lastly, Huang

Xiaolong's hair flew up, turning pure white from the scalp down to the ends.

Witnessing Huang Xiaolong's physical transformation, the increase in momentum and the heavy aura of slaughter emanating vibrantly, Geng Keng and the two Sky Magi Sect Elders were shaken inwardly.

Before the aura of slaughter coming from Huang Xiaolong, Geng Ken's heart gave birth to a strong fear, stumbling backward constantly. At this moment, he regretted. Regretted following Du Xin and Deng Guangliang here.

Deep down, he realized there would be no escape today.

Pushed to the corner, Geng Ken raged, his whole body spun. Resplendent images of a steel hammer shot out from Geng Ken's body as his atmosphere rose to the peak, more overwhelming than before.

Everyone present knew Geng Ken was desperate.

And sure enough, Geng Ken suddenly rammed towards Huang Xiaolong.

As Geng Ken continued vehemently to knock against Huang Xiaolong, the rotation speed of his body multiplied, as if he was turning into a giant version of a hammer. As he spun, a crushing pressure descended on the hall like a downburst, giving the illusion in Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, and the two Elders' perception that space and void itself were distorted from the pressure.

This was Geng Ken's innate martial spirit ability, Hammer Body.

Fully fusing his body with his martial spirit, turning into hammer form, at high-speed rotation it created a terrifying force, crushing everything under it.

Unfortunately, he met Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong scoffed, both palms lashed out, multiple bright golden rings flew out, whistling through space. In the places where these golden rings flew by, all things halted.

Including Geng Ken!

Geng Ken froze in midair, the turbulent wind created from his spinning vanished, everything returning to its previous calm.

Huang Xiaolong leaped up into the air, landing a punch on Geng Ken's chest.

Geng Ken crashed to the floor with a miserable scream.

The crash jarred Du Xin and Deng Guangliang back to the present; everything ended so fast?!

“You, just now, what battle skill was that?!” Spitting out blood from his mouth, Geng Ken clutched at his chest as he stared at Huang Xiaolong, frightened.

It actually stopped ...everything!

This was a Saint realm expert's ability to manipulate the laws of space.

But Huang Xiaolong wasn't a Saint realm warrior. With this battle skill, one could very well be invincible below the Saint realm!

Geng Ken wasn't the only one having this thought run through his mind.

In fact, even though the God Binding Palm might be heaven-defying, it wasn't as invincible as Geng Ken and the others thought it was. For instance, if the opponent's strength far exceeded Huang Xiaolong, then the God Binding Palm would have minimal effect on them.

Standing in front of Geng Ken, Huang Xiaolong asked, “Now, do you still want the position of Black Demon City's Castellan?”

Geng Ken's face warped, only now did he understand how

ignorant and ridiculous his proposal was.

Without waiting for Geng Ken's reply, Huang Xiaolong looked over to the two Sky Magi Sect Elder.

Huang Xiaolong's action made them go weak at the knees, falling to a kneeling position, kowtowing and begging Huang Xiaolong to spare them.

"Young Lord, spare us! Don't kill us, we were wrong, we're the wrong ones!"

"Don't kill you, you were wrong?" Icy gaze fell on him.

Huang Xiaolong raised his hand and pointed a finger in the void, finger imprints pierced through the middle of the two Elders' foreheads.

Two lifeless bodies slumped to the floor.

"In this world, there exists no such thing as medicine for regret. Chance, I had given you one." Huang Xiaolong stated to no one in particular before turning back to Geng Ken.

## Chapter 256: Chen Xiaotians Suspicion

---

Watching Huang Xiaolong approach closer, an inexplicably cold shiver ran through Geng Ken's heart!

“Submit to me, or die!” Huang Xiaolong emphasized each word slowly, allowing time for it to sink in Geng Ken's thoughts.

A series of emotions flitted across Geng Ken's face. From the way Huang Xiaolong dealt with the two Sky Magi Sect Elders earlier, Geng Ken knew, the instant he shook his head, Huang Xiaolong would exterminate him without slightest hesitation!

Exterminated!

When the thought of death appeared in Geng Ken's mind, a new fear reared its head in the core of his heart, spreading.

He had lived so long, the number of people that died in his hands was no less than several hundreds of thousands!

At times, watching an enemy struggle in their the last moments of death, in fear, pain and unwillingness, his heart felt joy and satisfaction at such sight. But now, when he himself was staring death in its eyes, he was paralyzed with fear.

Huang Xiaolong saw the myriad of emotions that flickered past Geng Ken's face in silence, waiting nonchalantly for the person to speak their decision.

In general, people like Geng Ken—ambitious and coveting power, were more afraid of death than any other person.

Exactly as predicted, it didn't take Geng Ken long to surrender: “Okay, I'm willing to yield to you! ... I'm willing to swear allegiance to you.”

Listening to Geng Ken's submission, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang were greatly relieved.

Geng Ken's influence ran deep within the Sky Magi Sect, and



with him choosing to side with Huang Xiaolong, he would prove to be a big help for Huang Xiaolong in taking control of the Sky Magi Sect.

Huang Xiaolong was secretly relieved as well. If Geng Ken were too stubborn to submit, the only option left was to ‘erase’ any variable factor and that would be a loss in Huang Xiaolong’s calculation.

After all, a Xiantian Seventh Order was still quite important for a force like the Sky Magi Sect. Using the Sky Magi Sect as the stepping stone, he would proceed to incorporate the Blood Swallow School, therefore, Geng Ken was worth more alive than dead.

“Good. now, release your soul sea, I will brand a soul mark within your soul sea.” Huang Xiaolong stated.

“What, soul mark?” Geng Ken turned deathly pale hearing that.

Geng Ken’s reaction was no different than Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, and other Sky Magi Sect Elders’ when they heard the word soul mark. Instead, it would’ve been suspicious if Geng Ken’s reaction was calm.

“That’s right, a soul mark.” came Huang Xiaolong’s cool confirmation.

Geng Ken stared astonishedly at the young man in front, this young man actually knew a soul marking technique!

Branding one’s soul!

He suddenly thought of the rumors of Gorefiend more than six hundred years ago! Remembering some of the myths related to Gorefiend, Geng Ken broke out in cold sweat as if he saw the bloody history repeating itself in a dozen or a hundred years’ time, where blood flowed across the land all over the entire Martial Spirit World.

Yet, in the end, he obediently released his soul sea for Huang

Xiaolong to brand the soul mark. Whether Huang Xiaolong would turn into a second Gorefiend, Geng Ken didn't know and it wasn't up to him to be concerned about. At this moment, he could only relent and yield to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong fully relaxed after he successfully branded Geng Ken's soul sea with a soul mark. With Geng Ken in his control, there was only Chen Xiaotian left. Chen Xiaotian might be a late-Xiantian Seventh Order expert, but still, he alone could not raise significant waves.

It could be surmised that the situation had reached a conclusion.

However, Huang Xiaolong still proceeded cautiously, instructing Geng Ken to return and keep an eye on Chen Xiaotian and to report to him immediately if there was any suspicious behavior.

Understanding Huang Xiaolong's task for him, Geng Ken acknowledged respectfully and left the mansion. Before that, Huang Xiaolong did not forget to give him a grade six spirit pellet.

Huang Xiaolong then turned to Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, telling them to take note of Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect's movements. Anytime these two forces made any actions, they were to report to him immediately.

Answering affirmatively in unison, both Du Xin and Deng Guangliang withdrew from the hall.

When both had left, Huang Xiaolong initiated Godly Mt. Xumi, entering the inner temple. There, he swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and cultivated to restore his spent spiritual force.

Ten days later, Huang Xiaolong's spiritual force was fully restored. Not only that, every time he exhausted his spiritual force, its strength would enhance significantly when he meditated to restore it. Even so, Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to exit the Godly Mt. Xumi Temple, continuing with his practice.

His current strength was at peak mid-Xiantian Sixth Order, infinitely close to breaking into late-Xiantian Sixth Order. Once he broke through to the late stage, battling against Chen Xiaotian would be less strenuous.

Regardless, Huang Xiaolong wasn't in a rush. He had a feeling that within a month's time he could achieve the desired result, breaking into late-Xiantian Sixth Order.

Thus, secluding himself inside Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong threw himself into practice, the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture.

Huang Xiaolong stayed at the center of Godly Mt. Xumi's Ten Buddha array formation. Time and again he practiced the Godly Xumi Art, vigorous energy coursing through his body as he simultaneously ran the Asura Tactics and the Body Metamorphose Scripture.

The Dragon might exuding from the twin dragons became even more condensed and potent.

The ancient Buddhism spiritual energy, the netherworld spiritual energy, true dragon qi, and the world's spiritual energy descended like a downburst into Huang Xiaolong's body.

Huu~~!

As Huang Xiaolong breathed in and out, the airflow around him rippled to the rhythm of his breathing. With every breath he drew, he could clearly feel the pores on his skin acting like whirlpools that sucked in everything between heaven and earth.

Days passed.

While Huang Xiaolong secluded himself in practice inside the Xumi Temple, within the walls of the Sky Magi Sect's great hall, a tall and strapping Chen Xiaotian was scrutinizing Gao Qing and Wu Honggang with stinging coldness.

A suffocating silence filled the dreary hall.

Both Gao Qing and Wu Honggang stood before Chen Xiaotian, not daring to even breathe.

“Speak, where did your Third Senior Brother go?!” Chen Xiaotian barked, “Don’t you dare say that your Third Senior Brother went out for a mission!”

Gao Qing and Qu Honggang lowered their heads and knelt on their knees, scared and jittery.

“Speak!” Chen Xiaotian cornered.

The two trembled visibly.

“Replying to Master, the truth is, Third Senior Brother did not leave on a mission assignment.” At this time, Gao Qing blurted out, “Third Senior Brother, he, he’s already dead!”

“What did you say?!” Chen Xiaotian jumped to his feet, a raging momentum burst out of him like a flash flood.

“I, I’m not lying Master, Third Senior Brother is dead! It was Blood Swallow School’s Deputy, Cui Ming, that killed Third Senior Brother!” Wu Honggang interjected.

“Blood Swallow School’s Cui Ming!” A vicious light gleamed fiercely in Chen Xiaotian’s eyes: “Spit it out! What exactly happened!”

In fact, this was something cooked up by Huang Xiaolong. He had early on instructed both Gao Qing and Wu Honggang that if one day Chen Xiaotian became suspicious of Lin Yu’s death, then they’re to point the finger towards Blood Swallow School’s Deputy, Cui Ming.

Hence, Gao Qing and Wu Honggang acted as per Huang Xiaolong’s instruction, explaining the ‘truth’ of the situation in detail to Chen Xiaotian.

Listening to what his two disciples said, a light flickered in Chen Xiaotian’s eyes, changing indecisively as if he could not determine

the facts, “I will investigate this matter, but if I find out that both of you lied to me, hmph!”

Gao Qing and Wu Honggang quickly kowtowed, claiming vehemently they dare not lie.

“But, since you’ve already known early on that your Third Senior Brother was killed by Blood Swallow School’s Deputy Cui Ming, why didn’t you report this matter earlier?” Chen Xiaotian’s temper erupted all of a sudden, sending both Gao Qing and Wu Honggang flying with a flick of his hand. “Go receive your punishment in the Disciplinary Hall!”

The two fled the hall in a panic after saluting Chen Xiaotian.

Very soon, Huang Xiaolong received news of this matter.

“Chen Xiaotian, that old fellow, is starting to become suspicious?” a playful expression appeared on Huang Xiaolong’s face.

“Young Lord, do we...?” Du Xin ventured carefully.

# Chapter 257: Greeting the Young Lord!

---

Huang Xiaolong understood what Du Xin wanted to say, but he shook his head saying “No need.” The time wasn’t ripe for him to take action yet.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang were shocked and confused inwardly, but no longer dogged the issue.

“Young Lord, Chen Xiaotian is starting to feel suspicious, if we do not act swiftly now, when he finds out the truth of the matter, I’m afraid...” Deng Guangliang approached closer and cautioned.

“There is still some time before he can determine anything.” Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, nonchalantly saying, “No need to worry, you just focus on watching Chen Xiaotian’s movements and await my orders. Well, both of you leave now.”

“Yes, Young Lord!” Both of them answered, saluted, and withdrew somberly.

After the two had left, Huang Xiaolong resumed his practice.

Chen Xiaotian would need some time to excavate the truth, and before that, Huang Xiaolong had to strive to break through into late-Xiantian Sixth Order.

It won’t be too late to act after that!

Of course, most of Huang Xiaolong’s confidence came from the fact that most of the Sky Magi Sect’s Elders were under in his control, so he was in no rush to confront Chen Xiaotian at this moment.

Swallowing a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged in the Ten Buddha Formation, enveloped by spiritual energy from the netherworld, ancient Buddhist energy, as well as true dragon qi.

Days passed, and soon, fifteen days went by.

Huang Xiaolong, who was cultivating in the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, suddenly shook. Three bright glows flew out from his body like a tyrannical tornado, powerful winds blasting around inside the temple hall.

In Huang Xiaolong's meridians and Qi Sea, the netherworld battle, qi, true dragon battle qi, and ancient buddha battle qi coursed through every part of his body, surging with vitality.

Late-Xiantian Sixth Order, he succeeded!

Huang Xiaolong got up, standing in the center of the formation, a hundred corporeal hands fanned out from his body as Buddhism power formed a protective vigor qi, giving off a golden light, as if he was the reincarnation of the Ancient Thousand-Hand Buddha. With Huang Xiaolong's current comprehension of the Godly Xumi Art, he could project one hundred and sixty arms, and he could also divide his body into a dozen Buddha avatars.

Only some time later did Huang Xiaolong stop, the surging battle qi inside his body calmed down gradually as he breathed out foul qi from his mouth.

Finally, he had broken through late-Xiantian Sixth Order and the time had come to either subdue or clear out Chen Xiaotian. The time had come to have full control over the Sky Magi Sect in his hands.

Huang Xiaolong's body flickered into a blur and exited from the Godly Xumi Temple.

...

Sky Magi Sect headquarters' grand hall.

Chen Xiaotian sat on the throne on top of the dais with a gloomy expression. The subordinate he sent out to investigate about his third disciple Lin Yu came back to report that Lin Yu wasn't killed by Blood Swallow School's Deputy Cui Ming.

His two disciples were audacious enough as to lie to him!

What nerves!

He instructed the subordinate beside him, “Go call Elder Gao Qing and Elder Wu Honggang over to the grand hall. If they dare to resist, kill them without mercy!”

“Yes, Sect Leader!” The subordinate acknowledged respectfully and left the grand hall.

These people were death warriors Chen Xiaotian personally trained and each member of the group was a Xiantian warrior. Alone, they might not be Gao Qing or Wu Honggang’s opponent, however, with more than thirty of them together, it was impossible for either Gao Qing or Wu Honggang to escape the capture.

When the squad of death warriors left, Chen Xiaotian remained sitting in the throne, pondering sullenly. Both Gao Qing and Wu Honggang were his disciples, he knew their characters well. Unless there was someone instructing them at his back, they wouldn’t dare to deceive him.

Furthermore, recently, he sensed there was something amiss within the Sky Magi Sect, but he couldn’t put his finger on it. This feeling made him uneasy.

Perhaps, capturing Gao Qing and Wu Honggang could help him make sense of things. Chen Xiaotian deduced the best he could.

However, a sudden miserable wail interrupted Chen Xiaotian’s thoughts.

Chen Xiaotian raised his head, looking dumbfounded. This voice sounded like the same subordinate he had just ordered to bring Gao Qing and Wu Honggang over!

In the next instant, a series of tragic wails echoed inside the hall, the latter screams becoming clearer as the distance became closer to the grand hall.

Hearing the consecutive miserable screams, Chen Xiaotian



snapped to attention. His face turned slightly pale as an overpowering ominous dread filled his heart.

These series of tragic screams all came from the squad of death warriors he sent out moments ago, as well as the guards around the grand hall. All of them were his most loyal subordinates and forces.

‘Did someone launch an attack on Sky Magi Sect?’ Chen Xiaotian was doubtful.

The Blood Swallow School?! Or Nine Fiend Sect?!

In Black Demon City, only these two forces had the ability to do so.

Just when Chen Xiaotian was about to step out from the grand hall to check out what was happening outside, he saw one of the guards run in drenched in blood.

“Sect Leader, run quickly!” When the words were out of his mouth, the guard tumbled to the floor, no longer moving.

Chen Xiaotian looked ugly. Before he could make the next move, several guards’ bodies were thrown into the grand hall, on each of these guards’ chest was a glaring crimson handprint.

“Blood Palm!” Chen Xiaotian’s eyes glowered at the sight.

Blood Palm was a high-grade battle skill of the Sky Magi Sect, only those with the position of Elder and above were allowed to learn this skill.

At this point, a wave of people rushed into the grand hall. Chen Xiaotian turned around to look and he saw Geng Ken strolling in, clad in an ember red robe, with a group of Sky Magi Sect Elders trailing behind him, including his two disciples, Gao Qing and Wu Honggang. The very same ones which he had just ordered his subordinates to capture, were amongst the Elders entering the hall with Geng Ken.

Not only that, even his eldest and second disciple, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang walked into hall, following half a step behind Geng Ken.

Chen Xiaotian's expression likened the dark brewing storm.

"Geng Ken, what are you doing?!" Overcoming his shock, Chen Xiaotian actually became calmer, admonishing Geng Ken.

Stopping six to seven meters in front of Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken had a cold, condescending look on his face. Sneering, he said, "What do you think?"

As Chen Xiaotian's eyes swept over Gao Qing, Wu Honggang, Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, and the majority of the Sky Magi Sect's Elders, he suddenly threw his head back in exaggerated laughter. Halting just as abrupt as his laughter started, Chen Xiaotian glowered coldly at Geng Ken, "Little midget, looks like I, Chen Xiaotian underestimated you. But, it won't be easy if you want to sit on the Sky Magi Sect Leader's place!"

Chen Xiaotian was pondering who was the one directing Gao Qing and Wu Honggang from behind, but seeing Geng Ken, he had already pegged that mastermind to be none other than Geng Ken.

It wasn't just a day or two since Geng Ken nursed the ambition of taking the Sky Magi Sect's Sovereign position.

However, neither Geng Ken or any of the Sky Magi Sect Elders spoke a word. Instead, all of them turned around and retreated to the side, opening a wide berth of space in the middle, with their heads lowered in respect, towards the entrance.

Before Chen Xiaotian's confused expression, a black-haired young man emanating domineering aura walked into the hall with fluttering steps.

"We greet the Young Lord!" Geng Ken and the present Sky Magi Sect Elders knelt down in salute, their voices rising high, shaking the spacious hall.

Chen Xiaotian's eyes were wide, filled with confusion and shock as he observed the black-haired young man.

Huang Xiaolong walked into the Sky Magi Sect's grand hall, his face remained impassive even as he saw Geng Ken and the Elders kneeling in salute, "Stand up."

"We thank the Young Lord!" Geng Ken and the rest stood up after giving thanks.

Huang Xiaolong strolled leisurely until he was in front of Chen Xiaotian.

Only at this moment was Chen Xiaotian jolted back to the present and it dawned on him that he erred in his earlier conclusion. The person behind Gao Qing and Wu Honggang wasn't Geng Ken!

Who is this black-haired young man?!

## Chapter 258: Battling Chen Xiaotian

---

“Who are you?!” The question flew from Chen Xiaotian’s mouth as he studied Huang Xiaolong warily. His gut instinct told him that Huang Xiaolong didn’t belong to the Blood Swallow School or Nine Fiend Sect.

Huang Xiaolong faced Chen Xiaotian, indifferently saying, “Who I am is not important,” after a slight pause, Huang Xiaolong continued, “I think you would best understand that there is no escape for you today. You have two options in front of you; submission, or death.”

Huang Xiaolong wasted no time with nonsense, laying down two choices on the table for Chen Xiaotian in a straightforward manner.

Chen Xiaotian chanced another furtive glance in Geng Ken, Du Xin, and Deng Guangliang’s direction as they stood behind Huang Xiaolong. Suddenly, a cold, desolate feeling of despair rose from his heart. Was this how it felt being betrayed and abandoned?

“Did you plan on letting them attack me together, or one by one?” Pushing down the feelings of despair, Chen Xiaotian asked Huang Xiaolong in a stiff, cold voice.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, waving a hand at Geng Ken, Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, and the other Sky Magi Sect Elders back, “All of you step back. No one is allowed to make a move without my order.”

When these words were spoken, all present were stunned by Huang Xiaolong’s decision.

“Young Lord, this...!” Geng Ken took a step forward, wanting to dissuade Huang Xiaolong.

No one here knew Chen Xiaotian’s true strength better than him. Although he had to admit that Huang Xiaolong was strong, Chen

Xiaotian was a late-Xiantian Seventh Order after all. Moreover, if his estimation was correct, Chen Xiaotian's real strength was higher than that.

“Step down!” Huang Xiaolong snapped.

Geng Ken trembled, swiftly saluted respectfully and retreated to the back line where Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, and the rest were standing.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Chen Xiaotian, “If you can defeat me, you can leave.”

Chen Xiaotian glanced at the line up of Sky Magi Sect Elders at the back and then back to Huang Xiaolong, “For real?” Looking skeptical on the surface but his heart was delighted at Huang Xiaolong's arrogance. He wasn't sure of Huang Xiaolong's actual strength, but judging from Huang Xiaolong's aura, Chen Xiaotian was sure Huang Xiaolong hadn't broken through to Xiantian Seventh Order.

“Correct.” Huang Xiaolong affirmed coolly, catching the flicker of joy in Chen Xiaotian's eyes; it seems this Chen Xiaotian thinks he will win over me?

The instant Huang Xiaolong's reply came, one azure and one red light flew out from Chen Xiaotian's body, merging into a tree above his head.

A giant tree materialized, shrouded in an azure colored gale and dark red flames.

First-rank grade eleven martial spirit—Windfire Tree!

The power of the wind and fire elements instantly filled the grand hall.

Chen Xiaotian wasted no time in merging with his Windfire Tree martial spirit immediately after summoning it. After soul transforming, both of Chen Xiaotian's arms were crackling and burning with dark red flames; at the same time, azure colored

wind swished up and down and around his body.

The soul transformed Chen Xiaotian seized the initiative, launching an attack on Huang Xiaolong. He dashed forward in a blur of azure light with streaks of dark red, at amazing speed, as if he was the embodiment of wind. Not only were Du Xin and Deng Guangliang unable to capture Chen Xiaotian's movements, even the strongest amongst them, Geng Ken, a peak late-Sixth Order Xiantian could only see vague afterimages. This filled everyone with apprehension.

“Careful, Young Lord!” Geng Ken and the others couldn't help exclaiming out loud.

Huang Xiaolong branded a soul mark in each of their souls. Being connected at soul level, if Huang Xiaolong died, they too would follow, their souls facing destruction.

Watching Chen Xiaotian coming at him, Huang Xiaolong released his Asura Physique. Black, ebony Wings of Demon spread, and displaying Phantom Shadow at the same time, Huang Xiaolong's figure disappeared, leaving only a faint shadow in the air.

Chen Xiaotian's fist struck, piercing through the shadow left behind in Huang Xiaolong's place, the afterimage shadow puffed away like wisps of smoke.

His attack fell on empty air, Chen Xiaotian spun around with a horrified expression, looking at Huang Xiaolong—this black-haired young man actually dodged his attack! His actual strength was not what the outside rumours claimed to be, he had long ago advanced into the peak of late-Xiantian Seventh Order, and with the power of the wind element added onto his body after soul transformation, his speed greatly surpassed warriors of the same strength. Despite all of this, Huang Xiaolong managed to dodge his attack.

Having avoided Chen Xiaotian's attack, Huang Xiaolong rounded back with the Blades of Asura in his hands, slashing out at Chen Xiaotian from midair.

The Asura Sword Skill's Fourth Move: State of Abundant Lightning!

A lightning storm descended on the grand hall, countless lightning flood dragons formed as they hit the floor, roaring at the targeted Chen Xiaotian. In the short blink of an eye, Chen Xiaotian was surrounded.

Chen Xiaotian's face became ashen at the abrupt grave situation he found himself in.

“Windfire Flowing Physique!”

With a bellow, Chen Xiaotian twirled his body around like a flaming cloud and floated to the air, barely escaping the attacks of several lightning flood dragons. But he didn't expect that the flood dragon-shaped lightning could turn into rotating gales, dogging his steps.

After so many years, Huang Xiaolong had perfected the combination of Asura Sword Skill's first move, Tempest of Hell and the second move, Tears of Asura, into the fourth move, State of Abundant Lightning. When attacking, the lightning streaks were unpredictable, turning into an angry thunderstorm in the next moment. It evolved into quite a powerful move.

Chen Xiaotian 'floated' from one side to the other, endlessly 'flowing' with the air current, dodging the attacks of the lightning flood dragons repeatedly. Time elapsed and the State of Abundant Lightning dissipated.

After he was hit directly by the lightning, Chen Xiaotian appeared awkward and miserable, parts of his robes were singed and tattered, with burnt black holes.

“Windfist Flowing Fire Palm!”

When Huang Xiaolong's attack dissipated, Chen Xiaotian vented his wrath. Chen Xiaotian struck with his left fist and a hurricane of wind formed in front of it, whereas his right hand struck a palm

that pierced through space, dancing with dark red flames.

A punch and a palm fused into one attack, violently influencing the airflow of the grand hall, so much that Geng Ken and the group of Elder standing at the edge felt like they were being melted in a heated furnace, yet at the same time, blades of wind cut against their skin.

Even for Huang Xiaolong, it was the first time he came across such a battle skill.

After a brief moment of surprise, Huang Xiaolong's eyes turned sharp and cold, swinging the blades in his hands. Countless blade lights spun in peculiar circular motions, as a deep hued red eyeball materialized out of nowhere, it too spinning in the same direction. Icy blade lights flew out from the red eyeball, crashing into the enemy's wind fist and fire palm.

High above in the grand hall space, a chain of blasts rang out. Aftershocks of wind and fire rolled out as remnants of blade lights ricocheted in all directions, leaving spine-chilling cut marks on the walls of the grand hall.

When the deep red eyeball appeared, Chen Xiaotian felt dizzy from shock at the scene before him. Unable to control himself, his body wobbled as he looked at Huang Xiaolong with shock and trepidation.

What kind of battle skill was this?!

By now, it was apparent to him that Huang Xiaolong had yet to break through to Xiantian Seventh Order, but the cultivation technique he practiced was undoubtedly high. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong's battle qi grade exceeded his by more than a grade or two. On top of that, the battle skill he practiced was much stronger too, perhaps it might even be a legendary Heaven grade battle skill!

Seeing that even the Eye of Reincarnation failed to resolve Chen Xiaotian, Huang Xiaolong realized it would be difficult to defeat the



opponent if he didn't summon his martial spirit.

At the end of the day, Chen Xiaotian's strength was a peak late-Xiantian Seventh Order.

With Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and the rest watching, a coruscating light burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body. Roars of dragons shook the heavens as twin dragons materialized in midair—a black and a blue dragon! Overwhelming dragon might flooded the hall like the rushing currents of the Milky Way, spreading to every corner of the spacious grand hall.

The black and blue dragons wound themselves around Huang Xiaolong, akin to a Dragon God reincarnation.

“Twin Primordial Divine Dragon martial spirits!”

Geng Ken, Du Xin, and Deng Guangliang's bodies trembled, staring at Huang Xiaolong with feverish eyes.

# Chapter 259: Taking Control of Sky Magi Sect

---

“Blue Dragon martial spirit!” Watching a blue dragon materialize behind Huang Xiaolong, Chen Xiaotian was astounded.

News of Huang Xiaolong possessing superb talent twin martial spirits, Primordial Divine Black and Blue Dragons, had yet to spread to the Bedlam Lands. Therefore this was the first time any of them, be it Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, or the rest, were confronted with the existence of a blue dragon martial spirit.

After summoning his twin martial spirits, Huang Xiaolong’s strength rose and soared continuously. In a dazzling flash of light, he soul transformed with the black and blue dragons.

Before the stunned faces of Chen Xiaotian and the rest, layers of sturdy black and blue dragon scales grew on the surface of Huang Xiaolong’s skin, covering him like an armor, as two tattoo-like dragon heads appeared on his back.

After soul transforming, Huang Xiaolong’s momentum greatly surpassed Chen Xiaotian’s.

Huang Xiaolong’s body exuded an overwhelming dragon might, making it difficult for Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and the Sky Magi Sect Elders to breath. Deep within, the core of their souls gave birth to a desire to kneel, to prostrate, to submit before Huang Xiaolong. Only Chen Xiaotian was able to resist going down on his knees, although barely.

Huang Xiaolong shifted, disappearing in a blur and reappearing right in front of Chen Xiaotian. A palm swiftly struck out.

Chen Xiaotian turned ghastly pale at the sudden attack, raising his own palm in a panic, meeting Huang Xiaolong’s attack head on in an attempt of self-defense.

A muffled explosion resounded in the grand hall, followed by

terrifying aftershock waves spiralling outward. Chen Xiaotian had a feeling like his palm hit against a divine stone. It felt as if the bones of his hand shattered from the collision as he staggered backwards until the edge of the grand hall, just to steady himself.

Horror was written all over Chen Xiaotian's face as he stared at Huang Xiaolong.

Before this black-haired young man, after soul transforming, relying purely on battle qi and battle skill grade to battle him, Chen Xiaotian knew he was marginally stronger. But the young man's strength increased drastically after soul transformation.

A part of him actually gave up resistance facing the soul transformed Huang Xiaolong.

On the other side, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette flickered, wielding the Blades of Asura at Chen Xiaotian again, dancing blade lights spun into an alluring demonic flower right in front of Chen Xiaotian.

Asura Sword Skill, Fifth Move: Flower of the Other Shore!

In the next breath, the flower vanished into thin air!

All of a sudden, Chen Xiaotian screamed. His body was thrown back as if something hit him, red blood gushing out from his chest like a gurgling spring. A glaring, blood-red flower imprint could be seen on his chest as blood flowed out.

Before Chen Xiaotian crashed to the floor, the blades in Huang Xiaolong's hands swung out a third time, sending countless blade lights that turned into a pair of tempestuous vortices, chasing after Chen Xiaotian.

Tempest of Hell!

Fear and panic rose in Chen Xiaotian's heart watching the two cyclones coming at him.

“Windfire Flowing Physique!”

Chen Xiaotian's body rotated at high speed, turning into a cloud of flowing flames that floated in the air.

However, due to the injury from the Flower of the Other Shore, Asura qi had invaded his body, greatly reducing Chen Xiaotian's speed and movements. In the end, the Tempest of Hell vortices wrapped around his legs, pulling him down from the air.

Minuscule wind blades abraded Chen Xiaotian's legs, his flesh was flayed and blood splattered as they moved higher, towards Chen Xiaotian's torso. The white of bones was visible to the naked eye through the bloody wounds.

Huang Xiaolong stopped his attack and walked over to where Chen Xiaotian laid.

Severely injured by the Flower of the Other Shore and having his legs crippled by the Tempest of Hell, Chen Xiaotian was a withered version of his robust self. The elemental power of wind and fire weakened and dissipated. In this state, any average Xiantian Sixth Order warrior could snuff out Chen Xiaotian's life without exerting much effort.

Chen Xiaotian struggled to drag his injured body away with his arms, as Huang Xiaolong approached closer, until he reached a wall where there was no more space to retreat.

"Submit to me! I can heal your injuries, also let you break through to the Eighth Order." Huang Xiaolong lowered his gaze, his icy voice giving no room for doubt: "Or die!"

"Cut by my blades, with the Asura qi invading your body, the last moments before death are absolute torture. You probably don't feel so good right now."

A series of thoughts flashed passed Chen Xiaotian's pallid face. Just as Huang Xiaolong stated, the invading Asura qi felt like ten thousand poisonous snakes sinking their poisonous fangs into his skin, the pain grew increasingly excruciating by the seconds. If it

weren't for his wind and fire elemental battle qi suppressing that terrifying energy inside his body, the pain would be a hundred times worse than what he was experiencing now.

Huang Xiaolong watched him coldly, waiting for an answer.

Geng Ken, Du Xin, and Deng Guangliang all looked at Chen Xiaotian in absolute silence.

Huang Xiaolong had easily defeated Chen Xiaotian after soul transformation, the shocking truth was already deeply etched in Geng Ken, Du Xin, Deng Guangliang, and the Sky Magi Sect Elders' hearts, and it showed on their faces.

Time ticked by and the prolonged silence grew foreboding.

"Fine. I'm willing, to submit to you." A short while passed, Chen Xiaotian sighed towards the sky and gave in. The moment these words left his lips, he looked as if he grew old in an instant.

As the Sky Magi Sect's Sovereign, Chen Xiaotian was considered as one of three hegemony existences in Black Demon City, an existence that even the Nine Fiend Sect's Patriarch showed a point or two of respect and wariness towards. But now, he was reduced to submitting to another person, having a master over him—a junior!

The circumstances of this change were difficult for him to accept.

Huang Xiaolong was secretly relieved that Chen Xiaotian was willing to submit. This was the most favorable outcome.

This way, on the surface, Chen Xiaotian could remain as the face of Sky Magi Sect's Leader, while Huang Xiaolong controlled everything behind the scenes. Proceeding in this manner would reduce the chances of Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect getting suspicious, otherwise, things would be more troublesome if he had to make Chen Xiaotian 'disappear' or 'missing.'

"Good. Release your soul sea," Huang Xiaolong added, "I'm going to brand a soul mark."

“Soul mark!” Chen Xiaotian’s reaction was identical to Geng Ken, Du Xin, and the rest upon hearing the words ‘soul mark’. The fact that Huang Xiaolong knew the art of soul marking was shocking to Chen Xiaotian.

His eyes strayed towards Geng Ken, his disciples, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, as well as the Sky Magi Sect Elders. Realization dawned on him, all of them were branded with a soul mark by Huang Xiaolong!

Like the many before him, Chen Xiaotian relented, releasing his soul sea, allowing Huang Xiaolong to brand a soul mark.

Displaying the Soul Mandate combined with the Ancient Puppetry Art, Huang Xiaolong branded Chen Xiaotian’s soul sea with a soul mark. When all was completed smoothly, he finally relaxed. Reigning in Chen Xiaotian, the Sky Magi Sect was now fully under his control.

In the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong now had his own force!

Successfully branding a soul mark in Chen Xiaotian, Huang Xiaolong drew out the Asura qi within and gave him a grade six spirit pellet and a healing pellet, so that he could heal his wounds.

With Chen Xiaotian on his side, Huang Xiaolong turned to the three remaining Sky Magi Sect Elders, reigning them in just as he did with the others.

However, Huang Xiaolong did not make Chen Xiaotian call for an assembly of the core disciples announcing his identity. Before he swallowed up the Blood Swallow Sect and Nine Fiend Sect, the fewer people that knew about him the better.

Yet, at the same time, Huang Xiaolong wasn’t in a rush to take over the two other forces. Instead, he ordered Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken to have someone watch the movements of Blood Swallow School’s Elders.

His plan was to divide and conquer—when these Elders were

outbound for tasks, he would either kill or rein them in.

He would only act when the Blood Swallow School's Doyen, Jiang Tianhua noticed something was amiss.

From then on, Huang Xiaolong stayed in the Sky Magi Sect headquarters, spending his days cultivating inside Godly Mt. Xumi. As his spiritual force and strength continued to rise, Huang Xiaolong tried to control the fifth puppet inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

And Huang Xiaolong finally succeeded ten days later.

“Young Lord, this subordinate found out that two Blood Swallow School Elders, Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang, accepted a task to the Death Domain in search of the Bedeviled Spirit Bead.” One day, the Sky Magi Sect's Leader, Chen Xiaotian, came to report to Huang Xiaolong.

# Chapter 260: Death Gods Chain

---

“Heading to the Death Domain in search of the Bedeviled Spirit Bead?” Huang Xiaolong repeated in surprise.

The Death Domain was one of three of the Bedlam Lands’ forbidden areas, also known as the Death Land. In that area, the death aura and demonic energy were extremely thick, covering entire miles. Putting aside the weaker Houtian realm warriors, even some early Xiantian realm warriors that entered the Death Domain would be bedeviled if they were just a little careless, turning into a half human half devil existence.

“Yes, the Blood Swallow School’s Doyen, Jiang Tianhua, practices a battle skill called Devil Tribulation Finger and he needs the Bedeviled Spirit Bead for it.” Chen Xiaotian added, “Thus Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang were sent to search for the Bedeviled Spirit Bead in the Death Domain.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

The Bedeviled Spirit Bead was a type of rare bead formed from nature by gathering death aura and demonic energy, extremely beneficial to those cultivating dark types of battle qi or evil battle skills.

“In your opinion, has Jiang Tianhua advanced to the Eighth Order?” Huang Xiaolong’s voice sounded solemn.

Chen Xiaotian contemplated the question and answered in a tone just as solemn, “Although the rumors circling outside claimed Jiang Tianhua to be a peak late-Xiantian Seventh Order, no one could confirm it, for no one has witnessed Jiang Tianhua’s strength in the last decade. In this subordinate’s estimation, it is very likely that Jiang Tianhua has already broken through to Xiantian Eighth Order.”

“Xiantian Eighth Order.” Huang Xiaolong repeated with a frown



on his forehead.

He could easily suppress a peak late-Xiantian Seventh Order Chen Xiaotian after soul transforming with his twin dragon martial spirits, but Huang Xiaolong didn't have full confidence to be able to defeat a Xiantian Eighth Order warrior.

For high-level Xiantian warriors, the strength gap became more significant in every small stage they advanced. Although there was seemingly a small gap between Chen Xiaotian's peak late-Seventh Order strength and Jiang Tianhua's Eighth Order, strength wise, two, perhaps even three of Chen Xiaotian could not compete with a single powerful Xiantian Eighth Order warrior. Even amongst early Xiantian Eighth Orders, there was a distinction between strong and weak ones.

As the herald behind the Blood Swallow School, Jiang Tianhua's strength definitely ranked in the top few among Xiantian Eighth Order warriors.

Then, there was but one way: he had to break through to Xiantian Seventh Order as soon as possible. Huang Xiaolong weighed the chances, musing to himself. After breaking into Xiantian Seventh Order, Huang Xiaolong had full confidence to defeat Jiang Tianhua.

"When are Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang setting off to the Death Domain?" Huang Xiaolong looked inquiringly over at Chen Xiaotian.

"It should be within these two days." Chen Xiaotian answered.

"Good, continue to watch their movements and report to me once they left Black Demon City." Huang Xiaolong instructed. "Mn, you can withdraw now."

"Yes Young Lord!" Chen Xiaotian made a respectful salute, turned around, and left.

After Chen Xiaotian's silhouette disappeared, Huang Xiaolong

once again entered the Xumi Temple, swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and cultivated. It was imperative for him to break through to Xiantian Seventh Order if he wanted to ensure his success in defeating Jiang Tianhua in one fell swoop.

Once he entered the high-level Xiantian order, his strength would rise drastically. With Huang Xiaolong's twin dragon martial spirits, the Godly Xumi Art, and Asura Sword Skill, in the Bedlam Lands, he was an expert strong enough to rule in one direction.

The night passed quietly.

Huang Xiaolong stopped practicing the Godly Xumi Art, moving on to the Asura Tactics and the Body Metamorphose Scripture.

Ever since he refined the Godly Mt. Xumi, he had been taking a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir every day, improving his flesh and muscles. On the surface, Huang Xiaolong seemed the same, for no one could see the earth-shaking changes taking place inside his body, other than Huang Xiaolong himself.

His meridians were covered with a layer of tenacious golden film-like glow, spreading over and wrapping around his internal organs. If, before this, his internal organs were likened to hard granite, then his current improvement would shame the core of the hardest steel.

It could be said that Huang Xiaolong's physical defense was more shocking than an early-Xiantian Eighth Order's physique. Even if Huang Xiaolong just stood there and allowed Chen Xiaotian to land punches on him without countering, he would not suffer any real damage.

"Still, I need to find a way for Godly Mt. Xumi to produce a new supply of Geocentric Buddha Elixir." Looking at the ever diminishing cloudy white liquid in the tiny pond, Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself.

Before leaving Duanren Empire, he gave some Geocentric Buddha

Elixir to his family. On top of the amount he used for his own cultivation, there wasn't much left, at most, it would only be enough to support him for no more than a year. Meaning to say, if Huang Xiaolong could not find a way that would allow the Godly Mt. Xumi to produce Geocentric Buddha Elixir within the next two years, his supply of Geocentric Buddha Elixir would all be gone.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong concentrated. Now, the crucial task was taking over Black Demon City. With the Black Demon City in his grasp, he could be considered as having established himself in the Bedlam Lands. After that, he would focus on finding a method for the Godly Mt. Xumi to generate more Geocentric Buddha Elixir.

At this moment, the Asura Ring on Huang Xiaolong's finger sparkled as he took out the Asura Sword Skill illustrations. He had mastered the sixth move: Eye of Reincarnation, thus it was about time he started training the seventh move. Huang Xiaolong studied the illustrations.

"Death God's Chain." Huang Xiaolong said the name out loud.

Death God's Chain—that was the name of the Asura Sword Skill's Seventh move.

Huang Xiaolong continued to study the illustration, committing the flow of battle qi and the attack movements to his memory. Some time later, after he memorized them, Huang Xiaolong closed his eyes and recalled the details using mind visualization, repeating the moves many times over in his mind.

It was several hours later when Huang Xiaolong finally opened his eyes. His body moved, the Blades of Asura were already in his hands as he leaped up, swinging the blades in his hands to the front. Countless blade lights shot forward in rapid rotations, like a poisonous snake, like an electric drill, akin to angry dragons as they transformed into a pair of links of a crimson chain that struck out. The surrounding void where the chains shot past looked as if

it was perforated through and through.

After the first attempt, Huang Xiaolong closed his eyes once again, remembering the feeling he had when he displayed the Death God's Chain.

Half an hour later, the blades in Huang Xiaolong's hands swung out a second time, creating a hail of spinning blade lights that turned into four links of a crimson chain, whipping out in the four directions.

When the attack subsided, Huang Xiaolong closed his eyes. Then, it was another attempt in after half an hour's time. One day passed quickly in this manner.

At the end of the day, Huang Xiaolong could already form twenty links of the chains when displaying the Death God's Chain. When attacking, the chains of blade light spun, being able to launch an attack from any direction and angle at any moment. According to the description written beneath the illustrations, once one reached the major completion stage, an attack from the Death God's Chain could cover a piece of heaven and earth, measuring tens of thousands li, in a dense forest of crimson chains that would slice and penetrate through everything in their path. The most terrifying element of the Death God's Chain was its ability to control the space within its area, locking everything in place.

When the night came, Huang Xiaolong stopped his training.

At this time, Chen Xiaotian came in to report that the two Elders of Blood Swallow Sect, Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang, had left Black Demon City for their Death Domain mission.

Huang Xiaolong nodded. Finally, the two of them left the Black Demon City area. Thus, Huang Xiaolong, together with Chen Xiaotian acting as a guide, headed out from the Sky Magi Sect headquarters to 'pay a visit' to Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang.

Ten thousand li outside of Black Demon City, Li Yunhua and Liu

Liyang were passing through a chain of barren mountain ridges.

“Our the task in going to the Death Domain this time must absolutely succeed; we will definitely find a Bedeviled Spirit Bead for the Doyen. With it, our Doyen’s Undying Devil Physique and Devil Tribulation Finger will finally reach major completion. Hmph, when that time comes, even the Nine Fiend Sect’s Sovereign wouldn’t be our Doyen’s opponent. The day when our Blood Swallow School rules Black Demon City is close!” Li Yunhua laughed.

Hearing this, Liu Liyang laughed agreeably, “You’re right! The first one we’re gonna swallow up will be the Sky Magi Sect. If that Chen Xiaotian doesn’t know what’s good for him, he can only join the reincarnation line!”

# Chapter 261: Begin Swallowing the Blood Swallow School

---

“Later on, when our Doyen achieves major completion in his Undying Devil Physique and Devil Tribulation Finger, killing Chen Xiaotian will take nothing more than a flick of a finger.” Li Yunhua laughed blatantly.

The moment Li Yunhua’s laughter rang out, a cold snort sounded from the void. It came too abruptly, startling the two Blood Swallow School Elders. Alerted, both turned, backs facing each other as they scanned the surroundings warily, barking: “Who is it?! Roll out here!”

Before the vigilant eyes of Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang, two silhouettes emerged from the void, Huang Xiaolong and Chen Xiaotian, revealing themselves to Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang.

“Chen Xiaotian!” Both Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang were so shocked seeing one of the two people was Chen Xiaotian that they exclaimed aloud.

Even though both of them ridiculed how useless and vulnerable Chen Xiaotian would be in front of their Doyen, deep down they understood that regardless of their opinions, Chen Xiaotian was a peak late-Xiantian Seventh Order expert, one of the hegemons of Black Demon City.

Whereas the two of them were only late-Xiantian Sixth Order.

Almost immediately, Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang’s keen eyes noticed that Chen Xiaotian was actually walking half a step behind a black-haired young man, humble in demeanor, his body slightly lowered at the waist. Their sight hastily shifted onto Huang Xiaolong in astonishment.

Huang Xiaolong looked at them with cold nonchalance, “Kill Chen Xiaotian? Swallow the Sky Magi Sect?” Without waiting for a

reply, Huang Xiaolong looked over to Chen Xiaotian, “I’ll leave them to you, as long as they still have one breath hanging at the end.”

Chen Xiaotian’s eyes lit up hearing that and thanked Huang Xiaolong respectfully, “Thank you, Young Lord!” Earlier, when he heard them saying that if the Blood Swallow Sect’s Doyen, Jiang Tianhua, wanted to kill him it would only take the effort of wriggling a finger, Chen Xiaotian had been suppressing the anger boiling in his veins. Because there was no order to act from Huang Xiaolong, he dared not charge ahead on his own. Now, with Huang Xiaolong’s order, Chen Xiaotian shot forward with great élan, launching attacks on Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang at the same time.

“Young Lord?!” Catching the crucial term Chen Xiaotian used to address the black-haired young man standing in front of them, Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang couldn’t believe their ears. Before they could figure out what was happening, Chen Xiaotian’s attack already reached in front of them.

Jarred back to their senses, both men raised their arms in defense. However, relying on their late-Xiantian Sixth Order strength, they were no match for Chen Xiaotian at all. In the first wave of attack, Chen Xiaotian already displayed his Windfist Flowing Fire Palm. A palm and fist combination, instantly suppressing Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang until they were unable to put up the slightest resistance, crashing down to the ground. Wind force blasted gravel and rock debris everywhere.

“Chen Xiaotian, stop!” Spitting out blood from his mouth, Li Yunhua hollered anxiously. Liu Liyang was angry and just as shocked as Li Yunhua.

Chen Xiaotian’s feet landed gently on the ground. A contemptuous snicker sounded from his throat as he struck out another Windfist Flowing Fire Palm onto the two men’s chest. Throughout the battle, Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang were given no chance to summon their martial spirits out to soul transform.

Screams reverberated in the air as bodies tumbled harshly on the jagged ground, sending rocks and dust flying everywhere. At the end, Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang slammed heavily against two large boulders and slid down.

Huang Xiaolong's order stated that it was fine as long as they still had a breath in them, therefore, Chen Xiaotian did not hold back. Every attack was ruthless, venting fierce rage, pounding it into the two punching bags. Chen Xiaotian did not stop there, he sent them up to the air once again and continued to assault Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang in a torrent of fists and palms.

Ten minutes later, Li Yuhua and Liu Liyang sprawled half dead on the ground, turning into a pair of unrecognizable bloodied pulps, unable to even move their little fingers. Although Chen Xiaotian's attacks were ruthless, they were well-measured, guaranteeing that Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang would not die accidentally.

"Good, it's enough." Huang Xiaolong who had been watching at the side the entire time finally spoke.

Only after hearing Huang Xiaolong's order did Chen Xiaotian stop attacking, retreating respectfully behind Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong slowly strode towards the two bloodied men, peering down at their blood-stained swollen faces, he said, "I know you're very curious about my identity, you will know very soon. Let me tell you frankly, the Sky Magi Sect is already under my control now; Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and all the Sky Magi Sect Elders have all submitted to me."

The two heavily injured and weakened Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang that couldn't even lift a pinky, suddenly snapped their eyes wide open, staring at Huang Xiaolong, as great waves of shock hit their hearts.

What?!



This black-haired young man had full control over the Sky Magi Sect?! Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and all Sky Magi Sect Elders had all submitted to him?!

Their minds buzzed.

A brief moment later, two pairs of eyes fell on Chen Xiaotian's body. It was hard to believe, yet judging from Chen Xiaotian's earlier behavior in front of Huang Xiaolong, that respectful demeanor that was no different than a slave, Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang knew that Huang Xiaolong was speaking the truth.

However, how did this black-haired young man make Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and the Sky Magi Sect's Elders submit to him? Why didn't the Blood Swallow School or Nine Fiend Sect receive any wind of something so big!?

"I'm giving you two a choice. One, like Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and the others, submit to me, or two, death." Huang Xiaolong added.

Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang's expressions tightened.

"You're dreaming if you want us to submit!" Li Yunhua glared ferociously: "Impossible! Kid, kill us if you want, our Blood Swallow School will never let you go. Not only you, our Blood Swallow School will destroy the entire Sky Magi Sect!"

Huang Xiaolong's face sank. He shook his head, there'll always be some people that weren't aware of the direction in which the wind blows, then...! A hint of coldness shone in Huang Xiaolong's pupils, a finger pointed out as he raised his hand. Dark gray fog rolled out like rumbling storm clouds, strange dark creatures issued wails from its depth that pierced at the soul. A terrifying force burst out from the thick dark gray fog, enveloping Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang.

The Absolute Soul Pearl's heritage skill, the Absolute Soul Finger!

The appearance of the gray fog and the strange cries petrified Li

Yunhua. Just as he was about to beg for mercy, the Absolute Soul finger imprint already pierced through the middle of his brows. Liu Liyang saw everything clearly from the side; the finger imprint pierced through his comrade's eyebrows and out from the back of his head. Blood and brain matter splattered out.

Li Yunhua stiffened, mouth agape as he tumbled sideways to the ground.

Liu Liyang's heart shivered staring at Li Yunhua's body and then at Huang Xiaolong again. He didn't expect Huang Xiaolong to be so decisive and ruthless, giving no second chances.

As these thoughts crossed Liu Liyang's mind, Huang Xiaolong slowly turned to him with piercing eyes, like a pair of swords. At this precise moment, a great shadow loomed over Liu Liyang's heart, body, and soul.

"I can give you time to reconsider. Think well before deciding, don't learn from him, opening his mouth recklessly." Huang Xiaolong then added: "But there's only one chance, live or die."

Liu Liyang's expression turned ugly beneath the blood stains.

Huang Xiaolong instructed Chen Xiaotian, "Deal with his corpse." Of course, Li Yunhua's corpse couldn't be left anywhere, all traces of evidence had to be erased.

"Yes, Young Lord!" Chen Xiaotian answered. A great suction force came from his palm and Li Yunhua's lifeless body flew up into the air. Then, Chen Xiaotian's fire battle qi burned brightly as he struck a Flowingcloud Fire Palm on Li Yunhua's corpse, incinerating it to gray ashes that scattered on the ground in just moment. Barely any time passed for the dust and sand blown by the wind to cover all traces.

Liu Liyang's expression turned from bad to worse, watching with his own eyes as Chen Xiaotian destroyed the evidence and the remains of Li Yunhua.

“I, am willing to... submit!” As the last traces of Li Yunhua’s gray ashes disappeared, Liu Liyang made his decision.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, ordering Liu Liyang to release his soul sea for him to brand his soul sea with a soul mark.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong talk about branding his soul sea, another surge of tidal waves crashed at Liu Liyang’s heart, but he had no other options. In the end, he obediently did as he was told, releasing his soul sea, allowing Huang Xiaolong to place his soul mark.

When all was done, Huang Xiaolong secretly breathed in relief, Liu Liyang’s submission signaled the first step of incorporating Blood Swallow School and Sky Magi Sect.

Because Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang left Black Demon City on a task to look for the Bedeviled Spirit Bead in the Death Domain, their actions were safe. The Blood Swallow School’s Doyen, Jiang Tianhua, wouldn’t be suspicious for at least three to four months.

And within these three to four months, Huang Xiaolong had to make his way inside the Blood Swallow School before Jiang Tianhua became suspicious.

## Chapter 262: Ally with Sky Magi Sect?

---

Liu Liyang's surrender was a big stride in Huang Xiaolong's plan of swallowing the Blood Swallow School.

Liu Liyang was a Blood Swallow Sect Elder, one of the more influential ones, which gave him privy to many hidden secrets of the school. Although Chen Xiaotian had been investigating and following the Blood Swallow School, they were informations Chen Xiaotian was unable to get wind of.

For example, while cultivating the Undead Devil Physique, the Blood Swallow School's Doyen Jiang Tianhua erred, causing damaging demonic energy to enter his body. Every year, there would be a day when his strength would fall to the weakest point. Or, the fact that Blood Swallow School's Deputy Cui Ming and the Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign's little concubine had illicit moonlight rendezvous, etc.

"Jiang Tianhua has a day every year when his strength falls greatly?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

"That's right, Young Lord." Liu Liyang reiterated, "However, this Subordinate doesn't know which day exactly."

Huang Xiaolong nodded, a somber, pensive expression on his face. A brief moment later he said to Chen Xiaotian, "Go spread rumours about the affair between Blood Swallow Sect's Deputy Cui Ming and Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign's little concubine. Remember, act with discretion."

Chen Xiaotian was stumped but quickly recovered and acknowledged the orders, for Huang Xiaolong instructed him to pay attention to the reaction from Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect after the word had been let out.

As for Liu Liyang, Huang Xiaolong instructed him to stay at the Sky Magi Sect's headquarters and keep a low profile, he was not

allowed to show himself until he had successfully taken over the Blood Swallow School.

Since that day, rumors about the affair between Blood Swallow School's Deputy Cui Ming and Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign's little concubine spread. Just like what Huang Xiaolong predicted, the Nine Fiend Sect's Sovereign, Hu Han, blew up in rage. In front of an assembly of Nine Fiend Sect disciples, he beheaded that concubine. After that, he made a public demand for Blood Swallow School Doyen's, Jiang Tianhua, to hand out Deputy Cui Ming.

Cui Ming was Jiang Tianhua's both left and right hands, there was almost no chance of Jiang Tianhua complying with the request. Hence, the Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect's relationship became extremely tense, as if a bloody battle could break out at any moment.

Receiving the report of this result, Huang Xiaolong nodded with satisfaction inwardly, all he had to do now was to sit back and watch as the two tigers battled. While both sides were fighting, he would gain control over their Elders.

Amidst the intense battle atmosphere, Hu Han and Jiang Tianhua's attention on Sky Magi Sect would slacken, which was advantageous to Huang Xiaolong's plan to spread his control over both sides.

Two days later, Chen Xiaotian reported that a fight broke out between the Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect's disciples, more than a dozen dead and injured. As time wore on, scuffles and fights between both sides' disciples became more common and frequent. The conflict between the two forces escalated, while Huang Xiaolong immersed himself in secluded cultivation within the Xumi Temple.

Huang Xiaolong's strength grew stronger with each passing day. Every day was filled with practicing the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, the Body Metamorphose Scripture, and he insisted on

allocating time for the Ancient Puppetry Art, Soul Mandate, as well as the Asura Sword Skill's Seventh Move: Death God's Chain.

The most obvious improvement was in Huang Xiaolong's Ancient Puppetry Art. Initially, he estimated he would need at least a year to break through to the second level, yet now, there were signs that he would be able to advance in two months' time.

Once he entered the second level, his spiritual force strength would take a great leap, allowing him to easily brand six people with soul marks at once and significantly reduce his spiritual force recovery period to a mere day or two.

Not forgetting that his Eye of Hell's attack power would also be enhanced due to his stronger spiritual force. At the Ancient Puppetry Art's first level of spiritual force, casting the Eye of Hell spiritual attack on an enemy with similar strength would only bring about negligible effects, but this would change when his spiritual force entered the second level, the power of his spiritual attacks would pose a threat to his enemies.

Other than holing up in practice, Huang Xiaolong seized every chance to intercept the Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect's Elders every time they ventured out of Black Demon City for tasks—those who refused to submit were always killed on the spot, whereas those who surrendered and submitted were branded with a soul mark.

One month passed in the blink of an eye.

In this one month, other than Liu Liyang, the number of Elders from Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect who submitted grew to eleven, seven people from Blood Swallow School and four people from Nine Fiend Sect. Though the number seemed small, it was by no means a weak force.

At first, Huang Xiaolong planned to take control over Blood Swallow School before making his move on Nine Fiend Sect, but he had changed his mind, penetrating both sides simultaneously,

speeding up the process of having Black Demon City under his control.

Due to Sky Magi Sect pouring oil over fire from the shadows, in this one month, the conflict between the Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect had become overblown to the point where one side couldn't stand the sight of the other, akin to fire and water.

As for Huang Xiaolong, after having eleven Elders of these two forces submit to him, his power spread swiftly by pulling the same old trick of having these Elders invite Elders of Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect to a banquet, and subjugation them one by one.

Two months later, a total of twenty-three Elders from both the Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect submitted to Huang Xiaolong. The ones who refused amounted to six, all silenced on the spot by Huang Xiaolong.

With the twenty-three Elders and the Sky Magi Sect, Huang Xiaolong had control of half of Black Demon City's power. Even if the Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect made a pact and turned their spearhead towards his side, Huang Xiaolong was confident that he could fight them on an even scale.

In the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and stood at the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, practicing the Godly Xumi Art, as the Asura Tactics and the Body Metamorphose Scripture ran simultaneously inside his body. Above him, Buddhism energy, netherworld spiritual energy, and true dragon qi came down like a waterfall.

As Huang Xiaolong practiced, ethereal shadows of Buddha statues, Archdemons, and Primordial Divine Dragons appeared around him. The Buddhism energy, netherworld battle qi, and true dragon qi in his Qi Sea and meridians became denser, surging endlessly.

The night passed.

Huang Xiaolong stopped practicing at daybreak.

Two months passed, Huang Xiaolong managed to bring his cultivation infinitely closer to Xiantian Seventh Order from peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order. In another ten days, or half a month at most, he was confident he could make that breakthrough, and that included his Ancient Puppetry Art, which was at the peak of the first level.

In the Blood Swallow School's great hall, the small-built Jiang Tianhua was sitting on the main throne-like seat with an ugly expression on his face. Just now, the Nine Fiend Sect's Sovereign, Hu Han, ordered down that if the Blood Swallow School did not hand out Cui Ming, their Nine Fiend Sect disciples would kill every Blood Swallow School disciple they come across!

Wasn't this the same as uprooting the Blood Swallow School? Extermination?

Hand out Cui Ming? If he really handed out Cui Ming, wasn't that the same as having his dignity as a Doyen trampled? How would he govern the Elders in the future, how would they look at him? Moreover, Cui Ming was both his left and right hands, extremely loyal to him.

Jiang Tianhua grew angrier by the second as these thoughts swirled in his mind.

"Sovereign, that Hu Han is bullying us too much! He's really acting as if our Blood Swallow Sect is a soft persimmon that they can mold as they like!" At this time, one of the Elders present in the great hall stood out clamoring.

"That's true, Sovereign. If worst comes to worst, we'll just fight them!" Another Blood Swallow Sect Elder echoed the sentiment. However, these two Elders were already subjugated by Huang Xiaolong.

The other Elders who submitted to Huang Xiaolong sang the



same tune in front of Jiang Tianhua, they were ready to fight to the death with the Nine Fiend Sect

“Sovereign, how about we ally with Sky Magi Sect?” At this point, a tall, middle-aged Elder possessing excellent features suggested. And this middle-aged man was none other than Deputy Cui Ming.

“Ally with Sky Magi Sect?” Jiang Tianhua was surprised for a moment and then nodded slowly. In this situation, this was the only option available.

# Chapter 263: Chen Xiaotian's Too Presumptuous

---

“Jiang Tuanhua sent Cui Ming over to our side, wanting to discuss an alliance against the Nine Fiend Sect?” Huang Xiaolong looked over at Chen Xiaotian beside him.

“Yes, Young Lord!” Chen Xiaotian confirmed.

“Where is that Cui Ming now?” Huang Xiaolong asked another question.

“He’s right outside in the great hall.” Chen Xiaotian answered.

Huang Xiaolong nodded. Since two months ago, Huang Xiaolong had predicted that Blood Swallow Sect would try to make an alliance with the Sky Magi Sect. The conflict between Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect placed Blood Swallow School at a disadvantage, going against the stronger Nine Fiend Sect. At last, their remaining option was to ally themselves with the Sky Magi Sect.

“Young Lord, how shall we proceed?” Chen Xiaotian ventured cautiously.

“Tell him to go back.” Huang Xiaolong’s tone was solemn, “Tell him that if Blood Swallow School wants to ally with the Sky Magi Sect, Jiang Tianhua must come himself, bearing gifts.”

Chen Xiaotian was stunned, he had assumed Huang Xiaolong would agree.

Tell Jiang Tianhua to come in person? Jiang Tianhua’s status and identity in Black Demon City was a tad more influential than Chen Xiaotian, yet Jiang Tianhua was to come bearing gifts?

“Yes, Young Lord.” Although feeling doubtful, Chen Xiaotian dare not disobey Huang Xiaolong’s instructions. He saluted and left, making his way to the great hall.

When Chen Xiaotian arrived at the great hall, he saw Cui Ming sitting leisurely, sipping on a cup of fragrant tea.

Cui Ming did not stand up even after he noticed Chen Xiaotian walking in, he continued to enjoy his tea and said, “Sovereign Chen, have you thought about it?” In Cui Ming’s opinion, the Sky Magi Sect would definitely agree to their request. Otherwise, once Nine Fiend Sect uprooted the Blood Swallow School, it would be hard for the Sky Magi Sect to survive in Black Demon City. In the end, Sky Magi Sect would suffer the same fate as Blood Swallow School.

Watching Cui Ming continuing to drink tea comfortably, Chen Xiaotian secretly sneered, “If the Blood Swallow School wants to ally with us, let Jiang Tianhua come bearing gifts.”

Cui Ming had just taken a sip, the hand holding the cup halted midway as he stared dumbly at Chen Xiaotian for a moment, as if he did not expect Chen Xiaotian to actually decline.

Let Jiang Tianhua come bearing gifts? Cui Ming’s expression became gloomy when he understood Chen Xiaotian’s underlying meaning.

“Sovereign Chen, you’re sure you want our Doyen to come over himself bearing gifts?” Cui Ming’s face turned ugly.

Chen Xiaotian retorted simply, “I believe you are not deaf.”

“You!” Angered, Cui Ming jumped to his feet.

“What, you want to start a fight?” Chen Xiaotian taunted the other side.

Cui Ming suppressed his anger with much difficulty. To Chen Xiaotian he said, “Good, good. I will return and report your exact words to our Doyen. Sovereign Chen, I hope you will not regret your decision today!”

“Regret?” Chen Xiaotian: “You can scram now.”

Scram! Cui Ming's face turned red, but he did not utter a single word more. He exited the great hall and headed straight towards Blood Swallow Sect's headquarters.

Blood Swallow School headquarters' great hall.

"Chen Xiaotian really said so, he wants me to go over in person bearing gifts?" When Jiang Tianhua heard Cui Ming's report, he was surprised. Subsequently, his expression darkened.

"Doyen, this Chen Xiaotian is too presumptuous!" A Blood Swallow School Elder lost his temper, "A measly Sky Magi Sect Sovereign dares to utter such brazen words, telling our Doyen to come in person, bearing gifts! We'll go now and first annihilate this damn Sky Magi Sect!"

"That's right, we'll destroy them first!" Other Blood Swallow School Elders voiced their anger.

Cui Ming stepped forward at this moment, "Doyen, it would be simple if we exterminate Chen Xiaotian and take over the Sky Magi Sect. After that, we would be strong enough to contend with the Nine Fiend Sect, isn't that killing two birds with one stone?"

"That's right, Doyen, after taking control over Sky Magi Sect, we'll destroy the Nine Fiend Sect, and then, Black Demon City will be our paradise!" Another Blood Swallow School Elder echoed his support of Cui Ming's suggestion.

Jiang Tianhuan raised his hand, waving for everyone to calm down. He scanned the crowd, saying, "Swallowing the Sky Magi Sect is inevitable sooner or later, but now is not the time." His Undead Devil Physique hadn't reached major completion yet.

"It's about time for Li Yunhua and Liu Liyang to return, isn't it?" Jiang Tianhua questioned.

"Yes, Doyen, Elder Liu Liyang sent a message the day before yesterday, saying that in another month, they will return with the Bedeviled Spirit Bead from the Death Domain." Cui Ming reported.

In order to not raise Jiang Tianhua's suspicion, Huang Xiaolong instructed Liu Liyang to send news back to Blood Swallow School from time to time.

Hearing this, Jiang Tianhua nodded, "Let Chen Xiaotian temporarily enjoy two more months of life."

"Then, Doyen, what shall we do now?" Cui Ming asked.

Jiang Tianhua scanned the great hall, his sight finally stopped on Cui Ming's body, saying, "Inside the Sky Magi Sect, Chen Xiaotian is not the final decision maker."

Cui Ming's eyes lit up, "Doyen is referring to Geng Ken?"

Jiang Tianhua smiled faintly, "Correct."

"Yes, Doyen, I know what to do." Cui Ming answered. Bowing respectfully, Cui Ming left the great hall, heading in the direction of Geng Ken's manor.

Although Doyen Jiang Tianhua did not elaborate on the details, Cui Ming already understood his intention—ally with Geng Ken. Geng Ken's status and influence within Sky Magi Sect were on par with Chen Xiaotian, thus joining hands with Geng Ken would achieve the same result. If Geng Ken was willing to cooperate with Blood Swallow School, judging from a different aspect, it was more favorable than cooperating with Chen Xiaotian, because the relationship between him and Geng Ken had always been good.

Entering Geng Ken's manor, Cui Ming went straight to the main hall, waiting for Geng Ken while enjoying tea. A short while later, Cui Ming saw Geng Ken coming into the main hall from outside.

"Brother Geng Ken, I haven't seen you for several months, your face is glowing." Seeing Geng Ken walking in, Cui Ming stood up, greeting him with a wide smile.

However, Geng Ken's reaction was rather lukewarm, taking a seat after giving Cui Ming a glance. Cui Ming's smile froze on his face, awkward and embarrassed, he returned to his previous seat.

“What purpose does Deputy Cui Ming has in visiting my manor?” Geng Ken cut to the chase, asking Cui Ming in a straightforward manner as soon as he sat down.

Cui Ming looked at Geng Ken and stated the purpose of his visit, adding, “Our Doyen gave his word, when our Doyen takes control over Black Demon City, he definitely won’t mistreat Brother Geng Ken.”

“Take over Black Demon City?” Geng Ken’s lips arched up in a taunting smile as he stared at Cui Ming, “Look for me when you’ve taken over Black Demon City, we’ll talk then.”

Cui Ming stiffened, “Brother Geng Ken’s meaning is?”

“You don’t understand?” Geng Ken sneered coldly, “Our Sovereign’s meaning is my meaning.”

Instantly, Cui Ming’s face tightened; weren’t Geng Ken and Chen Xiaotian arch rivals? How was he showing a united front with Chen Xiaotian now?

“Please, see yourself out.” At this point, Geng Ken stood up, indicating to Cui Ming his presence wasn’t welcome. Although Geng Ken didn’t use the word ‘scram’ like Chen Xiaotian, in essence, the meaning was the same.

Cui Ming stood up, fire raging in his heart, but in the end, he kept quiet, leaving Geng Ken’s manor.

...

Blood Swallow Sect headquarters.

“What did you say!?” Jiang Tianhua’s face was extremely gloomy listening to Cui Ming’s report.

“Geng Ken said...” Cui Ming hesitated, “Chen Xiaotian’s meaning is his meaning.”

## Chapter 264: Jiang Tianhua Paying A Visit

---

“Chen Xiaotian’s meaning is his meaning?” A strong killing intent glinted in Jiang Tianhua eyes.

The Elders present in the main hall lowered their heads, trembling, being as quiet as possible.

“Doyen, Geng Ken and Chen Xiaotian’s relationship has never been harmonious, but this time they’re actually singing the same tune, there's something odd about this.” After what seemed like a long time, Cui Ming came forward, whispering with caution.

A light flickered in Jiang Tianhua’s eyes; this was exactly the point he couldn’t figure out. Logically speaking, Geng Ken should have been overjoyed at Cui Ming’s proposal, honored to be joining hands with the Blood Swallow Sect, however, not only did Geng Ken refuse, but he even aligned himself with Chen Xiaotian?

“Send people to investigate, what exactly is happening inside the Sky Magi Sect that could make Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken put up a united front?” A while later, Jiang Tianhua ordered.

“Yes, Doyen.” Cui Ming replied respectfully.

But ten days passed and Cui Ming’s report came back clueless.

“Unable to find out.” Jiang Tianhua’s brows were locked tight together, this was even more unusual.

About Blood Swallow School’s movements in trying to investigate about Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken, Huang Xiaolong, of course was informed. He told Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken not to bother with this matter, all they needed to do was continue watching Blood Swallow School and Nine Fiend Sect’s actions.

Inside the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong stood at the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, dazzling, bright light shining around him, akin to a holy flame. The netherworld spiritual energy, ancient Buddhism energy, and true dragon qi took shape in the

form of an Archdemon, an Ancient Golden Buddha, and a Golden Primordial Divine Dragon, the three of them spinning around Huang Xiaolong's body.

Huang Xiaolong's momentum continued to soar as the three energies coursed through his meridians and Qi Sea, expanding, crashing against the Xiantian Seventh Order barrier.

Once, twice, thrice!

Soul-tearing pain pierced every nerve in Huang Xiaolong's body. The onslaught of pain from breaking the Xiantian Seventh Order barrier was a hundred times, a thousand times more compared to breaking to the Fifth or Sixth Order.

Gritting his teeth, Huang Xiaolong held on, pushing his battle qi to break the barrier. As such, it continued for a long time when, suddenly, a blinding light broke out from Huang Xiaolong's body. Huang Xiaolong's body trembled and the light became brighter as his momentum rose to a terrifying height, raising a tempest in the middle of the temple hall.

Unearthly cries, chants of mantras, and dragon roars came from the three formed mandates, the Archdemon, Ancient Golden Buddha, and Golden Primordial Dragon. This lasted for a long time before the sphere of light gradually reduced, slowly dissipated away, including the three mandate shadows.

Huang Xiaolong stopped triggering his battle qi, he looked up roaring towards the sky, akin to a primordial divine dragon.

He finally stepped into Xiantian Seventh Order! Breaking into Xiantian Seventh Order meant he was now a high-level Xiantian realm expert, in the vast expanse of the Martial Spirit World, he was considered as one of the upper elites. The number of Saint realm experts was too little, with the odds of only one success in a hundred thousand Xiantian warriors trying to break through the Saint realm barrier.



Huang Xiaolong felt the surging power contained in his battle qi, sensing the changes in every inch of his body, from his flesh, veins, meridians, and Qi Sea, he was ecstatic. Sure enough, breaking through to Xiantian Seventh Order, the benefits weren't limited to a mere increase in power.

Xiantian Seventh Order and peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order were basically two different concepts, two different heights.

As a second afterthought, Huang Xiaolong opened the Eye of Hell on his forehead. The Eye of Hell opened, glowing a glaring red, raising a storm that swept out in all four directions, shaking the entire temple hall.

Just a few days ago, Huang Xiaolong advanced into the second level of the Ancient Puppetry Art, further enhancing his spiritual force, indirectly improving the Eye of Hell's attack power compared to before.

Moreover, at the second level, his spiritual force was strong enough to create a spiritual tempest. The storm earlier from the glaring red Eye of Hell was the spiritual tempest.

Spiritual tempest—traceless, formless, soundless!

'The time to take over the Blood Swallow School has come.' Retrieving the Eye of Hell, Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Now that he had broken through to Xiantian Seventh Order, combined with the second level of the Ancient Puppetry Art, Huang Xiaolong had enough confidence to defeat Jiang Tianhua. After taking care of Blood Swallow School, next would be the Nine Fiend Sect.

Organizing his thoughts, Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple.

However, just as Huang Xiaolong arrived at the great hall, Chen Xiaotian hastened over to report, saying that Blood Swallow Sect's Doyen, Jiang Tianhua, was there.

‘Jiang Tianhua is here?’ Huang Xiaolong nodded. This was even better, saving him the trouble of making a trip over to the Blood Swallow School headquarters.

“How many people has he brought over?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

“Other than Jiang Tianhua, there are also Cui Ming and sixteen Elders of Blood Swallow School.” Chen Xiaotian answered with respect.

Sixteen Elders of Blood Swallow School? Jiang Tianhua actually brought so many Elders over. Huang Xiaolong sneered in his heart, he could guess Jiang Tianhua’s motive.

It would seem that if the Sky Magi Sect didn’t agree to an alliance, Jiang Tianhua had decided to make the first move on Sky Magi Sect!

Want to swallow the Sky Magi Sect? Liu Yunhua’s words suddenly popped up inside Huang Xiaolong’s mind.

“Show them in.” Huang Xiaolong cleared his thoughts and said to Chen Xiaotian beside him.

“Yes, Young Lord!” Chen Xiaotian answered, turned around and left to make arrangements, allowing Jiang Tianhua, Cui Ming, and others inside Sky Magi Sect’s great hall.

A Sky Magi Sect disciple approached Jiang Tianhua outside the main entrance, saying, “Doyen Jiang, our Sovereign allows you inside.”

Seeing this, Jiang Tianhua’s face sank. He came here personally, yet Chen Xiaotian did not come to meet him at the door? Not only that, he only sent out a normal disciple to let him in? What did this disciple say, ‘allows’ them inside?

Allow, and not invite! Allow and invite represented different attitudes altogether.

“What audacity, how presumptuous! Chen Xiaotian actually

didn't come to welcome our Doyen himself!" One of the Blood Swallow School Elders exploded in anger, his fist struck directly onto the Sky Magi Sect disciple, sending him flying. When the disciple landed, there was no breath left in him.

Jiang Tianhua watched silently from the side.

The surrounding Sky Magi Sect disciples quickly retreated to one side, staring in shock at the group of high ranking Blood Swallow School people.

"Go in." Jiang Tianhua smiled coldly. With a wave of his hand, he led the group by taking a large stride forwards through the Sky Magi Sect's headquarters entrance.

Entering Sky Magi Sect headquarters, Jiang Tianhua was puzzled to find that there were no other Sky Magi Sect disciples to be found along the way.

"Sky Magi Sect is nothing but a wuss." A Blood Swallow School Elder mocked, "Knowing that we're here, all the disciples have gone into hiding, perhaps they're shaking in fear so badly that their guts shrunk!"

Cui Ming and the rest of the Elders broke out in laughter. Although Jiang Tianhua was found it strange, he did not think too much about it.

Soon, Jiang Tianhua and his group reached the entrance to Sky Magi Sect's great hall. Watching the tightly closed great hall door, Jiang Tianhua frowned. He felt there was something strange that he couldn't put his finger on, not to mention the faint unease in his heart.

"Doyen, are we going in now?" Cui Ming, looking at Jiang Tianhua's expression, "Doyen, it doesn't matter even if Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken stand on the same side, they're not a threat to us."

## Chapter 265: You Think This Is A Joke?

---

“Not a threat?” Jiang Tianhua nodded, perhaps he worried too much. Just like what his subordinate Cui Ming said, even if Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken reached an agreement, they still didn’t pose a threat to him.

“Open the door.” Jiang Tianhua said to a Blood Swallow School Elder standing beside him.

“Yes, Doyen!” Responding to Jiang Tianhua, that Elder stepped to the front, gathering force in his palm and striking against the door leading to Sky Magi Sect’s great hall.

A loud blast sounded as the door shattered.

“Enter.” Jiang Tianhua ordered with a wave of his hand. Cui Ming and the Elders followed behind Jiang Tianhua in a line.

Upon entering the great hall, Jiang Tianhua saw both Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken. Apart from the two of them, the Sky Magi Sect’s Elders were also present. However, what stunned Jiang Tianhua was that in the main throne seat inside the hall sat an unfamiliar black-haired young man, while Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and the rest were standing respectfully on the left and right.

Without exception, everyone was shocked noticing this, including Cui Ming and the others that entered after Jiang Tianhua. But then again, amongst the Blood Swallow School Elders that came with Jiang Tianhua, a large portion had submitted to Huang Xiaolong, thus there wasn’t much surprise coming from them.

Jiang Tianhua stood there, even forgetting his purpose of coming to the Sky Magi Sect.

A black-haired young man was actually sitting on the Sky Magi Sect’s Sovereign throne, this was too shocking to him.

“Doyen Jiang is surprised?” At this time, Huang Xiaolong’s voice

dawdled, his fingers curled upon the armrest, gently tapping, issuing a monotonous tapping sound.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong's voice jolted Jiang Tianhua back to his senses.

"Who are you?" Jiang Tianhua couldn't resist blurting the question. His reflex reaction was to find out this black-haired young man's identity. Cui Ming and the Blood Swallow School Elders also turned their attention onto Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong laughed indifferently at Jiang Tianhua's question, "Who I am is not important, it wouldn't matter even if you knew. Now, the Sky Magi Sect is under my control, Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and all the Sky Magi Sect Elders have submitted to me."

"What?!" Jiang Tianhua's face tightened.

Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and all the Sky Magi Sect Elders submitted to this black-haired young man! No one from the Blood Swallow School's group could hide the shock from their faces, including Jiang Tianhua, Cui Ming, or the Elders.

When did this happen? How come the Blood Swallow Sect did not receive any news?

At this point, Jiang Tianhua finally understood why Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken suddenly showed a united front. Why Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken would refuse to cooperate with the Blood Swallow Sect.

The root cause of all this was the black-haired young man! Everything was happening because this black-haired young man had said so.

Cui Ming also reached the same conclusion, and his face turned ugly.

After a momentary blunder, Jiang Tianhua forced himself to appear calm, showing an amiable smile towards Huang Xiaolong,

“So Sky Magi Sect is under this Brother’s control. My purpose in coming here today is to propose an alliance with Brother against the Nine Fiend Sect.”

“Alliance with me, against the Nine Fiend Sect.” Huang Xiaolong muttered, nothing could be read from this calm expression.

“That’s right. I’m sure Brother is aware, if our Blood Swallow School is destroyed or merged into the Nine Fiend Sect, then the next target would be Sky Magi Sect.” Jiang Tianhua affirmed.

Huang Xiaolong chuckled lightly.

Jiang Tianhua frowned at Huang Xiaolong’s reaction, “What is Brother laughing at?” there wasn’t anything funny in what he just said.

Huang Xiaolong faced Jiang Tianhua, “How do you know that it won’t be me that will destroy the Nine Fiend Sect?”

Jiang Tianhua blanked.

“You? Annihilate the Nine Fiend Sect?” Cui Ming couldn’t hold it in any longer, “Relying on you and this small Sky Magi Sect you control?”

Obviously, in Cui Ming’s opinion, Huang Xiaolong was too arrogant, overestimating his abilities.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes swept over Cui Ming, “If you kneel down now and beg for mercy, perhaps I can consider sparing your life.”

“What did you say?!” Cui Ming turned gloomy, glaring ferociously at Huang Xiaolong. Without warning, a bright light burst from Cui Ming’s body.

A person’s battle qi grade was related to the grade of their cultivation technique, whereas a person’s battle qi color was influenced by their martial spirit. In general, white colored battle qi was seldom seen.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Cui Ming’s white-colored battle qi and

snickered. From Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken's mouths, he already knew that this Cui Ming's martial spirit was the Ghostface martial spirit.

The Ghostface martial spirit belonged to a rare type of necromartial spirits and there were two kinds of Ghostface martial spirits, one was the Black GhostFace and the other was the White Ghostface. Cui Ming's martial spirit was White Ghostface.

However, just as Cui Ming was about to attack, Jiang Tianhua extended his arm out, blocking Cui Ming. The entire time, Jiang Tianhua's eyes never left Huang Xiaolong. With a condescending, mocking snicker, he directed Huang Xiaolong a question, "You think that relying on Sky Magi Sect's strength you can annihilate the Nine Fiend Sect?"

Ignoring the other side's mockery, Huang Xiaolong retorted nonchalantly, "Perhaps now it is insufficient, but after reigning in Blood Swallow School, it can be done."

Huang Xiaolong's reply was so stupefying that it caused Jiang Tianhua and Cui Ming to stiffen for a moment. In the next second, one after another, powerful battle qi soared, turning the entire great hall into the eye of the storm.

"Are you sure that what you've said is not a joke?" Jiang Tianhua glared sharply at Huang Xiaolong, undisguised killing intent flitting past his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong replied with another question: "Do you think it was a joke?"

In the tense deadlock, a scream rendered the air and another powerful aura targeted Jiang Tianhua from the back. Jiang Tianhua's face tightened, with no time to think, he leaped into the air as his palm poised, snaking an attack to the hidden assailant.

A loud blast shook the spacious hall.

Landing on another side of the great hall, Jiang Tianhua turned

and saw amongst the group of Blood Swallow School Elders that came with him that five of them laid on the floor, whereas the ones who attacked them were the other Blood Swallow School Elders!

“You all!” Jiang Tianhua and Cui Ming were shocked and angered.

Several Blood Swallow School Elders came before Huang Xiaolong, kneeling down in salute, “Greeting the Young Lord!”

Greeting the Young Lord? Jiang Tianhua and Cui Ming’s jaws dropped when they heard that, the expressions on their faces turning worse.

“All of you, stand up.” Huang Xiaolong looked at the group of Blood Swallow Sect Elders that knelt before him and said.

“We thank the Young Lord!” Only then did the Elders stand up and retreated to the side.

Among the sixteen Blood Swallow School Elders that Jiang Tianhua brought with him to Sky Magi Sect, eleven of them had already submitted to Huang Xiaolong. When these eleven people launched a lightning fast sneak attack, other than Cui Ming and Jiang Tianhua, the remaining five Elders were all injured.

“You group of traitors!” Cui Ming roared in anger! His silhouette blurred in a flicker, targeting a Blood Swallow School Elder next to Huang Xiaolong. As Cui Ming slammed his palm down, a whitebone hand clawed at that Elder.

But, before Cui Ming’s attack reached its target, a cold snort sounded in the hall. Huang Xiaolong flew out from the throne seat, one palm strike bringing forth ten thousand Buddhas as Buddha luminescence lit up the hall.

Earthen Buddha Palm!

The Earthen Buddha Palm instantly shattered the whitebone claw, and at the same time, Huang Xiaolong reached right in front of Cui Ming.



Caught with no retreat, Cui Ming made a desperate attack, striking a palm at Huang Xiaolong first, but just as he attacked, a fist imprint enlarged right before his pupils. Terrified, it was as if he fell into a quicksand in mid-air, unable to move.

Huang Xiaolong's punch landed on his chest.

A powerful force exploded.

# Chapter 266: Eye of the Yellow Spring

---

Cui Ming was akin to a withered leaf whisked away by a violent tempest, struck by Huang Xiaolong's palm, spinning high in the hall before crashing into one of the stone pillars, then sliding down to the floor...

Puh~!

Landing on the floor, a gush of warm liquid rose up in Cui Ming's throat, spurting out from his mouth. The light in his eyes dimmed, becoming dull.

Huang Xiaolong's palm attack earlier accurately struck Cui Ming's Qi Sea. Not only did Cui Ming's Qi Sea break, frigid Asura Qi invaded his body. Waves after waves of torturous pain spread all over his entire body, the unbearable pain made Cui Ming scream tragically.

"Cui Ming!" Jiang Tianhua's body flickered and reached Cui Ming's side instantly.

"Doyen, you, run, quickly run!" Cui Ming panted, failing to string a full sentence.

Jiang Tianhua pushed his battle qi, wanting to force out the destructive energy inside Cui Ming's body, but he sensed an aura that came from the depths of hell, coiling into his body through his palm. Frightened, Jiang Tianhua quickly withdrew his palm, but even so, Jiang Tianhua noticed that same palm turning a deep dark purple, dark as ink. Furthermore, a layer of black ice formed on the surface of his skin.

"Such a terrifying dark frigid force!" Jiang Tianhua was shocked as he hurried to run the Undying Devil qi, trying to counter the frigid qi. A dark black glow glimmered on the surface of his palm and wisps of demonic qi floated up. Moments later, his palm returned to normal.

Seeing this, Jiang Tianhua sighed with relief.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the side without interrupting, generously giving Jiang Tianhua ample time to force out the Asura Qi from his body. Although the amount of Asura Qi that entered Jiang Tianhua's body was minuscule, still, being able to force it out showed commendable strength.

Successfully forcing out the terrifying frigid energy from his body, Jiang Tianhua turned around and surveyed the great hall to find Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and the group of Sky Magi Sect Elders blocking all exit routes.

There were no longer any escape routes, no turning back.

Standing in the great hall, Jiang Tianhua suddenly laughed out loud; a desolate laughter, a disheartened laughter. Was this the end of his road? When his laughter died, Jiang Tianhua looked at Huang Xiaolong, saying each word slowly, "Come, all of you together."

All together? Huang Xiaolong shook his head: "They're not going to interfere."

Not interfering? Jiang Tianhua was astonished.

"As long as you defeat me, I will let you leave," Huang Xiaolong added, "But if you lose, you will submit to me. Of course, you can also choose death."

Jiang Tianhua was indecisive for a moment, then he raised his head and stared into Huang Xiaolong's eyes, "Fine, if you can defeat me, I will submit to you, but, if I win, I will not leave alone. I will take them with me." Jiang Tianhua pointed at Cui Ming and the five Blood Swallow School Elders.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at Cui Ming and the five Blood Swallow School Elders, nodding, he answered: "Granted."

The instant Huang Xiaolong agreed, a blinding light surged from Jiang Tianhua's body, spurting a blackish-yellow gas. Looking

behind Jiang Tianhua, a giant blood-red eyeball could be seen floating.

This blood-red eyeball was different from Huang Xiaolong's Eye of Hell. Around Jiang Tianhua's blood-red eyeball, lines of red ancient symbols swirled, gathering right at the center of the pupil to form a bigger, more complete ancient diagram.

"Eye of the Yellow Springs." Huang Xiaolong looked at the enormous blood-red eyeball floating behind Jiang Tianhua, naming Jiang Tianhua's martial spirit. Eye of the Yellow Springs, first rank grade eleven martial spirit, also a type of necro-martial spirit.

However, comparing Jiang Tianhua's Eye of the Yellow Springs and Chen Xiaotian's Windfire Tree, although both were first rank grade eleven martial spirits, it had to be said that Jiang Tianhua's martial spirit was stronger.

Jiang Tianhua wasted no time to soul transform after summoning his martial spirit. After the soul transformation, slits opened on Jiang Tianhua's body, turning one after another into blood-red eyeballs, throughout his entire body. Each blood-red eyeball was the size of a thumb, an exact replica of the original Eye of the Yellow Springs, down to the ancient diagram at the center of the pupil. At the same time, an unearthly coldness and a smell of death filled the great hall.

Jiang Tianhua's body nearly doubled in size, looking like a death god where he stood.

Seeing Jiang Tianhua summoning his martial spirit and soul transforming, Huang Xiaolong could not afford to be careless. A coruscating light of black and blue gushed out, dragon roars thundered in the hall, and before Jiang Tianhua's astonished eyes, two larger than life dragons emerged, one black and one blue, hovering behind Huang Xiaolong.

With Huang Xiaolong breaking into Xiantian Seventh Order, the

twin dragons evolved and grew larger still, especially the whelming pressure of dragon might that exuded from their bodies felt like a mountain weighing on one's chest, even a Xiantian Eighth Order like Jiang Tianhua felt his breath stagnate.

Even more so for Chen Xiaotian, Geng Keng, and the others.

“Superb talent twin dragon martial spirits!”

“Blue Dragon!” Jiang Tianhuan stared at the twin dragon martial spirits, unable to recover for a long time from his disbelief.

In general, warriors that cultivated until high-level Xiantian possessed formidable martial spirits, in fact, most of them would fall into grade eleven, only a small number of them had top grade ten martial spirits, which were very close to grade eleven. But, grade twelve martial spirits were a rare sight.

And for people like Huang Xiaolong, twin martial spirits with both of them being grade twelve and above, was an even rarer sight. It could be said that in the Martial Spirit World, it would be hard to find a Saint realm expert with a stronger martial spirit than Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong soul transformed right after summoning the black and blue dragons. Thick dragon scales covered his body from head to toe, his arms akin to sturdy dragon claws, eyes piercingly sharp. On his back emerged two life-like tattoos of a black and a blue dragon head.

“What a rich, abundant power!” Sensing the raw power coursing through his flesh after soul transforming, Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but feel shocked himself.

This was the first time he soul transformed with both the black and blue dragons since he broke through to Xiantian Seventh Order. Before this, it might have crossed Huang Xiaolong's mind that there would be a drastic increase in strength, but never did he imagine that it would reach this extent. The power he felt, not to

mention an early-Xiantian Eighth Order, even a mid-Xiantian Eighth Order, he could battle them!

At this point of time, Jiang Tianhua bellowed, leaping up, he took the initiative to launch the first attack. Both fists struck at Huang Xiaolong.

“Ghost God Punch!”

Fist imprints whistled through the air, ghost wails screeching, demonic air flooded out in great waves. The Ghost God Punch was a high-grade Earth rank battle skill that exuded an invisible might.

Huang Xiaolong ran his battle qi and stabbed out a finger to the void in front. Dark gray fog billowed out, a finger imprint pierced forward, carrying shrieks of strange black creatures.

Absolute Soul Finger!

Fist collided with finger, aftershocks blasted the air onto the stone walls of the hall. To Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and others' horror, cracks lines spread out like a spider web on the hard stone walls.

Jiang Tianhua's body swayed, retreating one step from the collision, while Huang Xiaolong stood firmly on the same spot.

Seeing this result, Jiang Tianhua was dumbstruck. He judged Huang Xiaolong's battle qi cultivation to be at Xiantian Seventh Order, whereas he, a Xiantian Eighth Order, actually fell short in that head on earlier?!

Jiang Tianhua let out a shout, leaping out once again, both fists aimed at Huang Xiaolong a second time. Huang Xiaolong shifted his body and dashed forward instead of dodging, going in for close combat.

In the blink of an eye, Jiang Tianhua and Huang Xiaolong had exchanged more than a dozen moves. The more they fought, the more Jiang Tianhua's shock rose and his heart grew apprehensive, he discovered that whether it was in terms of defense or power,

Huang Xiaolong superseded him. Moreover, Huang Xiaolong's speed seemed to be increasing constantly, so that in the end he could do nothing but retreat.

Slamming a full force fist at Huang Xiaolong to push him back, a black gleam flashed across Jiang Tianhua's eyes as he raised a finger. But it wasn't aimed at Huang Xiaolong, it was pointed straight up.

“Devil Tribulation Finger!” Jiang Tianhua hollered.

Multiple dark, terrifying black lights exploded from Jiang Tianhua's finger, shooting straight up to the space above the great hall.

# Chapter 267: Undying Devil Physique

---

A booming blast thundered above the grand hall. In the spot where Jiang Tianhua's Devil Tribulation Finger pointed, space tore and opened a large hole. Diabolical lights shone around its edges.

In the grand hall below, Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and the others had ashen faces.

For many years there was an ever present rumor which claimed Jiang Tianhua's Devil Tribulation Finger could pierce through heaven and earth, but it had always remained a rumor. No one had ever witnessed Jiang Tianhua display the Devil Tribulation Finger before this, and now, right in front of them, it actually released such an overpowering force!

The Sky Magi Sect's grand hall was built using the hardest steel that could be found on Martial Spirit World. Even if Chen Xiaotian punched the walls a dozen times with all his might, these hard stone walls would hardly crack or shake. But now, Jiang Tianhua's Devil Tribulation Finger easily pierced a large hole right through them.

All of a sudden, before the astounded group below, a space hole materialized right above Huang Xiaolong's head. Before anyone could react, a giant finger came crashing down through the space hole. The gigantic finger was shrouded in a demonic aura, covered with diabolical symbols, and exuded a chilling air; the attack had yet to arrive, but its momentum had shattered the granite floor.

"Young Lord, careful!" Chen Xiaotian shouted, while the others turned ghostly pale.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the giant finger pressing down, his countenance indifferent. Without a word, Huang Xiaolong pointed high up with his finger in a frontal confrontation.



From Chen Xiaotian and those below's point of view, rolling dark gray fog spread upward with rapid speed. Sharp shrieks of unknown black creatures sounded, and from within the thick gray fog, a finger imprint flew out, piercing through the air.

The Absolute Soul Finger!

Absolute Soul Finger colliding with Devil Tribulation Finger!

A roaring explosion shook the grand hall. Other than Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken, most of the Elders nearly stumbled and fell to the floor. All they could sense was the endless buzzing in their ears, the swaying hall, and the strong wind that seemed to cut their skin.

After steadying themselves, the only thing they found was that a large area of the stone granite floor had exploded into ruins, large and small pieces having flown everywhere.

While Jiang Tianhua and Huang Xiaolong both shook from the impact force, both staggered back one step. However, Jiang Tianhua's face paled considerably, whereas Huang Xiaolong stayed the same.

Though the Devil Tribulation Finger was a powerful attack, Jiang Tianhua wasn't able to fully display its power with his current level of battle qi strength, furthermore, Jiang Tianhua had yet to reach major completion.

Jiang Tianhua was dumbstruck as he stared at Huang Xiaolong. Never did he imagine that his Devil Tribulation Finger would be countered by Huang Xiaolong. Keeping an eye on Huang Xiaolong, Jiang Tianhua smoothed the chaotic battle qi running havoc inside his body, and as he did so, Jiang Tianhua's eyes gradually turned a bright blood red.

"Lambent of the Yellow Springs!" Jiang Tianhua bellowed with a tinge of cold bloodlust in his voice.

The multiple blood-red eyeballs on Jiang Tianhua's body shone

with a glaring brightness that formed multiple red blade lights, piercing towards Huang Xiaolong. At the same time, the Eye of Yellow Springs sent out bursts of peculiar glowing symbols. Chen Xiaotian, Geng Keng, and the group of Elders felt dizzy when their eyes met with the glowing symbols, making them apprehensive.

Lambent of the Yellow Springs, this was Jiang Tianhua's martial spirit's innate ability.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the wave of countless red blade lights flying in his direction, his face grew cold. Bright sparks flashed and the Blades of Asura appeared, gripped in his palms as he swung sharply out.

Numerous cold blade lights spun out, rotating in front of Huang Xiaolong. In the center of the tornado of blades, a blood-red eyeball appeared.

The Asura Sword Skill's Sixth Move: Eye of Reincarnation!

The Eye of Reincarnation released a wave of blade lights, clashing with the red blade lights created by Jiang Tianhua's Lambent of Yellow Springs.

Zheenggg~! Blade lights, as numerous as rain drops during a thunderstorm, collided.

Not waiting for a result, the Blades of Asura in Huang Xiaolong's hands were swung out again.

“Wrath of the Nether King!”

Two streaks of blade light turned into a pair of powerful energy cannonballs, shooting forward like an erupting volcano, like ten thousand sprinting stallions, across the length of the grand hall, arriving in front of Jiang Tianhua before one could blink.

Jiang Tianhua's eyes widened with shock.

“Undying Devil Physique!” Jiang Tianhua bellowed, a beam of light burst out from his body, black fog billowing as pieces of fish-

like scale armor emerged on the surface of Jiang Tianhua's skin.

A diabolical glow flickered, emanating a mysterious power that surged violently around Jiang Tianhua.

By this time, Huang Xiaolong's Wrath of the Nether King attack arrived.

Wrath of the Nether King's blade attack clashed with the mysterious power swirling around Jiang Tianhua, grinding away each other's power. One breath's time was all it took for Wrath of the Nether King to pierce through the mysterious power barrier, stabbing into Jiang Tianhua's flesh.

Zheng~! A metal clashing sounds rang out as the fish scale armor on Jiang Tianhua's body glimmered from the impact. His body staggered back a dozen steps. Frowning, Jiang Tianhua touched the spot on his chest where Huang Xiaolong's attack hit, there was a clear slash mark.

Huang Xiaolong too was surprised seeing this result; Jiang Tianhua's fish-scale armor actually held on after being struck with his Wrath of the Nether King attack. This Jiang Tianhua's Undying Devil Physique's defense was indeed formidable!

Moreover, neither Jiang Tianhua's Devil Tribulation Finger nor his Undying Devil Physique had reached major completion yet. If they did, wouldn't Jiang Tianhua be even more powerful?

Although surprised, this result gave Huang Xiaolong a certain understanding of Jiang Tianhua's Undying Devil Physique. Yes, it was formidable, but unfortunately Jiang Tianhua had yet to reach major completion. If Huang Xiaolong wanted to break through that fish-scale armor's defense, it wasn't that difficult to do.

In the next instant, Huang Xiaolong used the Phantom Shadow ability. In a flicker, he had arrived in front of Jiang Tianhua, striking a palm at him.

Before Jiang Tianhua's startled face, rings of golden lights flew

out from Huang Xiaolong's palm strike.

God Binding Palm!

Just as Jiang Tianhua wanted to counter, he was alarmed to discover that his arms actually could not move. Not only his arms, his entire body could not move an inch.

"This is!?" Jiang Tianhua was frightened, confused, and at a loss as he watched with shocked eyes as Huang Xiaolong's second palm was about to fall. However, a sudden burst of dark violet qi came gushing out from Jiang Tianhua's body.

"Undying demonic qi!" From the distance, Chen Xiaotian's voice rang out. The cultivators of the Undying Devil Physique contained undying demonic qi inside their bodies and this undying demonic qi was mysterious and unpredictable.

The undying demonic qi gushed out, shaking the God Binding Palm's restriction. Jiang Tianhua swiftly lifted his hand, striking his palm out.

Two palms collided.

Jiang Tianhua was pushed back in the blast, staggering back weakly, his face turned a shade paler. The undying demonic qi in his body might have shaken off the invisible restrictions, but he was unable to initiate any battle qi at the moment. That was the reason he had failed to take Huang Xiaolong's palm earlier, and now, his blood and energy flowed chaotically, wreaking havoc internally.

Huang Xiaolong swayed after the collision, but in the next second his silhouette disappeared.

Disappeared? Jiang Tianhua was stunned, immediately tried to sense the surroundings with spiritual sense, but within the scope of the grand hall, Huang Xiaolong's aura had indeed vanished. Huang Xiaolong reappeared in front of him out of nowhere, the Blades of Asura slashing out.

Countless blade lights transformed into a strange flower, blooming as it spun in mid-air.

Flower of the Other Shore!

The blooming flower vanished into thin air, and when it reappeared, it was imprinted on Jiang Tianhua's chest, sending him flying back, crashing onto the messy floor. Jiang Tianhua spat a mouthful of blood, the undying demonic qi around him dissipated quickly.

Huang Xiaolong floated down to the grand hall, walking slowly towards Jiang Tianhua.

“Do you want to continue the fight?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

Jiang Tianhua's face was pale and gloomy.

Huang Xiaolong stood patiently, waiting for his answer.

# Chapter 268: Taking Over Blood Swallow School

---

Lost, I lost! I actually lost!

Jiang Tianhua looked at Huang Xiaolong with infinite unwillingness in his heart, as well as shock and disbelief. He, someone who cultivated in the Undying Devil Physique and Devil Tribulation Finger, actually lost in the hands of a Seventh Order!

Moments passed, finally Jiang Tianhua spoke, “May I know, your sword skill just now, what battle skill was that?” The powerful sword skill that the young man had shown was mysterious and profound, the rank definitely exceeded his Devil Tribulation Finger.

“Asura Sword Skill.” Huang Xiaolong answered.

Everyone standing in the grand hall, from Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, to the rest, had all submitted to him, it mattered not to Huang Xiaolong if they knew the name of the Asura Sword Skill.

“Asura Sword Skill...” Jiang Tianhua repeated the name to himself, but this was the first time hearing this name, Asura Sword Skill.

“Very well, since I’ve lost, I shall submit to you.” Jiang Tianhua looked toward the sky, sighing as he said. The unwillingness and denial were still strong in his heart, however, the truth is the truth. A loss is a loss. Losing means you should adhere to your word, this was his life principle.

“But I hope that you can let them go.” Jiang Tianhua pointed at Cui Ming and the five Blood Swallow School Elders.

“As long as they submit to me, I can spare their lives.” Huang Xiaolong nodded. He had no grudge with Cui Ming or the others, it wasn’t like he absolutely had to kill them, but then again, it was based on the condition that Cui Ming and the five Elders submit to

him.

Cui Ming and the five Blood Swallow School Elders hesitated, but in the end, all six of them nodded, choosing to submit. Since their Doyen, Jiang Tianhua, had chosen to submit, what were they resisting for? For them, choosing to submit to a stronger person like Huang Xiaolong may not necessarily be a bad thing.

Next, Huang Xiaolong told Jiang Tianhua, Cui Ming, and the five Elders to release the barriers to their soul sea for him to brand them with a soul mark.

“Soul mark!” Hearing that Huang Xiaolong wanted to brand their souls, Jiang Tianhua and the six others revealed the same expression Chen Xiaotian and every Elder in the Sky Magi Sect did, they were greatly shocked. Still, like their predecessors, the seven of them released their soul seas, allowing Huang Xiaolong to mark them one by one.

Huang Xiaolong secretly breathed in relief when all was done; with Jiang Tianhua, Cui Ming, and the rest submitting, it meant more than half the work was done. He now had the Blood Swallow School in his grasp.

With both the Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School under his control, the remaining entity would be the Nine Fiend Sect. By this point, the Nine Fiend Sect was no longer a big hindrance in his plan to take over the entire Black Demon City. Not to mention, Huang Xiaolong already controlled half of the Nine Fiend Sect’s Elders. In conclusion, he had more than half of Black Demon City’s forces and power at his call.

Instructing Jiang Tianhua and Chen Xiaotian with some tasks, the most important one being watching the Nine Fiend Sect’s movements, he sent Jiang Tianhua, Chen Xiaotian, and the rest away.

As for the Nine Fiend Sect, there was no hurry to gain control immediately, moreover, Huang Xiaolong needed to rein in several

Blood Swallow School Elders as well. After Jiang Tianhua, Chen Xiaotian, and the rest left, Huang Xiaolong entered the Xumi Temple. Taking a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir, he initiated the Godly Xumi Art to recover his exhausted spiritual force.

One day later, Huang Xiaolong had returned to peak form. After advancing to the second level in the Ancient Puppetry Art, Huang Xiaolong's recovery period had reduced by many folds.

When Huang Xiaolong was fighting Jiang Tianhua, from the beginning until the end, he did not use the Eye of Hell's spiritual attack, even more so the Godly Xumi Art. In fact, Huang Xiaolong had decided that in front of others he would try not to use the Godly Xumi Art, if possible.

The Godly Xumi Art was heralded at Martial Spirit World's number one battle skill, if the news somehow leaked out, Huang Xiaolong would find it hard to protect his own backside even if he broke through the early Saint realm immediately.

In the same quiet manner, five days came and went.

In these five days' time, Huang Xiaolong branded the remaining Blood Swallow School Elders, totally holding the reins for the Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School in his hands.

Apart from that, Huang Xiaolong's battle qi cultivation continued to improve, stabilizing his recent advancement into Xiantian Seventh Order. The Asura Sword Skill's seventh move, Death God's Chain's attack power also enhanced considerably. Currently, Huang Xiaolong could form forty to fifty chain links with one swing, with each chain reaching several hundred zhang long. Within several hundred zhang square feet, only death remained after Death God's Chain streaked past.

On this particular day, Huang Xiaolong stood in the small yard after exiting the Xumi Temple, watching the morning sun emerge on the horizon, letting out a heavy breath.



“I hope everything’s fine on Dad and Mom’s side.” Huang Xiaolong thought to himself. It had been nearly a year since he left Duanren Empire.

There was also Li Lu. Thinking of Li Lu, her image floated in Huang Xiaolong’s mind. Ever since Li Lu was taken away by her Master the last time, Huang Xiaolong had totally lost all news about her. How was she faring in Deities Templar, Huang Xiaolong has no idea at all.

There was also Yao Fei. A sharp glint flashed across Huang Xiaolong’s eyes at the thought of Yao Fei. After he broke through to the Saint realm, the very first person he was going to kill was Yao Fei.

“Perhaps I won’t need to wait until the Saint realm.” Huang Xiaolong thought; with his strength, as long as he broke through to Xiantian Tenth Order, he was confident he could kill the peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order Yao Fei.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong left the small yard, arriving at the Sky Magi Sect’s grand hall. Calling Chen Xiaotian, he asked about Nine Fiend Sect’s recent movements. Chen Xiaotian answered and reported everything respectfully.

“En, you can go. I’m going to take a stroll outside.” Huang Xiaolong said after Chen Xiaotian kept Huang Xiaolong abreast of the last situation. He had been in Black Demon City for several months, but other than the Sky Magi Sect’s headquarters, Huang Xiaolong had yet to take a look around Black Demon city. Thus, Huang Xiaolong planned to take a walk and relax his heart.

“Young Lord wants to go out?” Chen Xiaotian was dumbfounded, which he quickly disguised by saying, “Then this subordinate shall accompany the Young Lord.”

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, “No need, I’ll be fine alone.” If Chen Xiaotian followed him, it would definitely attract the Nine Fiend Sect’s attention. Before Huang Xiaolong decided to make the

move on Nine Fiend Sect, it was best if he could slip under the Nine Fiend Sect's radar.

It seemed that Chen Xiaotian also thought of this point, "Then, should I send two disciples to accompany Young Lord?"

Thinking over the matter, Huang Xiaolong nodded and agreed, "En, then you go arrange it." Although he was the one behind the Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School, other than the Elders, none of the disciples knew about his identity. Having two Sky Magi Sect disciples with him could reduce many problems.

Thus, Chen Xiaotian somberly went to select two disciples to follow by Huang Xiaolong's side. Before leaving, Chen Xiaotian especially reminded the two disciples that Huang Xiaolong's words were his words, Huang Xiaolong's orders were his orders. No matter what Huang Xiaolong said, they were to follow obediently and carry themselves with proper respect towards Huang Xiaolong.

Though the two disciples were puzzled and surprised about Huang Xiaolong's identity, neither dared to inquire too much into it. Moments later, Huang Xiaolong left the Sky Magi Sect's headquarters with the two disciples in tow, to the streets of Black Demon City, looking around. It wasn't much different from the first time Huang Xiaolong arrived at the city, signs of fighting could be seen everywhere.

The sky above Black Demon City was permeated with a faint scent of blood.

As the three of them were walking, a commotion happened in front of them, the pedestrians on the street hastened to dodge to the sides. Looking over, Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed, more than a dozen Nine Fiend Sect disciples were swaggering on the streets, heading his way, led by a young man at the front of the group; he had a pair of peach blossom eyes, lightly fanning himself with a steel fan.

Seeing this young man's clothing and appearance, Huang Xiaolong already guessed that this young man must be the Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign's, Hu Han's son, Hu Sheng.

## Chapter 269: Nosy

---

From the information relayed by Chen Xiaotian and Jiang Tianhua, Huang Xiaolong was aware that this Hu Sheng had a lustful character! Not merely lustful, he actually had a very perverted hobby; he liked to capture young men with good looks. After capturing them, he would cut off their lower part and then disfigure their faces.

According to what Chen Xiaotian and Jiang Tianhua said, this Hu Sheng couldn't stand the sight of another young man more handsome than himself, which was the main reason why Black Demon City had so few good looking young men.

Huang Xiaolong frowned slightly, he didn't expect to run into this guy, coming out for a stroll.

"That girl is not bad." At this point, Hu Sheng pointed at a young girl not far away.

The several disciples around Hu Sheng immediately understood what their Young Lord meant. In the next instant, two amongst the group went over and intercepted the young girl. The young girl looked around seventeen to eighteen years old, and together with the girl was a young man in his early twenties.

When the young man saw two Nine Fiend Sect disciples block their path, his face paled, even his voice was shaky, "You, what are you two trying to do?"

"What are we trying to do?" The two Nine Fiend Sect disciples exchanged a knowing glance and broke out in boisterous laughter. One of them pointed his finger at the young girl, snickering, "Trying to do something good, very good." The disciple stepped forward and grabbed onto the young girl's clothes as he said that, dragging her as they walked in Hu Sheng's direction.

The young girl lost all color, screaming in panic: "No, no, let me

go, let me go!”

The young man wanted to step forward to stop that disciple, but he lacked courage. All he could do was to plead from the side, “I beg you, please let Xinlan go, she is my wife. We’re from Mysterious East Sect.”

“Mysterious East Sect...?” That Nine Fiend Sect disciple snickered conceitedly, “So, it’s Green Spirit City’s Mysterious East Sect.”

Green Spirit City was located close to Black Demon City, however, Mysterious East Sect was just one of Green Spirit City’s small sects, its strength couldn’t even compare to Sky Magi Sect. Thus, Hu Sheng did not pay it much attention.

By this time, that Nine Fiend Sect disciple already dragged the young girl Xinlan until she was in front of Hu Sheng.

Hu Sheng pinched the young girl’s face between his fingers so he could take a good look at her face. He nodded with a faint smile, “Not bad, delicate and bright, really a little beauty.” Done with checking the girl, Hu Sheng looked over to the Mysterious East Sect young man, saying, “Since she is your wife, I will not make it difficult for you.”

Hearing this, the Mysterious East Sect young man lit up, but at this moment, Hu Sheng continued, “As long as she accompanies me for three nights, I’ll let her go.”

The joy on the young man’s face vanished without a trace, turning ugly; especially the young girl’s expression, as if she fell into hell’s abyss, “I don’t want, please, I beg you, spare me. My Dad is an Elder of the Mysterious East Sect.” The young girl secretly gathered battle qi in her palm as she was saying this, but, just as she made her move, her hand was pinched under Hu Sheng’s strong grip.

The young girl was only a Houtian Tenth Order, how could she

be Hu Sheng's opponent, a Xiantian Fourth Order.

"Mysterious East Sect's Elder?" Blocking the young girl's attack Hu Sheng laughed heartily in mockery. In the next moment, his other hand reached out, tearing off the front of the young girl's clothes from the chest down, exposing the young girl's bare naked torso in the streets. Two youthful, plump peaks shook when the young girl trembled.

She struggled and screamed, wanting to cover herself. Unfortunately, both of her hands were locked in a tight grip by another Nine Fiend Sect disciple, all resistance was hopeless.

"Xinlan!" The Mysterious East Sect young master cried out. When he tried to rush up, a Nine Fiend Sect disciple struck him, sending him flying, landing in a street corner some distance away.

Hu Sheng looked at the young girl, "It won't help you even if your Dad is Mysterious East Sect's Patriarch, not to mention a mere Elder. Now I'm giving you two choices; one, you choose to accompany me for three night, or two, I'll let these subordinates of mine accompany you now."

When Hu Sheng finished, the twenty over Nine Fiend Sect disciples around broke out in laughter, their eyes shone with lust, roaming over the young girl's body.

People on the streets spectated from afar, no one dared to stand out to help the young couple.

Huang Xiaolong lifted his foot and walked in the young girl's direction. He was not a person that liked to interfere in others' affairs, but since he encountered it, then he wouldn't ignore it either. He had always been disgusted to the core towards lustful perverts bordering psychopathic tendencies like Hu Sheng.

The two Sky Magi Sect disciples accompanying Huang Xiaolong panicked noticing Huang Xiaolong's action; he hastily raised an arm to block Huang Xiaolong, "Young Noble Huang, it's better we

don't go over and be nosy."

"Yes ah, Young Noble Huang. The other side is from the Nine Fiend Sect, the leader is Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign's son, Hu Sheng." The other disciple also spoke to persuade Huang Xiaolong, both conveyed clearly the unmistakable meaning; the other side is the Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign's son, our Sky Magi Sect cannot afford to provoke this kind of trouble."

Before the two Sky Magi Sect disciples came out with Huang Xiaolong, Chen Xiaotian briefed them, telling them to refer Huang Xiaolong as Young Noble Huang, emphasizing they must be respectful towards Huang Xiaolong as if Huang Xiaolong was himself. However, both of them didn't really carry the words out exactly, otherwise, they wouldn't have dared to block or stop Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze fell upon the two Sky Magi Sect disciples, one word resounded: "Scram!" An invisible pressure spread out, the two Sky Magi Sect disciples were startled, not daring to meet Huang Xiaolong's eyes, and swiftly retreated to one side.

At this point, Hu Sheng's attention was attracted, he turned to look in Huang Xiaolong's direction. Watching as Huang Xiaolong came forth, he chuckled, saying to the Nine Fiend Sect disciples around him, "I didn't expect there would really be someone who isn't afraid to die."

Another wave of laughter came from the Nine Fiend Sect disciples.

Huang Xiaolong walked until he was ten meters away from Hu Sheng before stopping.

Hu Sheng passed the Mysterious East Sect young girl to a Nine Fiend Sect disciple beside him before scrutinising Huang Xiaolong from head to toe. In a strange, lilting tone of voice, Hu Sheng said, with a smug smile on his face, "Little brat, you're not bad looking."

It was Just like Hu Sheng stated, the current Huang Xiaolong, at twenty-one, was about five foot nine, with thick brows and bright eyes, tall nose bridge, and long hair casually secured. Overall, Huang Xiaolong's appearance exuded a hard to describe aura and dominance, no matter which aspect one was looking from, it was undeniable that Huang Xiaolong was a good looking, handsome man.

The more Hu Sheng looked at Huang Xiaolong, the more annoyed he became, fire of jealousy burned maliciously inside his peach blossom eyes.

"You guys go catch that little brat, cut off his lower part with one strike in public. Also, dig out his eyes." Hu Sheng ordered one of the Nine Fiend Sect disciples next to him. Looking at Huang Xiaolong's eyes made him uncomfortable.

"Yes, Young Lord!" Two Nine Fiend Sect disciple answered respectfully and turned towards Huang Xiaolong with a cold, sinister chuckle.

"Little brat, are you going to cut your little thing off yourself, or you want us to do it?" One of them grinned, "What this father hates most are nosy people like you; if we act, I'm going to chop your thing into a dozen pieces, therefore, I advise you to do it yourself."

The two Nine Fiend Sect disciples were about three meters away from Huang Xiaolong, when one of them suddenly unsheathed the long sword in his hands. A cold light slashed across the air at fast speed. Both of them were Xiantian Second Order.

As Hu Han's son, the people around Hu Sheng were chosen after going through meticulous selection, each had their own strengths.

However, just when that Nine Fiend Sect disciple's long sword slashed in Huang Xiaolong's direction, Huang Xiaolong's hand extended out. The long sword body was pinched between Huang Xiaolong's two fingers, alarming the two Nine Fiend Sect disciples.



Before they could react, Huang Xiaolong swayed to the side, with a flick, the long sword spun, slitting across its owner's neck.

That Nine Fiend Sect disciple's body froze stiffly on the spot, head lowered in disbelief looking at the long sword in his hand. Blood slowly slid down the length of the sword. He opened his mouth to say something, but before any sound could be heard, his body tumbled down.

Everyone watching was dumbfounded.

A tense silence surround the street.

## Chapter 270: Young Lord!

---

The crowd stared at Huang Xiaolong in surprise, including Hu Sheng and the two Sky Magi Sect disciples that wanted to stop Huang Xiaolong from sticking his nose into others' affair. Of course, the young couple belonging to the Mysterious East Sect stared dumbly at Huang Xiaolong.

Before the surprised expression of the people around him, Huang Xiaolong approached the other Nine Fiend Sect disciple.

Watching Huang Xiaolong walk towards him, that Nine Fiend Sect disciple was jarred back to the present, fear filled his eyes. By the time he thought of escaping, it was already too late. Huang Xiaolong's body swayed, as a pair of black blades appeared in his hands; cold lights flashed and the only thing the people around could see were two fleeting blade lights slashing across the air. Then, that Nine Fiend Sect disciple's actions halted abruptly, standing stiffly on the spot, falling down to the street in the next second.

That Nine Fiend Sect disciple's eyes were still wide with shock and confusion, even as he fell, hitting the street with a soft thud, blood came spurting out as if delayed, painting the dirty street bright crimson.

In the rest of the Nine Fiend Sect disciples' eyes, the sequence of events was whelming and appalling.

Ignoring the shocked stares directed his way, Huang Xiaolong continued to walk in Hu Sheng's direction.

Hu Sheng's eyes narrowed as he watched Huang Xiaolong; snorting with disdain, Hu Sheng demanded, "Punk, who are you? What is your relation with Sky Magi Sect? Are you even aware that this Black Demon City is controlled by my Nine Fiend Sect?"

"Controlled by the Nine Fiend Sect?" Huang Xiaolong sneered

albeit a little nasty, “Very soon, it won’t be anymore.”

Very soon, it won’t be anymore? Hu Sheng’s expression turned ugly hearing that: “What do you mean?”

Huang Xiaolong merely shook his head at Hu Sheng, not bothering to answer, “Too bad you won’t live to see that day.”

Because, at that moment, Hu Sheng had to die!

“Kill, kill that punk for me!” Hu Sheng swiftly moved to the back as he shouted to the Nine Fiend Sect disciples surrounding him, pointing angrily at Huang Xiaolong: “Whoever kills him, this Young Lord will reward him a million gold coins!”

The moment Hu Sheng’s voice fell, battle qi broke out from Nine Fiend Sect disciples’ bodies. All summoning their martial spirits and attacking Huang Xiaolong. Amongst these disciples, some had water element martial spirits, glowing in water blue battle qi, some had fire element martial spirits, shrouded in fiery-red battle qi, glaring to the eyes, also earth element martial spirits, a soil yellow-colored battle qi surrounding them.

In a split second, multicolored bright glows soared up, lighting up the whole street.

While the disciples were dealing with Huang Xiaolong, Hu Sheng took out something from his chest that looked like a smoke funnel and pressed. A prism-colored bright sphere shot high up to the sky from it, reaching a hundred zhang, and exploded.

In the Nine Fiend Sect headquarters’ main hall.

A silver-haired Hu Han was discussing the impending attack on Blood Swallow School when the sound of a loud explosion attracted their attention.

“Sovereign, that sounded like the Young Lord’s distress signal.” One of the Nine Fied Sect Elders commented.

“Who doesn’t know the Young Lord’s identity in Black Demon

City, what exactly is going on?" Another Nine Fiend Sect Elder argued.

"But, this indeed is the Young Lord's distress signal."

In the grand hall, a group of Elders broke discussed noisily.

"Lin Shuang, the four of you go over and take a look." Hu Han ordered an old man in purple robe below the dais, "If it's really some reckless rock head wanting to harm the Young Lord, regardless of who it is, kill on the spot!"

The purple-robed old man and another three men stood up: "Yes Sovereign!"

"En, go now." Hu Han ordered.

The four of them saluted before leaving the grand hall, heading Hu Sheng's direction, following the distress signal to pinpoint the location.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong looked at the group of Nine Fiend Sect disciples rushing towards him; leaping up to the air, his body started spinning at amazing speed before the stunned eyes of Hu Sheng and the Nine Fiend Sect disciples, swinging out the Blades of Asura. Blade lights flew out, turning into countless lighting streaks and lightning flood dragon, zigzagging out in all four directions.

The Asura Sword Skill fourth move: State of Abundant Lightning!

In less than a breath's time, the group of twenty over Nine Fiend Sect disciples were struck by the lightning flood dragons. Their battle qi dissipated and martial spirits dispersed, one by one the disciples plummeted down from high up.

When these Nine Fiend Sect disciples crashed onto the street, it could be seen that all of them were charred black, like charcoals. A scent of roasted meat wafted through the crowd. Among these Nine Fiend Sect disciples, the strongest cultivation was at Xiantian Third Order and the weaker ones were only Houtian Tenth Order.

How could they have defended against one strike of State of Abundant Lightning? With his current strength, executing the move was enough to embarrass a peak late-Xiantian Seventh Order.

Huang Xiaolong landed gently on the street, directed a glance at the piles of charred bodies, and continued approaching Hu Sheng.

Hu Sheng was almost paralyzed with fear looking at the charred bodies of Nine Fiend Sect disciples littered on the street, sensing the smell of cooked meat that permeated the air. Watching Huang Xiaolong coming closer to him, an overwhelming dread and fear filled him like he had never experienced—fear of death.

“You!” Hu Sheng bolstered his courage even while he was retreating, trying to scare Huang Xiaolong, “Who are you exactly? This is the Black Demon City, if you kill me, you won’t be able to escape either!”

“Escape?” Huang Xiaolong shook his head. With a flicker, Huang Xiaolong already closed in on Hu Sheng with a well-aimed punch. Alarmed, Hu Sheng raised his hands to block Huang Xiaolong’s fist, but Huang Xiaolong’s punch landed on his chest before he could take any action. Huang Xiaolong’s punch landed on his chest, but the force came out from his back, shaking the building structure on the other end of the street.

Hu Sheng’s clothes were shredded from the force, scattered in the wind as his body was flung out, rolling on the street for more than twenty meters. Huang Xiaolong caught up leisurely to Hu Sheng’s side.

At this point, there was nary a thread covering Hu Sheng’s entire body, bare naked for the whole street to see. Standing in front of the naked Hu Sheng, Huang Xiaolong took a quick glance at his lower part; this Hu Sheng grew to be a sturdy built young lad, but his lower part was best friends with the earthworms below. Huang Xiaolong harrumphed, raised his foot and stomped down without

mercy.

In this Black Demon City, it was unknown how many young men and women were scourged by 'it'. This kick could be considered as collecting the debt for them.

Hu Sheng screamed shrilly, clutching his lower part, rounding into a ball of pain.

The disciples of other sects and commoners were secretly clapping in joy watching Hu Sheng suffering in pain, a feeling of satisfaction filled their hearts. However, the two Sky Magi Sect disciples lost all color from their faces. If Huang Xiaolong killed Hu Sheng, the Sky Magi Sect would be implicated from top to bottom!

Just as they were about to step forward to stop Huang Xiaolong, a voice thundered from afar, "Who dares to hurt my Young Lord!"

The crowd was aghast. Everyone turned to look and saw from afar, four silhouettes were rushing over in their direction, led by a man in purple robes, with bushy eyebrows.

"It's the Nine Fiend Sect's Elder Lin Shuang!"

"In the Nine Fiend Sect, Elder Lin Shuang's strength is only below Hu Han and Su Meimei's, he is a true peak late-Xiantian Seventh Order expert!"

"There's also Xu Gao, Chen Nianhua, and Lu Yi, the three big elders are here too!"

The surrounding crowd exclaimed in shock.

Huang Xiaolong stopped what he was doing and turned around, watching as four silhouettes flew over at rapid speed.

Lin Shuang? Huang Xiaolong focused on the frontmost person. This Lin Shuang, Chen Xiaotian mentioned him to Huang Xiaolong previously, the number three person in terms of strength inside the Nine Fiend Sect. Although both Lin Shuang and Chen Xiaotian were peak late-Xiantian Seventh Order, Lin Shuang was more

formidable than Chen Xiaotian.

In the blink of an eye, Lin Shuang's group of four arrived, landing on the street. The first thing Lin Shuang did was scan the surroundings, and when he saw the naked Hu Sheng curled up a ball due to pain, the muscles on his face tightened.

“Young Lord!” Lin Shuang hastened over to Hu Sheng's side.

## Chapter 271: Wheres the Young Sovereign?

---

Lin Shuang reached Hu Sheng's side. Looking at Hu Sheng's caved-in chest due to Huang Xiaolong's punch, his face looked extremely ugly, and it only turned worse when he saw the bloodied patch of Hu Sheng's lower body... the other three, Cu Gao, Chen Nianhua, and Lu Yi were just as angry.

Lin Shuang turned around towards Huang Xiaolong, eyes chilling as a terrifying killing intent swept out from his body like a storm. Influenced by Lin Shuang's strong killing intent, the surrounding air turned into a cold, biting gale.

"How, do, you want to die?" Lin Shuang emphasized every single word, sounding as if he emerged from the underworld abyss. Battle qi exploded with glaring light.

Hu Sheng, as the Young Lord of Nine Fiend Sect, was actually injured within Black Demon City! And his lower part was actually stomped into...?!

Death! Lin Shuang's eyes glowed with a dark menacing light.

But before Lin Shuang's surging battle qi could peak, before he managed to make a move, a figure blurred, in the next moment, powerful fists struck. Lin Shuang was startled, hands moving to block, yet a pulsating pain traveled from his chest. He stared disbelief at the pair of fists sticking to his chest. After a momentary pause, warm liquid rolled up Lin Shuang's throat, and he spurted blood as his body staggered back until he reached the edge of the street, where he fell.

Huang Xiaolong retrieved his fists, his eyes coldly observed the fallen Lin Shuang. Everyone stared dazedly at Lin Shuang's figure slumped on the street. The Nine Fiend Sect's number three, Lin Shuang, was injured in one move by Huang Xiaolong! Lin Shuang was a peak late-Xiantian Seventh Order warrior!



Including Xu Gai, Chen Nianhua, and Lu Yi, who arrived with Lin Shuang, stood frozen on the spot, whereas the two Sky Magi Sect disciples were flabbergasted.

Moments later, Xu Gao, Chen Nianhua, and Lu Yi recovered.

“Elder Lin!” Exclaiming in shock, all three of them swiftly rushed over to Lin Shuang’s side, helping Lin Shuang up.

However, while they were busy assisting Lin Shuang, a silhouette flickered. The three, Xu Gao, Chen Nianhua, and Lu Yi did not relax their vigilance, whirling around, all three were shocked to see a bright Buddha luminescence and Buddha statues. As if hit by a storm, Xu Gao, Chen Nianhua, and Lu Yi were sent flying; Lin Shuang who was just being helped up was sent flying as well.

Apart from Lin Shuang, amongst the Elder trio, the strongest was only an early Xiantian Seventh Order. Relying on Huang Xiaolong’s current strength, executing Phantom Shadow, his speed was comparable to an early Xiantian Eighth Order. Not to mention the three Elders, even Lin Shuang would find it hard to capture Huang Xiaolong’s movements.

With one Earthen Buddha Palm, Huang Xiaolong sent the four of them flying, slowly walking towards them after they landed. In fact, with Lin Shuang’s strength, if it weren’t due to his carelessness, he could have withstood several moves from Huang Xiaolong, but it was too late now, he was already injured and barely had any strength to resist.

Looking down at the four people, a cold light flashed in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes as he summoned the Blades of Asura; seeing the ominous black blades in Huang Xiaolong’s hands, all four became ashen with obvious fear written on their faces.

“You!” Lin Shuang and the other three struggled to stand up, grasping for a chance to escape, Huang Xiaolong waved the Blades of Asura, cold lights gleamed in midair. Almost simultaneously, four different screaming voices sounded at once.

The two Sky Magi Sect disciples and the surrounding crowd were petrified to see blood gushing out from Lin Shuang and the other three Nine Fiend Sect Elder's throats, covering the ground below them red in an instant.

Countless shocked gasps sounded from the crowd.

This Lin Shuang was the Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign Hu Han's left and right-hand man, a confidante through and through. Xu Gao, Chen Nianhua, and Lu Yi were highly loyal to Hu Han, and since Huang Xiaolong had decided to destroy the Nine Fiend Sect, he killed these four without hesitation to weaken Hu Han's forces.

After killing the four people, Huang Xiaolong paid no heed to the shocked eyes directed at him, he walked to where Hu Sheng was.

Even now, Hu Sheng was still clutching his lower body in excruciating pain, noticing Huang Xiaolong coming his way, the gloom of death seemed to descend on his face. Hu Sheng cried for mercy, "Don't kill me, don't kill me, I don't want to die, I don't want to die!" He saw clearly how Huang Xiaolong killed Lin Shuang and the other three Elders.

"Don't worry, I won't kill you." Huang Xiaolong's cold voice sounded. Although this Hu Sheng deserved to die many times over, Huang Xiaolong has a use for him, so he could temporarily keep his life.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong said he would not kill him, Hu Sheng were half frantic with joy. In his heart, Hu Sheng breathed out in relief; in his opinion, he was the Nine Fiend Sect's Young Lord, Huang Xiaolong must feel apprehensive, that was why he didn't dare to kill him. Thinking through this point, a killing intent flitted across Hu Sheng's heart; wait till his father and the other Nine Fiend Sect experts arrive, he would repay Huang Xiaolong, a thousand, ten thousand times over.

Huang Xiaolong sneered detecting the flickering lights in Hu Sheng's eyes, guessing the thoughts in Hu Sheng's mind, he

laughed sarcastically in silence. Stepping up, Huang Xiaolong sealed Hu Sheng's cultivation using acupuncture, then he dragged Hu Sheng back to the Sky Magi Sect's headquarters.

Being dragged across the street's surface, Hu Sheng's lower body scrapped due to friction, resulting in a chain of wails and screams ringing in the air. It wasn't until some distance far away that the two Sky Magi Sect disciples came back to their senses, and quickly chased up behind Huang Xiaolong. Both disciples wanted to stop Huang Xiaolong, yet neither was brave enough.

...

The Nine Fiend Sect headquarters grand hall.

Hu Han sat on the Sovereign throne, his brows were tightly locked together. It had been quite a while since Lin Shuang and the others went out, why weren't they back yet?

Sitting on the seat a head lower than Hu Han was a charming lady with hands of marmoreal skin, but the nails on her hands were noticeably longer than normal, furthermore, they were green in color, like jade. This was the Nine Fiend Sect's second-in-command, Su Meimei. Her strength was only weaker than Hu Han.

"Sovereign, should I go take a look?" Seeing Hu Han's expression, Su Meimei volunteered. Lin Shuang and the other three Elders taking such a long time baffled her as well.

"Sovereign, with Elder Lin's strength, there is only Blood Swallow School's Jiang Tianhua that could be his opponent in the entire Black Demon City." At this time, a Nine Fiend Sect Elder stood up, saying "Therefore, Sovereign and Deputy need not worry, I think Elder Lin and the rest will return very soon."

Hu Han nodded in agreement. Indeed, other than himself and Su Meimei, only Blood Swallow School's Doyen could be Lin Shuang's opponent in the entire Black Demon City. Thinking of this point, Hu Han relaxed.

However, at this time, a Nine Fiend Sect disciple ran into the grand hall all flustered, agitated, and anxious. Seeing this disciple's expression, Hu Han's heart sank.

All the Nine Fiend Sect Elders turned to look at that disciple.

"Sovereign, it's bad!" The instant the disciple ran into the grand hall, he fell to his knees, words flowing out of his mouth rapidly.

"What happened?" Hu Han's face was gloomy, snapping at the disciple.

"Sovereign, Elder Lin, they, they, they were all killed!" That Nine Fiend Sect disciple blurted out with fear.

"What?!" it was as if a bomb exploded in the grand hall. All the Nine Fiend Sect Elders revealed astonishment and confusion. Hu Han and Su Meimei both wore grave expression.

"The Young Lord, where's the Young Lord?!" Hu Han jumped up from his seat, hollering in anger.

"The Young Lord, he was taken away by that person!" That Nine Fiend Sect disciple stammered.

"Taken away?" Only then did Hu Han was relieved, taken away meant his son was still alive.

"But, Young Lord, he, he..." That disciple hesitated to explain further.

"Speak, what happened to the Young Lord?" Hu Han became nervous.

"The Young Lord's lower, lower part, is crippled." The Nine Fiend Sect disciples quickly answered.

The lower part 'crippled'? All the Nine Fiend Sect Elders were stunned, each one showing a weird expression.

## Chapter 272: Annihilate the Sky Magi Sect!

---

“What did you say?!” Hu Han roared in anger; with a quick flicker, his silhouette left the throne dais, appearing right in front of the Nine Fiend Sect disciple. Both hands reached out and lifted the disciple up by the collar as a horrifying killing intent swirled out from Hu Han’s body like a hurricane.

That Nine Fiend Sect disciple was so terrified that he lost all colors in his face.

“Youn—Young Lord he, he...” The disciples stammered incoherently.

Hu Han’s anger was further stoked with the disciple’s action, his palm slapped straight onto that disciple’s chest, sending the disciples tumbling on the floor all the way until the edge of the hall, where he hit a stone pillar, halting his movements.

Struck by Hu Han, the disciple struggled to get up only to fall to his knees, begging for mercy, “Sovereign mercy, Sovereign mercy, ah!”

Hu Han harrumphed curtly, “Speak, recount every detail of the event clearly!” If it wasn’t for him being anxious to know what happened, he would have killed this disciple with that palm just now.

“Yes, yes, yes, Sovereign!” That Nine Fiend Sect disciple answered with dread as he quickly recounted in detail what he knew.

Hearing that a young man punched his son’s chest and then went on to cripple his lower part, Hu Han’s face layered with frost, but when he heard that after Lin Shuang and the other three Elders arrived, Lin Shuang was actually injured by the young man, also with one punch, whereas the three, Xu Gao, Chen Nianhua, and Lu Yi were thrown off simultaneously with just one palm, Hu Han, Su

Meimei, and the present Elders revealed expressions of astonishment.

The Nine Fiend Sect disciple continued in a shaky voice, “After that black-haired young man injured the four Elders, he slit their throats with his blade; Elder Lin Shuang and the other Elders were already killed before they even had time to escape.”

Hu Han had an ugly expression on his face hearing this, unable to conceal the amazement from his eyes.

“After that?” Hu Han asked solemnly.

“After killing the four Elders, the black-haired young man then dragged the Young Lord away, in the Sky Magi Sect headquarters’ direction.” That disciple hastened to answer.

“Sky Magi Sect’s headquarters?” Everyone present in the grand hall was stumped.

“Could this black-haired young man be an expert the Sky Magi Sect Sovereign, Chen Xiaotian, hired?”

“Regardless of whether he is or not, this black-haired young man is definitely connected to the Sky Magi Sect.” The Nine Fiend Sect Elders started to state their opinions one after another while Hu Han’s face grew gloomier by the second.

It was obvious he was trying to figure out what that black-haired young man’s relationship with Sky Magi Sect was. If this black-haired young man was someone hired by Chen Xiaotian, what did they mean by holding his son? Was the Sky Magi Sect declaring war against the Nine Fiend Sect?

Su Meimei was also pondering the matter as she sat quietly on the chair, not speaking a word.

“Sovereign, regardless of who that brat is, since the Young Lord is being held in the Sky Magi Sect’s headquarters, then we shall surrounded the Sky Magi Sect this instant and rescue the Young Lord!” At this point, one of the Elders stood up proclaiming.

Hu Han's eyes flickered, tempted.

"Deputy, what do you think?" Hu Han turned around, enquiring his second-in-command Su Meimei.

Su Meimei said seriously, "Sovereign could first send a summon to Sky Magi Sect Sovereign, Chen Xiaotian, have him hand out the Young Lord, while you send people out to investigate that black-haired young man's identity."

Hu Han nodded, Su Meimei's opinion was the same as his. Attacking the Sky Magi Sect headquarters without knowing that black-haired young man's identity was not a wise move. First, investigate that black-haired young man's bottom line, annihilating him and the Sky Magi Sect at that time wouldn't be too late!

Not wasting time, Hu Han instructed one of the Nine Fiend Sect's Elders to head out to Sky Magi Sect and tell Chen Xiaotian to hand over his son, Hu Sheng, while on the other hand, he sent some people out to investigate the black-haired young man.

However, very soon, the Elder Hu Han sent out came back, blood staining his robes, a wound on his chest. Moreover, he returned alone. Seeing this result, all the Nine Fiend Sect Elders clenched their fists in anger. Hu Han's sullen face darkened deeper.

"Sovereign, that Chen Xiaotian, he said if you want to bring the Young Lord back, go to Sky Magi Sect headquarters yourself and to... kneel and beg in front of him." The moment that Nine Fiend Sect Elder returned to the grand hall, the words flowed out without being asked.

"What?!" All the Nine Fiend Sect Elders present were filled with rage.

"This Chen Xiaotian is too presumptuous!"

"Sovereign, we'll rush to the Sky Magi Sect's headquarters right now and save the Young Lord!"

“That’s right, rescue the Young Lord and destroy the Sky Magi Sect. Capture that Chen Xiaotian and make him kneel in front of the Sovereign!”

“He thinks having that black-haired young man helping him, our Nine Fiend Sect daren't do anything to him!”

“Annihilate Sky Magi Sect!”

“Annihilate Sky magi Sect!”

All the Nine Fiend Sect Elders clamored noisily.

Hu Han felt slighted and chagrined; an intense killing intent surged in his heart.

He, as the Sovereign of the Nine Fiend Sect, the Castellan of Black Demon City, with all the power he had in Black Demon City, he had never felt such vexation! In the past, he just needed to stamp his foot and it would be enough to scare Chen Xiaotian until he pissed his own pants!

A brief moment passed as Hu Han forced himself to suppress the boiling killing intent in his heart. Raising both of his hands, he indicated everyone to calm down. When the grand hall quieted down, he scanned the faces before him, saying in a solemn voice, “The Sky Magi Sect must be annihilated, Chen Xiaotian and that black-haired young man must die! But not now!”

The more Chen Xiaotian acted this way, the more prudent and vigilant Hu Han became.

“Tell the people below to speed up their investigation of the black-haired young man,” Hu Han looked over in Su Meimei’s direction, “Also, other than that black-haired young man, find out if the Sky Magi Sect has any other experts guarding in the dark!”

“Yes, Sovereign.” Su Meimei stood up and acknowledged with respect.

At this time, the Elder that returned blood-stained from Sky Magi



Sect opened his mouth after slight hesitation, “Sovereign, Chen Xiaotian also told me to bring you a message, he said, tomorrow he would cut off one of Young Lord’s arms, the day after tomorrow an arm and a leg, and on the third day, he would cripple Young Lord’s remaining leg!”

“What did you say?!” The anger Hu Han worked so hard to suppress erupted like a volcano. The four walls of the grand hall, pillars, and floor were covered with a layer of frosty white ice. Behind Hu Han, an ice serpent flickered in and out vaguely. Not only Hu Han, all the Nine Fiend Sect Elders were furious.

“Sovereign, this Chen Xiaotian is simply too arrogant! Please give us the order, we’ll gather up and destroy the Sky Magi Sect this instant!” A Nine Fiend Sect Elder could no longer suppress his anger and jumped up from his seat, claiming once again.

“Yes, Sovereign, give us the order!” Other Elders echoed the suggestion.

Hu Han inhaled deeply, a dark eerie light flitted across his eyes, “Pass my order down, from now onwards, kill every Sky Magi Sect disciples that the Nine Fiend Sect disciples and Elders come across!”

“Yes Sovereign!” All the Nine Fiend Sect Elders answered in unison, not daring to clamor more than they had.

...

At the same time, the Sky Magi Sect headquarters grand hall.

Huang Xiaolong sat on the throne seat, whereas Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, Jiang Tianhua, as well as the groups of Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School experts stood in respectful manner in the grand hall. Also, in the grand hall was a dumbfounded Hu Sheng staring wide-eyed at the experts of Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School on both sides.

Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School’s experts actually...?!

He stared at Huang Xiaolong in horror; who is this black-haired young man exactly? What does he want to do?! Hu Sheng daren't think further...

## Chapter 273: Empty

---

Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School's experts stood in a respectful manner in the grand hall, lowering the sounds of their breathing to the best they could...

A pin drop could be heard clearly in the grand hall.

Chen Xiaotian stood out, reporting: "Young Lord, just now, the Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign Hu Han issued an order, all Sky Magi Sect's disciples, once found, they are to be killed on the spot!"

"Oh." Huang Xiaolong's reaction was calm as his eyes glanced over at Hu Sheng in the grand hall. This simple glance made Hu Sheng shiver to his core, his face white as a sheet.

Chen Xiaotian retreated to his spot after reporting the matter and the huge hall returned to its previous heavy silence. Both Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow Sect were waiting for Huang Xiaolong's orders.

Huang Xiaolong drummed his fingers on the throne's armrest, a dull drumming sound echoed softly in the large hall.

Without a doubt, Huang Xiaolong could take over the Nine Fiend Sect at this stage, but doing so would risk a lot of the Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School's life. Thus, even if Huang Xiaolong successfully took over the Black Demon City, he would be taking over an overall weaker Black Demon City. If a foreign enemy attacked Black Demon City at this time, it would be hard for Black Demon City to resist invasion. This was something Huang Xiaolong didn't wish to happen.

Limited, he could only wait for half a month.

At Huang Xiaolong's current second level spiritual force, in another half a month's time, he would be able to control the remaining of the Nine Fiend Sect's Elders. When he managed to accomplish that, it would be the right time to attack the Nine Fiend

Sect, and deal with Hu Han.

Hu Sheng had to die, therefore, Hu Han could not be left alive. Hu Han also had to die. As for the Nine Fiend Sect's Deputy, Su Meimei, as long as she was willing to submit, Huang Xiaolong would spare her.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong said to Chen Xiaotian, "Keep him in the dungeon below." as he pointed a finger at Hu Sheng. After a small pause, he continued, "Two days later, cut off one of his arms and send it to Hu Han."

"Yes Young Lord!" Chen Xiaotian and Jiang Tianhua saluted with respect.

"No, no, no, don't, I beg you! Whatever you want, my Nine Fiend Sect can give you, don't cut off my arm!" Hu Sheng turned deadly pale at Huang Xiaolong's orders, crying out for mercy. But two Sky Magi Sect Elders dragged Hu Seng out of the grand hall, one on each side.

Hu Sheng struggled intensely, screaming, as his voice sounded further away until it could no longer be heard.

Huang Xiaolong turned back to Chen Xiaotian and Jiang Tianhua, "Both of you, pay attention to the Nine Fiend Sect's movements, come report to me immediately if there are any unusual circumstances."

"Yes, Young Lord!"

Huang Xiaolong ordered down more tasks for the both of them and then told everyone to withdraw. When he was alone in the grand hall, Huang Xiaolong entered the Xumi Temple, swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and continued cultivating.

Two days passed quickly.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong reminded Chen Xiaotian to cut off one of Hu Sheng's arms and send it to the Nine Fiend Sect headquarters.

Seeing his own son's cut off arm being delivered to him, Hu Han's rage boiled over, yet he still did not order down for the Nine Fiend Sect to attack the Sky Magi Sect headquarters. Though Hu Han did not order an attack, in multiple areas of Black Demon City, the Nine Fiend Sect's and Sky Magi Sect's disciples could be seen conflicting, fighting, and killing. Adding the previous conflict the Nine Fiend Sect had with the Blood Swallow Sect, the entire Black Demon City was enveloped in internal turmoil and puddles of flowing blood.

The pedestrians on the streets lessened, giving the city a bleak, deserted atmosphere.

Ten days came and went.

In the Nine Fiend Sect headquarters grand hall.

"Is what you said accurate? Other than that black-haired kid, there are no other experts inside the Sky Magi Sect?" Hu Han sat on the throne, looking down at Elder Fan Hai.

Fan Hai answered respectfully, "That's correct, Sovereign. This subordinate has investigated clearly, there are no other experts inside the Sky Magi Sect; moreover, this subordinate found out that the kid arrived in the Bedlam Lands about half a year ago."

"Half a year, just arrived in the Bedlam Lands!" A sharp light glinted in Hu Han's eyes, "What you're saying is, this kid, has no background here in the Bedlam Lands?"

Fan Hai nodded: "Yes, Sovereign."

"Did you find out before entering the Bedlam Lands, which empire, which family that kid comes from?" Hu Han asked solemnly.

"We haven't found this information as of yet." Fan Hai answered.

Hu Han nodded. What he worried the most was that the black-haired kid belonged to a certain hegemonic power in the Bedlam

Lands, but now, he could act without reserve.

As for which empire or which family that kid came from, it was unimportant; the Bedlam Lands had its own rules that not even the superfamilies of the three mainlands could break as they desired.

“Sovereign, what should we do now?” Fan Hai moved closer, asking cautiously.

Murderous intent flashed in Hu Han’s cold eyes, “Order it down, all Nine Fiend Sect Elders are to leave their duties and gather here in the grand hall.”

Fan Hai was overjoyed receiving this instruction, “Yes, Sovereign.” He knew the Sovereign was finally moving down on the Sky Magi Sect.

...

The night seemed quiet and tranquil, the bright moonlight shone down, showering light over the dark land.

More than a dozen dark silhouettes flew out from the Nine Fiend Sect’s headquarters, akin to midnight wandering spirits, heading towards the Sky Magi Sect in the dead of the night.

Soon, these dozen silhouettes arrived at their destination—the Sky Magi Sect’s headquarters. One of the silhouettes signaled with his hand and several figures flickered, separating from the main group, heading towards the Sky Magi Sect’s grand hall.

Along the way, all of the Sky Magi Sect disciples they came across were killed silently, without raising any alarm. One by one, the Sky Magi Sect’s disciples fell; the aura of death gradually thickened. In mere seconds, the group arrived at the door of the grand hall.

At this time, one of the men spoke, “Sovereign, this time Chen Xiaotian definitely couldn’t have imagined that we would suddenly attack the Sky Magi Sect.”

Another man chuckled, “Who knows, maybe Chen Xiaotian is even spending the night with a woman, afterwards, when we rush in, he might be scared to the point that he can’t put on his pants properly!”

The rest of his comrades laughed lightly.

Hu Han chuckled softly, before the look in his eyes turned sharp and cold, “Afterwards, leave Chen Xiaotian and that black-haired young man’s doglife to me. Fan Hai, the four of you go bring Hu Sheng out from the Sky Magi Sect’s underground dungeon.”

“Yes, Sovereign.” Fan Hao answered respectfully.

However, at the same moment, Hu Han ordered the other Elders to break the grand hall door and everyone prepared to rush in, Su Meimei suddenly shouted: “Wait!”

Hu Han and the rest halted abruptly.

Su Meimei spoke, “Sovereign, I feel something’s not right. Didn’t we come into the Sky Magi Sect’s headquarters too smoothly?” On the whole way, they basically did not encounter any resistance and their people easily entered to the center of Sky Magi Sect’s grand hall.

Hu Han frowned at the mention of this.

“Deputy, you think too much. This time our attack plan was impromptu, moreover, it was a top secret, it’s nothing out of the ordinary for things to go smoothly.” At this time, an Elder within the group laughed.

Su Meimei did not rebuke this argument.

“Enough, after we rush in, first kill Geng Ken, and then Sky Magi Sect’s other Elders. Crippling his left and right hand, and then move on to others Elders.” Hu Han ordered. “Also, if something goes awry, retreat immediately!”

All of the Nine Fiend Sect’s Elders answered ‘yes’ in low

whispers.

No longer delaying time, Hu Han slapped open the door with a single palm strike, rushing into the grand hall at lightning speed.

Inside, Hu Han scanned the surroundings, but the Sky Magi Sect's headquarters grand hall looked empty and abandoned.



## Chapter 274: Killing Hu Han

---

Hu Han stood there, doubt flickering in his eyes. The Nine Fiend Sect Elders that rushed in after him also stopped their actions looking at the weird scene.

“Sovereign,” Su Meimei approached, “This situation isn’t right.”

Hu Han nodded in agreement. He also felt things weren’t right.

However, at this moment, a loud bang sounded. When Hu Han and the Nine Fiend Sect Elders looked back, they discovered the doors they went through were shut tight. Everyone’s expression tensed at the uncertain circumstances.

“Sovereign Hu Han and Elders of the Nine Fiend Sect, welcome to Sky Magi Sect. If you notified us earlier, we’d prepare a banquet in advance for your arrival.” At this point, a voice sounded.

Hu Han and the Nine Fiend Sect Elders searched for the origin and saw a black-haired young man walking out from the inner hall. Behind him were Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, and a litter of Sky Magi Sect Elders, but what shocked Hu Han and the rest of the Nine Fiend Sect Elders was that other than Chen Xiaotian’s Sky Magi Sect group, the Blood Swallow School Doyen Jiang Tianhua and Deputy Cui Ming were also amongst them!

Before the group of shocked Hu Han and Nine Fiend Sect Elders, Huang Xiaolong entered the grand hall, heading straight to the throne seat, whereas Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken stood humbly a step below the dais to the left side, while Jiang Tianhua’s Blood Swallow School group on the right side.

Hu Han and Su Meimei exchanged a glance, each mirrored the other’s astonishment.

After sitting down, Huang Xiaolong took a glance at Hu Han and Su Meimei before telling Chen Xiaotian: “Bring Hu Sheng up.”

“Yes, Young Lord!” Chen Xiaotian replied respectfully.

Young Lord?! Another great wave surged in Hu Han and Su Meimei's hearts hearing Chen Xiaotian referring to the black-haired young man as Young Lord. While Hu Han and Su Meimei were reeling in shock, Chen Xiaotian signaled with his hands for people to bring Hu Sheng up to the grand hall.

Moments later, two Sky Magi Sect Elders dragged Hu Sheng into the hall. At this point, Hu Sheng's arms were already cut off, hair a disheveled mess, with deep sunken eyes, one could hardly find a place not covered with blood.

Seeing his son's miserable state, Hu Han's killing intent surged, his dark, vengeful eyes burned with intensity.

"Father, save me, quick save me, quick, save me!" Being handled roughly and brought to the grand hall, Hu Sheng screamed frantically once he laid eyes on Hu Han. Because his meridians points were sealed by Huang Xiaolong, he had no strength to throw off the two Sky Magi Sect Elders.

"Release my son!" Hu Han faced Huang Xiaolong, biting each word in fury. A layer of ice started to spread out beneath his feet; ice the color of dark purple, glistening in a spectral light.

It was as if Huang Xiaolong did not see the dark purple ice spreading out, speaking calmly like everything was normal, "Release your son? It can be done."

Hu Han was stumped.

Huang Xiaolong continued: "As long as you can leave this grand hall."

"You!" Hu Han's fury exploded in his eyes, but a scream sounded next to him. The unexpected scream sent Hu Han and Su Meimei into a momentary loss. When they turned around to look, what greeted them was several flashes of cold light aimed at them. Alarmed, Hu Han and Su Meimei swiftly dealt with the attacks and jumped out of the way.

When Hu Han and Su Meimei saw clearly the attackers' faces, eternal fury seemed to burn inside their eyes.

"Fan Hai, what are trying to do!?" The ones who attacked both Hu Han and Su Meimei were none other than the several Nine Fiend Sect Elders that came with them.

But Fan Hai's group acted as if they did not see Hu Han's wrath, all walked until they arrived before Huang Xiaolong and knelt down in utmost respect: "We greet the Young Lord!"

Young Lord?!

Hu Han and Su Meimei were dumbfounded and furious watching Huang Xiaolong and Fan Hai's group of turncoats.

"Stand up." Huang Xiaolong said with indifference.

"Many thanks, Young Lord!" Only then did Fan Hai and his group stood up, retreating to one side.

This Fan Hai had been 'reined' in by Huang Xiaolong early on; Fan Hai's report to Hu Han claiming there were no other experts in Sky Magi Sect was ordered by Huang Xiaolong! Otherwise, how could Fan Hai know that Huang Xiaolong arrived at the Bedlam Lands a mere six months prior?

Hu Han glared angrily at Fan Hai, how could he not understand that everything Fan Hai reported to him was a deliberate action to mislead him! After the dead Lin Shuang, Fan Hai was one of Hu Han's most trusted confidantes, but Fan Hai actually betrayed him!

Fan Hai stood half a step behind Huang Xiaolong, seeing the ferocious eyes Hu Han was looking at him with, Fan Hai knew Hu Han must wish to tear him apart, eat his flesh and drink his blood. However, Fan Hai sneered, "Hu Han, I advise you to surrender without resistance, resisting would only make you suffer."

"I'll kill you!!" Hu Han raged, a dark purple light exploded brightly from his body. With lightning fast movements, Hu Han reached Fan Hai in a split second, with one palm aiming to strike.

The palm shot out, whistling through the air, issuing a strange shrill noise. Just like Jiang Tianhua was before, seeing his own people's betrayal, neither of them could remain calm for long, there was only a desire to kill off these traitors. But Hu Han's palm strike had yet to reach before it was blocked by countless Buddha statues that emerged from the ground below.

A thunderous explosion rang inside the hall.

Hu Han felt a powerful energy rush in his direction. Being caught off guard, Hu Han staggered back several steps until he returned to where he stood. He searched and was stricken to find the person who blocked his attack just now was none other than that black-haired young man.

Su Meimei was reeling in shock as she watched. Huang Xiaolong not only blocked Hu Han's palm, he even pushed Hu Han back.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at Hu Han and the five Nine Fiend Sect Elders standing on his side, including Su Meimei, "It's already a fact that Black Demon City is already under my control, if you submit to me now, it's still not too late, I can spare your lives."

"This opportunity only comes once." Huang Xiaolong's voice floated in the grand hall.

Hesitation flashed across Su Meimei and the other four Elders' face, while Hu Han's face revealed an ugly expression.

"I'm willing to submit, I'm willing to submit." A brief moment passed when suddenly one of the remaining Nine Fiend Sect Elder spoke up. When there was a precedent, there would be subsequent people who followed.

Hu Han erupted like an angry lion with all its hair standing on ends, letting out a booming roar, his fists punched out at the two Nine Fiend Sect Elders. No one expected Hu Han to strike so suddenly, before the two Elders could react, they died under Hu Han's fists. Bodies flung to the end of the hall, crashing to the

floor. Su Meimei and the three remaining Elders were taken aback.

Still, Hu Han's action put 'fear' inside them, and for an instant, the three swaying Elders dared not declare their submission towards Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong indicated Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, Jiang Tianhua, and Cui Ming with his eyes; understanding Huang Xiaolong's intention, all four of them flew out, surrounding Hu Han in the center.

As for Su Meimei, Huang Xiaolong did not attack her.

Su Meimei stood at the side, the look in her eyes shifted back and forth as she watched Hu Han being sieged by Chen Xiaotian, Geng Ken, Jiang Tianhua, and Cui Ming, obviously making her final decision.

Undoubtedly, Hu Han was strong in terms of one on one battle. But now, there were Chen Xiaotian, Geng Keng, Jiang Tianhua, and Cui Ming against him alone, Hu Han was forced back time and again.

Strong battle qi fluctuations filled the grand hall from the five people. With four people working together, it did not take long for Hu Han to fall at a disadvantage; in a moment of carelessness, he received the full force of Jiang Tianhua's Eye of Yellow Springs. Blood trickled down from every part of Hu Han's body.

After successfully striking Hu Han with Eye of the Yellow Springs, Jiang Tianhua suddenly pointed a finger to the void above, bellowing: "Devil Tribulation Finger!"

A space hole was torn high above as a giant finger came crushing down on Hu Han.

# Chapter 275: Unifying Black Demon City

---

Hu Han paled when he saw the Devil Tribulation Finger descending on him. He was well aware of how powerful Jiang Tianhua's Devil Tribulation Finger was; if he was to say what constitutes as a threat for him in Black Demon City, then it would be Jiang Tianhua's Devil Tribulation Finger. Relying on his current mid-Xiantian Eighth Order's strength, taking a hit from the Devil Tribulation Finger was enough to cause him grave injuries.

Watching Jiang Tianhua's Devil Tribulation getting closer, Hu Han hollered a war cry, dark purple battle qi gushed out from his body, but in the next moment, everything dimmed and his silhouette disappeared.

The Devil Tribulation Finger crashed on the floor, shaking the grand hall, sending pieces of stones and dust in the air. A large crater formed in the floor and everyone stared with dumbfounded eyes, including Su Meimei. Her heart shivered at the sight of that huge hole.

Whereas Jiang Tianhua, Chen Xiaotian, Geng Keng, and Cui Ming were frowning tensely at this moment, because neither none of them could detect Hu Han's presence with their spiritual sense.

Huang Xiaolong sneered, in the middle of his forehead, a red-colored vertical eye suddenly appeared.

Eye of Hell!

The Eye of Hell released a bright light that seemed to cover the entire grand hall, Huang Xiaolong lifted his finger and pointed towards a left upward corner. Dark gray fog rolled out like tidal waves, shrill shrieks filled the air as a finger imprint pierced out through the dense gray fog.

A screamed sounded, attracting everyone's attention. Turning

around, they saw Hu Han falling down from high up on the left side of the grand hall, landing heavily, he was swaying unsteadily as blood flowed out from the corner of his mouth.

Wiping the blood off his mouth, Hu Han stared at Huang Xiaolong, “You could actually see through my Body of Darkness?!” He had never revealed this Body of Darkness in front of anyone before. Chen Xiaotian, Jiang Tianhua, and not even Su Meimei knew about this skill of his, which made Hu Han extremely confident in this hidden body skill.

At first, he thought he could use this Body of Darkness to come and go from Sky Magi Sect’s headquarters smoothly and leave Black Demon City. He could restore his strength and return for revenge in the future.

This was his trump card! But now, his heart sank deeper down a bottomless lake, despair and death shrouded his heart.

Huang Xiaolong stared at Hu Han without answering, he signaled Jiang Tianhua, Chen Xiaotian, and the others with a look, the four of them understood Huang Xiaolong’s meaning, resuming their attack on Hu Han.

Hu Han no longer had any trump cards after Huang Xiaolong broke his Body of Darkness; with no fight left in him, there was only the thought of fleeing. However, the four people sieging him already saw through Hu Han’s intention, blocking all of his escape routes. Due to the injury caused by Huang Xiaolong’s Absolute Soul Finger attack, very soon he suffered continues injuries under Chen Xiaotian, Jiang Tianhua, Geng Ken, and Cui Ming’s flurry of attacks. In a moment of carelessness, he received a blow from Jiang Tianhua’s Devil Tribulation Finger right on the chest. Almost consecutively came Chen Xiaotian’s Wind Fist Flowing Fire Palm.

Hit by three powerful attacks from Huang Xiaolong, Jiang Tianhua, and Chen Xiaotian, Hu Han was in an awkward state;

disheveled hair, blood blotches staining his brocade robe, a far cry from his usual domineering image of an expert, the majestic Castellan of Black Demon City!

Hu Han wobbled as he stood, looking as if he was about to fall anytime. Despite that, he smiled as he watched the four people attacking him, then Huang Xiaolong, the Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School's experts. An empty, hollow smile.

“Father!” Hu Sheng cried out.

Hu Han smiled sadly at his son, “I’m sorry Sheng’er, this time Father cannot protect you!”

Hu Sheng cried, grief-stricken.

Hu Han turned to look at Huang Xiaolong, saying, “I hope you can spare my son.”

“Do you think that’s possible?” Huang Xiaolong questioned in return.

Hu Han looked to the sky and sighed, the logic of cutting troubles at their roots, how could he not understand, he was carrying a slim glimmer of hope, in case...

At last, Hu Han stood staring at Su Meimei for a full minute in silence. As if no one was around, Hu Han roared with rage, unwillingness as he stood there, blood-line cracks started to appear on his chest, spreading out like a spider web, and in the next moment, his chest exploded! Then his limbs and other parts of Hu Han's body.

Hu Han's blood splattered over the grand hall's stone pillars.

Hu Han actually chose to blow up his Qi Sea, death by exploding all his meridians! Everyone present was surprised at Hu Han's choice, even Huang Xiaolong.

“Father!” Hu Sheng wailed, his face lost all colors in them.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Hu Han's body, “Bring it away, handle



the funeral properly for the Black Demon City's Castellan." Huang Xiaolong's meaning was clear, Hu Han's body to be accorded the respect at par with Black Demon City's Castellan. Jiang Tianhua, Chen Xiaotian, and the Elders answered in unison.

As for Hu Sheng, Huang Xiaolong gestured a killing signal to Jiang Tianhua, seeing Huang Xiaolong's motion, Jiang Tianhua raised a sword in his hand and went to Hu Sheng, ending his life with a single sword.

Hu Han and Hu Sheng, father and son, death!

When things on the other side were settled, Huang Xiaolong shifted his attention onto Su Meimei. Su Meimei lowered her head as she approached Huang Xiaolong, kneeling in front of him, Su Meimei saluted: "Su Meimei greets Young Lord!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded, Su Meimei willing to submit was best favorable outcome, otherwise, he could only kill her. According to what Chen Xiaotian reported, Hu Han harbored feelings for this Su Meimei, but that was no longer important. After he branded Su Meimei's soul sea with a soul mark, he need not worry about her hiding ill-intentions.

Huang Xiaolong ordered Su Meimei and the remaining three Nine Fiend Sect Elders to release their soul sea. After half an hour, Huang Xiaolong finally breathed easy after all four people were marked.

Now, all three major forces in Black Demon City—Sky Magi Sect, Blood Swallow School, and Nine Fiend Sect—were all under Huang Xiaolong's control. Black Demon City was now his territory, his foothold in the Bedlam Lands!

Of course, having a foothold didn't mean that Huang Xiaolong could be a lord. In the Bedlams, a city could change owner anytime in the day, sieged and taken over. However, taking control of Black Demon City, Huang Xiaolong could use it his base, slowly encroaching to neighboring cities until he was a force to be

reckoned with in the Bedlam Lands!

Despite having all three forces in his grasp, Huang Xiaolong did not plan to have his identity made known, he appointed Jiang Tianhua to be the new Black Demon City Castellan while he directed things from the shadows.

The next morning, Hu Han's death spread to every corner of Black Demon City, setting off an uproar at the abruptness of their Castellan's death. Riding on the wave, the news quickly reached nearby cities.

...

Blood River City, several thousand miles from Black Demon City.

At this time, sitting in Blood River Castellan's main hall were five middle-aged men, each one of them had palms two times larger than normal people. Moreover, all five people's palms and nails were black.

These five people were the five temple chiefs of the Five Poison Cult that controlled Blood River City. Sitting in the middle was the Big bro, Liu Minghai.

The grand hall was heavy with silence.

"Hu Han's death, what are your opinions?" Liu Minghai looked at the other four people and asked, his voice sounded slightly hoarse.

"Big bro, now that Hu Han is dead, the Black Demon City is definitely unstable internally. This is a good opportunity for us to take over Black Demon City!" The Fourth bro, Liu Guang said.

# Chapter 276: City of Myriad Gods

---

“That’s right, Big Bro, Black Demon City must be in a mess right now, it is our most opportune time to attack and capture Black Demon City as ours!” Second Bro Liu Ding echoed the same thoughts.

Liu Minghai’s brows scrunched together as he turned to the side looking at Third Bro Liu Wu, “Who is Black Demon City’s new Castellan?”

“It is the Blood Swallow School’s Doyen, Jiang Tianhua. The word around is, Jiang Tianhua and Chen Xiaotian allied themselves, launching a surprise attack on the Nine Fiend Sect when they least expected, killing Hu Han.” Third Bro Liu Wu replied.

Liu Minghai fell into a pensive ponder. Seeing this, the other four people kept silent.

A brief moment later, Liu Minghai looked up asking, “Did Su Meimei submit to Jiang Tianhua?”

“That’s right, Big bro.” Third Bro Liu Wu confirmed, but he paused for a second before adding, “I don’t know what method this Jiang Tianhua used, to be able to persuade Chen Xiaotian to ally with him, even successfully steering Su Meimei into betraying Hu Han, swearing allegiance to him! Other than Su Meimei, other Nine Fiend Sect Elders also submitted to Jiang Tianhua, and because of this, Jiang Tianhua and Chen Xiaotian could join hands, easily killing off Hu Han!”

Liu Minghai shook his head, saying: “I’m afraid this matter may not be as simple.” The other four people were surprised.

“Big bro, are you saying there is another force behind Jiang Tianhua?” A thought flashed in Third Bro Liu Wu’s mind.

Liu Minghai nodded, “If my guess is right, it should be so.

Otherwise, Jiang Tianhua could not have persuaded Chen Xiaotian to ally with him in such a short time and make Su Meimei and the Elders betray Hu Han.” The four people exchanged a glance between themselves.

“Big bro, then what should we do now?” Second bro Liu Ding asked openly.

Liu Minghai said in a solemn voice, “Send people to investigate, confirm if there is any other force supporting Jiang Tianhua. If the answer is yes, the other side would have subsequent moves, therefore we must be vigilant and prepare in advance. If there is none...!” At this point, a bloodlust light gleamed in Liu Minghai’s eyes, “We must make our move before other cities take action, capture Black Demon City firsthand!”

“Yes, Big bro!” All four others answered at once.

“Apart from that, pay attention to Ghost Shadow Sect’s Patriarch, lately, they have been very close with people from Tornado Valley. If Ghost Shadow Sect harbor any intentions, annihilate them!” Liu Mingbai sentenced with a hard edge in his voice.

The four others answered affirmatively.

The scene happening in Blood River City took place with little difference in the cities surrounding Black Demon City. Even though Hu Han was dead, no one acted recklessly, instead, sending their people out to investigate clearly if there was another force supporting Jiang Tianhua in the shadows, and which Bedlams force it was.

...

Within the walls of Black Demon City’s Castellan Mansion, Huang Xiaolong was listening to Jiang Tianhua, Chen Xiaotian, and Su Meimei’s report about the neighboring cities’ actions and response after getting news of Hu Han’s death, nodding his head.

There were a total of six cities spreading out inside a ten thousand miles area and each city's forces were more or less at the same level as Black Demon City, some were marginally stronger, some weaker. After listening to the trio's report, Huang Xiaolong inquired about the power distribution and the related forces in those six cities.

All three reported to the best of their knowledge. Several hours later, Huang Xiaolong had a much clearer idea about these six neighboring cities.

"Blood River City." Huang Xiaolong repeated to himself. Having an understanding of the forces in the surrounding cities, Huang Xiaolong decided that his next goal would be Blood River City, for the situation in Blood River City was similar to Black Demon City.

In Black Demon City, there were Nine Fiend Sect, Blood Swallow School and Sky Magi Sect, three forces coexisting, whereas in Blood River City there were the Five Poison Cult, Ghost Shadow Sect, and Tornado Valley, three major forces, with Five Poison Cult at the helm.

Since Huang Xiaolong decided on his next target, he instructed Jiang Tianhua, Chen Xiaotian, and Su Meimei to watch Five Poison Cult, Ghost Shadow Sect, and Tornado Valley's movements and seek an opportunity to take action.

After instructing them with that task, Huang Xiaolong looked at Jiang Tianhua, "Find out if there are any cities in the Bedlam Lands auctioning grade one spirit stones."

"Grade one spirit stones..." Though Jiang Tianhua was curious why Huang Xiaolong was looking for grade one spirit stones, he dared not show his curiosity, only answering 'yes' with respect.

Huang Xiaolong waved his hand and the trio withdrew away.

When they left, Huang Xiaolong once again entered the Xumi Temple hall to cultivate.

Recently, his spiritual force improved tremendously and he hoped to reach the second level of the Ancient Puppetry Art at the earliest possible. At that time, it would greatly help him, whether it was against his enemies or people he wanted to rein in, expanding his forces. And Huang Xiaolong's Body Metamorphose Scripture had reached the final stage, Hanging Tail Form.

It wouldn't be long before Huang Xiaolong completed the entire twelve stages, entering minor perfection stage to form an inner core in his body. The inner core births true essence energy by absorbing spiritual energy at all times, and the true essence energy was brimming with vitality, never dissipating. With the presence of true essence energy, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation speed became faster. Therefore, most of his time and effort were spent on practicing the Ancient Puppetry Art and sometimes the Asura Sword Skill other than the main Godly Xumi Art and Body Metamorphose Scripture.

On some occasion, Huang Xiaolong would make time to return to the battlefield he was at when he first arrived in the Bedlam Lands to practice the Asura Demon Claw by absorbing the dead spirits cloud accumulated in the sky above. During this time, Huang Xiaolong's Asura Demon Claw's first move, Lament of Thousands of Demons, improved more than it had in these past few years.

Half a month went by.

On this day, Jiang Tianhua came in to report, "Young Lord, this subordinate found out that one month later, there's an auction in the City of Myriad Gods offering grade one spirit stones."

"Oh, City of Myriad Gods." Huang Xiaolong repeated the name.

The City of Myriad Gods was one of the ten largest cities in the Bedlam Lands, ranked in the second place, right below Sin City.

The City of Myriad Gods was an old city left behind by the ancient races and God Tribes, one of the ten hegemony existences in the Bedlams. No one knew the city's real strength, only that its

Castellan became a Saint realm expert many years ago.

“Yes, Young Lord. Other than grade one spirit stones, I heard the City of Myriad Gods auction will also be offering a Heaven rank cultivation technique and a battle skill.” Jiang Tianhua continued with his report.

“Heaven rank cultivation technique and battle skill.” Huang Xiaolong was surprised.

Jiang Tianhua added, “Moreover, they are mid-grade Heaven rank cultivation skill and battle skill. The cultivation technique seemed to be called Great Thousand Technique, and the battle skill’s name is Peerless Wind Breaking Finger.”

Great Thousand Technique? Peerless Wind Breaking Finger? Huang Xiaolong nodded. He had heard Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu mention these two techniques before.

It was going to be very lively at the City of Myriad Gods with the auction of these much coveted Heaven ranked cultivation technique and battle skill.

“Make the preparations, I will set off to the City of Myriad Gods in two days.” Huang Xiaolong pondered briefly and ordered Jiang Tianhua.

From Black Demon City to the City of Myriad Gods, with Huang Xiaolong’s current speed, he still needed a month’s time to arrive, at least.

Jiang Tianhua nodded and continued to report the recent movements of Blood River City’s Five Poison Cult, Ghost Shadow Sect, and Tornado Valley.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, reminding Jiang Tianhua to defend Black Demon City well in the time that he’s not around, paying close attention to the surrounding cities’ movements.

# Chapter 277: Savage Sanguine Wasteland

---

Two days later Huang Xiaolong departed for the City of Myriad Gods, alone. He left Jiang Tianhua, Chen Xiaotian, and Su Meimei behind to defend Black Demon City, should the circumstances arise.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong left Black Demon City, in the void several thousand li from Black Demon City, space fluctuated as a figure appeared. This person was none other than Yao Family's Yao Fei.

Yao Fei stood in the air, muttering to himself, "According to Deities Templar's information, that bastard entered the Bedlam Lands, but the Bedlam Lands stretch endlessly for tens of thousands of miles, it won't be easy to find that him."

"Forget it, since that punk is sure to be here, I don't believe he can slip through my fingers this time!"

Yao Fei's silhouette flickered away, whistling through the air, and before long, he arrived at the same battlefield Huang Xiaolong did.

"Such a dense dead spirits cloud!" Even Yao Fei couldn't help exclaiming as he came across the dark red clouds gathering in the sky. However, in the next moment, joy lit up his eyes. A dark light flashed behind him and a giant figure that emanated a fiendish aura, tyranny, and darkness appeared—the top grade twelve martial spirit, Dark Malevolent Sovereign.

When the Dark Malevolent Sovereign appeared, its mouth opened wide and sucked in just like a whale devoured water, the dead spirits cloud spiraled like a twister into its body.

The originally pure black body gradually gained a tint of blood-red glow, making the Dark Malevolent Sovereign look even more fiendish, even more tyrannical and domineering.



It was half a day later when Yao Fei stopped, recalling the Dark Malevolent Sovereign back.

“If it wasn’t for the fact I need to search for that little bastard, I could stay and practice in this battlefield and after three years I could break through the Saint realm.” An intense, murderous light glinted in Yao Fei’s eyes, “But it’s not too late to find and kill that little bastard first, and then come back here to practice!” As his sentence ended, his body flickered into a blur, flying in the Black Demon City’s direction.

Two hours later, Yao Fei reached Black Demon City.

After entering Black Demon City, Yao Fei simply chose an inn and went in. When he sat down and was about to eat, he heard the people at the table next to him talking.

“I heard that this time, the City of Myriad God’s auction will be auctioning a Heaven rank cultivation technique and battle skill!” A middle-aged man wearing a black robe with a skull exclaimed.

“Heaven rank cultivation technique and battle skill?!” The person beside him was amazed.

“That’s right, these Heaven rank cultivation technique and battle skill are the Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger!”

“It’s actually the Great Thousand Technique? The Great Thousand Technique was the cultivation technique of Holiness Great Thousand Tuo that he cultivated three hundred years ago! It was said that once one cultivated the Great Thousand Technique, they will have the power of Buddhism protecting their body, that’s practically comparable to being immortal. That Peerless Wind Breaking Finger was Holiness Great Thousand Tuo’s strongest battle skill. A few hundred years ago, numerous Saint realm experts met their ends before Holiness Great Thousand Tuo’s Peerless Wind Breaking Finger!”

Listening in on the discussion on the next table, Yao Fei was severely tempted; City of Myriad Gods auction? Great Thousand Technique! Peerless Wind Breaking Finger!

Yao Fei stood up and walked over to the next table, staring at the skull black-robed middle-aged man, asking, “When is the auction at City of Myriad Gods being held?”

The skull black-robe middle-aged man looked at Yao Fei and snorted, “Kid, what did you say? I didn’t quite hear you...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Yao Fei pinched his throat, lifting him up from the seat.

“You didn’t hear me clearly?” Yao Fei inquired icily.

“Hea—I heard, heard you clearly... there are another twenty-eight days until the City of Myriad Gods auction.” Dread filled the middle-aged man’s eyes as he stammered the information Yao Fei wanted.

Waiting until the man finished, Yao Fei exerted pressure in his hand. With the twist of his wrist came the sound of bones breaking. Yao Fei threw the middle-aged man’s body to a corner of the inn, his neck looping to the side with no signs of breathing. Evidently, his neck was broken.

Yao Fei glanced at the four people that shared the same table with the middle-aged man. Facing Yao Fei, the four of them retreated hastily in panic, but Yao Fei lost interest in them after killing the middle-aged man, instead, he turned around, disappearing in a flicker. Leaving Black Demon City’s gates in seconds, his goal was the City of Myriad Gods.

“Great Thousand Technique.” Sparks of black flames danced briefly in Yao Fei’s eyes. According to his knowledge, the person who created this Great Thousand Technique three hundred years ago, the Holiness Great Thousand Tuo also possessed a dark element martial spirit. With this Great Thousand Technique, his

battle qi cultivation would enhance with the speed of ten thousand li in a single leap, the day he breaks through to the Saint realm was just around the corner.

Saint realm!

Hence, this time, he absolutely had to get the Great Thousand Technique! Regardless if it was through the auction or through other means!

While Yao Fei was rushing towards the City of Myriad Gods, on another side of a wasteland, a figure flickered, hovering in midair. This was exactly Huang Xiaolong, who was journeying to the City of Myriad Gods.

Huang Xiaolong surveyed the wasteland below, taking out a map from his sleeves.

“This should be the Savage Sanguine Wasteland.” Huang Xiaolong studied the map, talking to himself.

This Bedlam Lands map was something Huang Xiaolong asked Jiang Tianhua to prepare and although it wasn't very detailed, it marked most of the important locations. Amongst them was this Savage Sanguine Wasteland.

The Savage Sanguine Wasteland was one of the stranger places in the Bedlam Lands. According to legend, tens of thousands of years ago, there was a massive city on this land, but two Saint realm experts battled here, causing mass destruction the city. A ruined city and both Saint realm experts fallen on this piece of land, in the last hundred thousand years, not a single leaf of grass could grow here.

Putting back the map, Huang Xiaolong looked at the darkening sky and landed on a small hill in a quick sway. It was already late, thus he decided to stay here for the night before continuing tomorrow.

On the small hill, Huang Xiaolong's palm faced upward as a

strong suction force appeared, gathering a stack of dead wood, a fire lit up with a single point of his finger. After building the fire, Huang Xiaolong initiated the Instant Recovery martial ability, instantly recovering his depleted battle qi and internal force to full vigor.

As Huang Xiaolong's strength continued to rise, all three of his martial spirit abilities' power grew stronger with him.

Then, Huang Xiaolong spent some time practicing the Asura Tactics and the Body Metamorphose Scripture. As the night grew darker, the brilliant moonlight diffused like an ocean of blood mist over the Savage Sanguine Wasteland.

Since the two Saint realm experts had fallen here many thousands years ago, once night descended, this ocean of blood mist would appear, thus the name Savage Sanguine Wasteland appeared.

“Half a month left to the City of Myriad Gods auction.” Huang Xiaolong calculated the time.

This trip to the City of Myriad Gods was solely for first grade spirit stones. The city was a monument left behind by ancient God Tribes, in the areas and space around the City of Myriad Gods were dwellings left behind by some God Tribes experts. Huang Xiaolong wanted to try his luck and see if he could find one of these abandoned mansions. In general, there would be grade ten spirit pellets or even Heaven grade spirit pellets.

Counting the time, Deities Templar's next disciple selection was no more than three years away. Huang Xiaolong's cultivation speed had always been amazing, yet it was still a far cry from breaking through to Saint realm within a three year period... unless he could find the legendary grade ten spirit pellet or Heaven grade spirit pellet.

Although the area around the City of Myriad Gods had numerous ancient God Tribes experts' hidden spaces, the people that

managed to find one were few and far in between, the chances less than one in a thousand.

Right at this time, a wind piercing sound traveled to Huang Xiaolong's ears. Turning around to look, he saw two people flying in his direction at high speed.

## Chapter 278: Dont Dodge If Youve Got Guts

---

When the two people were close enough for Huang Xiaolong to make out their features clearly, he was surprised. The other side consisted of a man and a woman; if Huang Xiaolong remembered correctly, the woman was the Ghost Shadow Sect's disciple. Huang Xiaolong saw her once when he first arrived in Black Demon City. At that time, Sky Magi Sect's Elder Deng Guangliang told him that this woman was very likely the Ghost Shadow Sect Patriarch's disciple.

"Second Senior Apprentice-Sister, there's someone over there." The man was heard saying to the woman, a finger pointing at Huang Xiaolong.

Though the night was dark, with blood-colored mist clouding the vision, Huang Xiaolong had a campfire burning, which made his location all the more obvious.

The woman looked over in Huang Xiaolong's direction, but it seemed her eyesight was slightly worse than Huang Xiaolong's, being unable to discern his features clearly. After briefly hesitating, she said, "Let's go over and have a look." and flew straight toward Huang Xiaolong.

Less than a hundred meters from Huang Xiaolong, the woman finally saw his face clearly, and showed a surprised expression: "Him?" evidently, the woman too remembered Huang Xiaolong, even though she only caught sight of him once.

"Second Senior Apprentice-Sister, you know this person?" The man asked out, baffled by her reaction.

The woman nodded her head, explaining, "A few months ago, I saw this person in Black Demon City, he was together with Sky Magi Sect's Elder Deng Guangliang and Du Xin."

By this point in time, both of them landed in front of Huang

Xiaolong, not too far away.

Elder Deng Guangliang was correct when he said this woman was likely to be the Ghost Shadow Sect Patriarch's disciple, not only that, she was the most doted on by the Patriarch. Her name was Lifei.

The Ghost Shadow Sect's Patriarch had twelve disciples in all, Lifei was second in seniority, but amongst the twelve disciples of Ghost Shadow Sect's Patriarch, she was the strongest. The man was also one of Ghost Shadow Sect Patriarch's disciples, ranked sixth in seniority, named Zhou Cheng.

The instant Zhou Cheng heard of Sky Magi Sect's Elders Deng Guangliang and Du Xin, killing intent glinted in his eyes. Two years ago, his ring and index fingers on his left hand were broken by Deng Guangliang and Du Xin.

"Brat, what is your relationship with Sky Magi Sect's Deng Guangliang and Du Xin?" Zhou Cheng approached Huang Xiaolong, his face frosty.

Huang Xiaolong was indifferent, "What my relationship with Deng Guangliang and Du Xin is, I'm not obliged to tell you."

Zhou Cheng's eyes narrowed with malice, no further words were spoken as a sudden deep scarlet glow broke out from his body. When the glow dimmed, a large sword hovered above Zhou Cheng's head; with the large sword's appearance, a silvery steel-like glimmer shrouded Zhou Cheng's body. A turbulent sirocco swirled straight at Huang Xiaolong.

Lifei did not expect Zhou Cheng to attack Huang Xiaolong so suddenly, her mouth opened wanting to stop her junior-apprentice brother, but it was already too late, she could only watch Zhou Cheng's sword light engulf Huang Xiaolong. Lifei sighed and shook her head as she watched things unfold on the side. Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother Zhou Cheng's martial spirit possessed the strongest attacking power—Great Earth Giant Sword, combined

with a high-grade Earth rank battle skill, Whirlwind Sword Tactic, even a late-Xiantian Sixth Order expert would be troubled facing Zhou Cheng. She could already imagine the scene where Huang Xiaolong was split into two by the giant sword.

It was a pity, she had wanted to find out from Huang Xiaolong how Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School allied together to defeat Hu Han, and finally swallowing the Nine Fiend Sect. When she first met him, both Deng Guangliang and Du Xin were walking behind him, proving that his status should be quite high, perhaps he had some inside information.

As the sword light engulfed Huang Xiaolong entirely, Zhou Cheng, in truth, was somewhat surprised that it was so easy to kill this person. It occurred to Zhou Cheng that this young man must have some skills since he dared to come to a place like the Savage Sanguine Wasteland alone. He didn't expect that Huang Xiaolong failed to receive one move from him.

"Pathetic, so you're nothing but a weakling!" Zhou Cheng sneered coldly.

But just at his voice sounded, a beam of glaring blade light soared skyward, exuding an aura of annihilation, tyranny, and destruction as it instantly pulverized Zhou Cheng's sirocco sword light. The Whirlwind Sword Tactic was broken, bursting like a bubble and dissipating.

The surroundings fell into immediate silence.

Lifei, standing on the side, was dumbfounded staring at Huang Xiaolong holding the Blades of Asura in his hands.

A dark crimson-black energy wound around Huang Xiaolong where he stood, as it surged out in all direction like a tsunami, emanating a scary aura of slaughter that was enough to make hearts palpitate with fear.

Both Lifei and Zhou Cheng's faces tightened feeling the



tyrannical atmosphere and terrifying slaughter aura, especially Zhou Cheng, the look on his face was extremely bleak. Disregarding Lifei, Huang Xiaolong slowly walked toward Zhou Cheng.

Watching Huang Xiaolong approaching, Zhou Cheng awakened from his daze, “Kid, unexpectedly you indeed have some skills, but it’s better this way, more interesting. If you died merely from one move, I won’t feel satisfied killing you.” Bloodlust sparkled in Zhou Cheng’s eyes, the Great Earth Sword spun rapidly above his head, releasing a mysterious power.

His strength was amplified by this mysterious power and Zhou Cheng’s atmosphere climbed up at dramatic speed, becoming one third stronger than he was at the beginning. This was Zhou Cheng’s martial spirit innate ability, similar to Fei Hou’s Silver River martial spirit strengthening ability, both could enhance the owner’s battle qi strength, however, the enhancement rate was slightly weaker than Fei Hou’s.

Bellowing at the top of his lungs, Zhou Cheng’s body basked in resplendent sword light rays, transforming into a giant sword and launching another attack at Huang Xiaolong, arriving right above Huang Xiaolong’s head in the next moment, cutting down with full force. The giant sword hadn’t arrived, yet the force was enough to raise stones to the air as they crumbled into stone dust.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at the giant sword cutting down on him, but he did not receive it head on. Steering away with Phantom Shadow, Huang Xiaolong left behind a blurred image, dodging the attack with ease.

Barely dodging the attack, a thunderous explosion came from the spot where Huang Xiaolong stood a split second ago. Looking back, the giant sword left a hundred meter gash on the ground, opening a cliff. The whole small hill tremored, raising a curtain of dust several meters high.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong dodge his second attack, Zhou Cheng was upset, “Kid, don’t dodge if you’ve got guts!” Before Zhou Cheng’s voice ended, the figure in front of him flickered. Huang Xiaolong appeared within the close distance of a few meters from him, pupils glinting with a hint of iciness. His hands swung out the blades bereft mercy and hesitation.

Multiple blade lights turned into many chains, enveloping the surrounding space, overwhelming, radiating an aura of death.

Death God’s Chain!

Zhou Cheng was startled, his body swerved to the side, wanting to dodge, but despite his quick response, he found that no matter which direction or angle he turned to, there was no way to escape the pursuing chains. Suddenly, his movements were restricted, Zhou Cheng looked down and saw chains upon chains coiled around his body like hell serpents. A frigid energy that felt like it originated from hell seeped into his body through these nasty chains, invading his body like the venom of ten thousand serpents.

Zhou Cheng’s shrill scream rendered the night air.

Lifei stood blankly on the same spot. Everything happened too fast, the confident Zhou Cheng had just cut an abyss on the hill, yet faster than the blink of an eye, the situation was flipped over. Lifei quickly composed herself and was about to help Zhou Cheng when all the chains returned from all sides and angles, piercing right through Zhou Cheng’s body.

Lifei, who was about to help, stiffened. Time seemed to stop as well.

Zhou Cheng’s eyes rounded wide, bending his head to look at his perforated body filled with bloody holes. Losing all strength, he plummeted down to the ground.

“You!” Zhou Cheng pointed at Huang Xiaolong.

# Chapter 279: Remains From An Ancient God

## Tribe Master

---

“Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother!” Lifei cried out, dashing straight to Zhou Cheng’s side. Zhou Cheng’s reply was spewing out a mouthful of blood, splattering all over Lifei, his head hung lifelessly as he tumbled to the ground.

Lifei wiped the blood off her face blankly, it felt sticky and slightly warm to the fingers.

“Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother, Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother!” Lifei called out endlessly, but Zhou Cheng wouldn’t be giving any more responses.

In the distance, Huang Xiaolong slowly approached.

The sound of Huang Xiaolong’s footsteps jolted Lifei back to the present. She spun around, staring at Huang Xiaolong, the blase calm in her eyes was already replaced with apprehension and wariness. She understood Zhou Cheng’s strength well, and this young man easily killed him, so vulnerable! Not to mention her, even her Master, the Patriarch of Ghost Shadow Sect couldn’t do it.

“You, what do you want?” Lifei bravely snapped at Huang Xiaolong even as he was stepping back.

“Didn’t you want to know about my relationship with Sky Magi Sect’s Elder Deng Guangliang and Du Xin?” Huang Xiaolong taunted.

Lifei stiffened.

“The truth is, the entire Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School are under my control.” Huang Xiaolong continued.

Lifei blanked for a moment, eyes widened in shock as the real meaning dawned on her: “You, you mean...!”

The Black Demon City's new Castellan was Blood Swallow School's Jiang Tianhua, this young man just said the entire Blood Swallow School and Sky Magi Sect were under his control, didn't that mean that the real master of Black Demon City was this black-haired young man?! Impossible!

Back when the Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign Hu Han was rumored to be dead, Black Demon City's sudden change of master had caused the forces in surrounding cities to send people out to investigate the crust of the matter. Her master, Ghost Shadow Sect's Patriarch also felt that there was something amiss. Now, this black-haired young man in front of her said that everything was orchestrated by him behind the scenes?!

Lifei couldn't digest this fact.

"Black Demon City is fully under my control, next would be Blood River City." Huang Xiaolong added, "That is a certainty. Now, I'm giving you two options: one, submit to me, or two, die." At the point when Zhou Cheng attacked, Huang Xiaolong had decided, after all, his next target was to conquer Blood River City, he might as well start laying the groundwork now.

Huang Xiaolong planned to first take over Ghost Shadow Sect, succeeding so would greatly ease the next part of his plan—taking over Blood River City's Five Poison Cult. Frankly, with Huang Xiaolong's current strength, with the addition of Ghost Shadow Sect, destroying and subjugating the Five Poison Cult was not grandstanding.

Conquer!

Death!

Lifei's expression changed again and again.

She could tell that this black-haired young man was not lying, and since he dared to reveal the truth, it also meant he wasn't afraid of her escaping. If she tried, she would end up just like her

Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother, dead!

Her eyes glanced furtively at Zhou Cheng's corpse on the ground... but, if she submitted, then...!

"You don't have to worry about your Master. Soon, not only your Master, but the whole Ghost Shadow Sect and Blood River City will be under my control." Huang Xiaolong's indifferent voice interrupted Lifei's thoughts.

Lifei studied Huang Xiaolong, from the black-haired young man's facial expression and tone of voice, she detected absolute confidence in conquering everything.

Huang Xiaolong did not add another word after that, only looking at the young woman; it would be best if this girl submitted willingly, otherwise, he had no option but to kill her. For Huang Xiaolong, this didn't affect his plans in taking over Blood River City. Just like how he was when he slowly 'turned' Sky Magi Magi Sect and Blood Swallow School's Elders, unhurried, giving the other side ample consideration time.

Half an incense stick later, Lifei lowered the guard around her soul sea, allowing Huang Xiaolong to brand a soul mark within. Huang Xiaolong was secretly relieved when all was done, Lifei's presence would be beneficial to his future plans in conquering Ghost Shadow Sect.

Subsequently, Lifei shared everything she knew about Ghost Shadow Sect's situation truthfully, not withholding information. One hour later, Lifei ended her report.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, the information from Lifei clearly outlined the Ghost Shadow Sect's internal situation to Huang Xiaolong, and the Ghost Shadow Sect's Patriarch should be an early Xiantian Eighth Order, comparable to Hu Han, the previous Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign. Apart from the Patriarch, there were four Xiantian Seventh Order experts, while the mid-levels Xiantian went up to about thirty over people.

However, what came as a surprise was that the Ghost Shadow Sect's Patriarch actually nurtured a group of ghost shadow death messengers, thirty-eight people in total. Each one was at least a Xiantian Fourth Order and above, and the strongest was a peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order. When he requested Sky Magi Sect and Blood Swallow Sect to investigate Ghost Shadow Sect, this piece of information wasn't included.

Still, water runs deep, it seems this Ghost Shadow Sect Patriarch was such a character, from Lifei's report, Ghost Shadow Sect's true force wasn't that much weaker compared the owner of Blood River City, Five Poison Cult. Huang Xiaolong also found out from Lifei that Ghost Shadow Sect and Tornado Valley had secretly allied to deal with Five Poison Cult, and were in the midst of planning an attack in recent days to replace Five Poison Cult's status in Blood River City.

A light shone in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

"What were you two doing her in the Savage Sanguine Wasteland?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

"We were tasked by Master to look for someone called Fan Encheng." Lifei answered, "This person has with him a part of map left behind by a God Tribe master from the ancient era."

"A partial map left behind by a God Tribe master from the ancient era!" Huang Xiaolong was stunned.

"Yes." Lifei asserted, "Apart from me and Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother, Master, Senior Apprentice-Brother and Third Junior Apprentice-Brother are also here, in the Savage Sanguine Wasteland area. We pursued separately; Master on his own, me and Sixth Junior Apprentice-Brother in one team while Senior Apprentice-Brother and Third Junior Apprentice-Brother formed another team."

A part of a map left behind by an ancient God Tribe master! Huang Xiaolong could barely contain the joy in his heart. This map

could very likely be a map to their hidden dwelling. Moreover, he didn't expect for the Ghost Shadow Sect Patriarch to be here as well!

At this time, something shook around Lifei's waist, and she took out a small jade tablet.

"Senior Apprentice-Brother is calling us!" Taking out the jade tablet, Lifei glanced over it and informed Huang Xiaolong, "It must be that Senior Apprentice-Brother has located that Fan Encheng!"

"Go, bring me there now!" Huang Xiaolong stood up abruptly.

"Yes, Young Lord!" Lifei promptly set off in the direction of her Senior Apprentice-Brother, leading Huang Xiaolong.

Both of them rushed over at breakneck speed, and about twenty minutes later, they arrived at a valley that vibrated with energy fluctuations that indicated a fight was taking place.

Huang Xiaolong and Lifei leaped to the air, entering the valley, speeding towards the direction of the fight. Getting closer to the location where the fight was taking place, Huang Xiaolong and Lifei came upon two middle-aged men wearing Ghost Shadow Sect's disciple robes attacking an old man clad in a green robe.

Those two Ghost Shadow Sect disciples were undoubtedly Lifei's Senior Apprentice-Brother Jie Dong, and Third Junior Apprentice-Brother Liu Chong, whereas the old man in green was Fan Encheng.

Huang Xiaolong could tell at a glance, although Jie Dong and Liu Chong were attacking together, they did not gain the upper hand, however, Fan Encheng wasn't able to dominate the battle either.

Hearing the sounds of whistling wind, all three turned around.

"Second Junior Apprentice-Sister!" "Second Senior Apprentice-Sister!"

Seeing it was Lifei, both Jie Dong and Liu Chong were ecstatic,

but somewhat astonished when they noticed Huang Xiaolong's presence.



## Chapter 280: Ghost Shadow Sect Patriarch

---

When the green-robed old man, Fan Encheng, saw Lifei, his face tightened as panic set in. He could handle Jie Dong and Liu Chong both at the same time, adding another Lifei however, he would lose for sure.

Taking desperate action, Fan Encheng made a sneak attack, punching out both fists, aiming at Jie Dong and Liu Chong. Fists pierced the air, the force multiplied like waves hitting the sand. Alerted, Jie Dong and Liu Chong whirled around and hastened to jump back in order to avoid Fan Encheng's attack.

Once Jie Dong and Liu Chong moved away, a path opened up. Seeing this, Fan Encheng seized the opportunity, sprinting past the two of them at lightning speed. In an instant, Fan Encheng was a hundred meters out of reach.

Jie Dong and Liu Chong were anxious to not let Fan Encheng escape, not bothering to greet Lifei, both flew forward to block Fan Encheng. But just as they wanted to move, they saw a figure had blocked Fan Encheng's path; that person punched and a blast exploded, sending Fan Encheng crashing to the ground.

That person was none other than Huang Xiaolong.

On this Fan Encheng was a section of an ancient God Tribe expert's map, of course Huang Xiaolong would not allow him to flee.

Huang Xiaolong joining the fray startled Jie Dong, Liu Chong, as well as Fan Encheng himself, looking warily at this unfamiliar person.

After blocking Fan Encheng from running away, Huang Xiaolong did not make another move, nor said a word. All noise ceased awkwardly in the valley.

Roughly a minute later, Jie Dong broke the silence, "Second

Junior Apprentice-Sister, this brother is? Where is Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother, isn't he with you?" Jie Dong asked looking at Lifei.

Liu Chong too looked inquisitively at Lifei while she chose to be silent, eyes seeking Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Jie Dong and Liu Chong, admitting frankly, "Your Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother was already killed by me; as for who am I, you will come to know later."

Three people—Jie Dong, Liu Chong, and Fan Encheng were dumbfounded at Huang Xiaolong disparaging confession. Jie Dong and Liu Chong paled slightly.

"Second Junior Apprentice-Sister, is what he said true?!" Jie Dong roared at Lifei: "He killed Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother?!"

Anger rose speedily in Liu Chong's face.

Lifei looked at both Jie Dong and Liu Chong, affirming and nodding: "Yes."

Jie Dong's face warped with anger and shock. "Lifei, you actually dared to betray Ghost Shadow Sect, colluding with outsiders to harm own sect disciples!" Jie Dong glared at Lifei with chilling eyes that seemed to look at a dead person.

This young man had killed their Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother Zhou Cheng, but Lifei came here with him, this was unforgivable!! Liu Chong too glowered at Lifei, killing intent growing thicker by the second.

Fan Encheng at the side has been keeping quiet, most of all, he did not expect things would turn out this way; Lifei betraying Ghost Shadow Sect, conspiring with this black haired-young man in front of him to kill her Sixth Junior-Apprentice Brother.

Fan Encheng was secretly overjoyed, if things progressed in this manner, when these four people start fighting, he could sneak

away quietly.

“Lifei, if you admit your mistakes and repent now, aid me and Third Junior-Apprentice Brother to kill this person and capture Fan Encheng as atonement, I will plead Master to have mercy on you. Master dotes on you the most, he definitely will forgive you and overlook the death punishment.” Jie Dong spoke again.

Liu Chong was stunned at first, but he quickly understood Jie Dong’s underlying meaning, thus tried to convince Lifei, “That’s right Second Senior-Apprentice Sister, you can be forgiven if you turn back now.”

Huang Xiaolong watched in silence, but he was inwardly shaking his head at these two people.

However, the whistling sound of the wind heading in their direction broke the tension. Everyone turned around to look, the person coming at them had amazing speed, leaving a trail of flames behind him.

Seeing this person’s arrival, Jie Dong and Liu Chong revealed a happy expression, whereas Fan Encheng and Lifei paled a little.

“It’s Qin Yang!” Lifei shifted beside Huang Xiaolong with a sway, hurrying to inform Huang Xiaolong the person’s identity.

Qin Yang, Ghost Shadow Sect’s Patriarch! An early-Xiantian Eighth Order expert!

At this point, someone leaped up—Fan Encheng. Seeing that even the Ghost Shadow Sect Patriarch arrived, fluster and anxiousness all mixed up and he tried to flee again. But just as he did so, from the distance, a purple halberd twirled across the night sky akin to a shooting star appearing above the valley, targeting Fan Encheng.

Alarmed, Fan Encheng swung out the sword in his hand, creating a curtain of swords to block the purple halberd’s trajectory. A series of metal clashing sounds reverberated in the air, the large impact pushed Fan Encheng back to the ground once more.

As Fan Encheng tumbled to the ground, a figure floated down gracefully—a tall-built, robust middle-aged man with stubble facial hair and sharp chiseled cheeks, exuding an invisible momentum that whelmed others.

This was none other than Ghost Shadow Sect's Patriarch, Qin Yang.

Fan Encheng had an ugly expression on his face seeing Qin Yang. Jie Dong and Liu Chong hurried over to their Master's side, saluting, "Disciple greets Master!"

Uncertainty flickered across Lifei's face watching this.

Qin Yang nodded at his two disciples, Jie Dong and Liu Chong, kneeling down in salute, "Stand up." His eyes became sharp as sabers as he stared at Lifei hiding behind Huang Xiaolong.

"Master, Second Junior Apprentice-Sister has betrayed the sect, colluding with this person in killing Sixth Junior Apprentice Brother!" Jie Dong stepped behind Qin Yang, reporting respectfully. "She admitted with her own lips earlier."

A burst of cold light flitted in Qin Yang's eyes hearing this, glowering sternly at Lifei, "Is what Jie Dong said true?!" Although he knew his eldest disciple dared not lie to him, Qin Yang could not believe that his second disciple, Lifei, would betray Ghost Shadow Sect, betray him.

Lifei stood behind Huang Xiaolong, keeping mum.

Watching her demeanor, flames blazed on Qin Yang's body, dancing wildly as a trace of murder shone in his eyes. But the fire was cold, frigid, filling the entire valley; Lifei not answering showed that it was acquiescence in silence!

Lifei was the disciple he favored the most, the one with the highest talent, he never imagined it would be the same disciple he had doted on so much the one who betrayed him. Rage became the fuel to his killing intent.

“Die!” Qin Yang hissed the word, his tone icy. The instant the word sounded, Qin Yang already attacked with his palm. Lifei was petrified watching a giant hand imprint shrouded in flames growing bigger in her vision.

However, when the flaming palm was mere meters in front of Lifei, the world lit up in an aureate light from thousands of Buddha statues, rainbow-like prism Buddha luminescence shone over the whole valley, colliding with the flaming palm.

A resounding explosion rang out in the valley.

The flaming palm shattered and dissipated due to the impact.

This result astounded everyone, eyes snapped towards Huang Xiaolong—he was the one who blocked Qin Yang’s attack.

Qin Yang finally turned his attention to Huang Xiaolong, there was surprise in his eyes as if he didn’t expect a young looking man could block his attack. The move he executed was what made him famous, his renowned skill, Heart of Flame Palm—a high-grade Earth rank battle skill.

“This warrior, your strength is not bad,” Qin Yang gave a praise as he looked at Huang Xiaolong, hardly concealed the sharp look in his eyes, “But you killed my sixth disciple, thus this valley shall be your burial place!”

This young man might have blocked his attack, but Qin Yang only used half of his strength in that palm, which made Qin Yang assured that Huang Xiaolong was no match for him.

“Really?” Huang Xiaolong cared not for Qin Yang’s words.

Qin Yang ordered Jie Dong and Liu Chong, “The two of you, take care of Fan Encheng, don’t let him escape. Wait till I deal with this kid and this traitor, I will come and assist you in capturing Fan Encheng!”

“Yes, Master!” Jie Dong and Liu Chong replied respectfully in unison. Silhouettes flickered into blurred images as both of them

lunged at Fan Encheng.

Qin Yang slowly approached Huang Xiaolong and Lifei.

# Chapter 281: What Kind of Palm Power Is This?

---

Qin Yang stood in front of Huang Xiaolong, looking at Lifei as he stated: “I am very disappointed.” He valued this disciple the most, no wonder he was disappointed.

“I’m giving you one last chance, kill this kid, then kneel down and admit your mistake, Master will pardon you, waiving the death punishment!” Qin Yang’s voice sent chills bone deep.

Lifei continued to stand behind Huang Xiaolong, persevering in her silence.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head helplessly, looks like this Qin Yang had no inclination of the situation.

“Step aside.” Huang Xiaolong ordered Lifei.

“Yes, Young Lord,” Lifei answered respectfully.

Young Lord?! Watching Lifei paying no heed whatsoever to his words, but replying to Huang Xiaolong with such humble respect, referring to the young man as Young Lord, the fury and killing intent erupted in his heart. Momentum soared from Qin Yang’s body, as sand and stones scattered and whorled up into the air with Qin Yang as the center. In the next second, everyone saw a gigantic dark silhouette materializing behind Qin Yang, three zhang tall, with four hands and blood-red eyes, as thick black vapor weaved around its body—this was Qin Yang’s martial spirit, Ghost Shadow.

The Ghost Shadow was another kind of top grade necro-martial spirit.

Summoning the Ghost Shadow martial spirit out, Qin Yang’s strong momentum rose further still. This made Jie Dong and Liu Chong that were battling Fan Encheng surprised, all three of them inevitably looked towards Huang Xiaolong’s direction.

Gradually, Qin Yang's eyes turned black, tinted with glowing blood-red. "Brat, call out your martial spirit, if not, you might not even have a chance to do so later." Qin Yang glanced at Huang Xiaolong and taunted in a condescending voice of an esteemed senior.

Huang Xiaolong digressed by shaking his head, "No need."

"No need?" Qin Yang was taken aback.

"Correct." Huang Xiaolong added simply, "Against you, there is no need."

Qin Yang was powerful, comparable to the previous Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign Hu Han's strength, despite that, in Huang Xiaolong's opinion, there was no need to summon his martial spirits.

A little more than a month ago, Huang Xiaolong could already defeat Hu Han, and more than one month later, his strength had continued to increase every day, reaching mid-Xiantian Seventh Order.

Huang Xiaolong's words only served to add oil to Qin Yang's already flaring anger, pushing it sky-high! Arrogant!

Qin Yang's robe fluttered fiercely, then his whole body blurred as if turning invisible, at the same time, his martial spirit shone with a dark light, and Qin Yang disappeared in a flicker. Akin to a specter in the darkest of night, he appeared right in front of Huang Xiaolong.

"Go die!"

Qin Yang's blood-red eyes glowered at Huang Xiaolong, spilling with rage and icy murderous intent, both hands spread into palms that aimed straight for Huang Xiaolong's chest.

In Huang Xiaolong's vision, Qin Yang's palms doubled in size inexplicably, turning red as if they were stained with fresh blood, emitting a nauseating smell at the same time. The palms brought



with them scorching heat as they pierced forward.

Without hesitation, Huang Xiaolong raised his hands and struck against Qin Yang's bloody palms, but Huang Xiaolong's palm seemed to contain no power at all, soft and bending like the seaweeds in the water, while Qin Yang held disdain in his heart seeing that the ignorant young man dared to underestimate him, to actually counter his attacks with both palms.

“Naive!” Qin Yang's eyes were icy as they looked at Huang Xiaolong. This Blood Spiral Palm's power couldn't be compared with his earlier attack, not to mention, this time he exuded full force. In the entire Blood River City, only the Five Poison Cult's Head of the five chiefs, Liu Minghai, dared to counter this move directly.

Four palms met at in this instant.

The eyes that held contempt and disdain, the lips that arched back in a smug sneer—all vanished the moment his palms collided with Huang Xiaolong's palms, being replaced with shock, disbelief, and a hint of denial. Those seemingly soft and weightless palms gave Qin Yang an apprehensive feeling as he felt the powerful frigid energy.

The collision resounded with a booming explosion, echoing in the valley.

Qin Yang staggered back from the impact, leaving a long trail deep footprints on the ground as he tried to steady himself. He stared down his own hands, astonished to see a layer of inky-purple ice forming over his palm. An extreme frigid energy spread into his body through his palms, making Qin Yang shiver involuntarily.

“What kind of palm power is this?!” Qin Yang blurted out in shock.

His Spiral Blood Palm was a Yang fire-based skill, a natural

nemesis of anything Yin and cold, but instead, he was the one being overwhelmed in the end. Moreover, he found out that his battle qi failed to suppress the frigid energy inside his body.

In fact, what Huang Xiaolong used earlier was the Ethereal Palm—laced with Asura battle qi and Asura frigid energy. Huang Xiaolong's Asura Tactics had reached the peak of fourth level, greatly enhancing the extreme chill contained in the Asura qi. Disregarding Qin Yang, even a mid-Xiantian Eighth Order would find it difficult to suppress Huang Xiaolong's Asura qi.

Successfully pushing Qin Yang back, Huang Xiaolong's body blurred, reappearing within a few meters of Qin Yang, a finger pointed at him. Thick gray fog rolled, accompanied by strange shrill shrieks; a finger imprint flew out from the thick gray fog, stabbing Qin Yang's chest.

The Absolute Soul Finger!

An implausible fear birthed in Qin Yang's soul, evident in his eyes as he watched the finger imprint piercing towards him. He quickly retreated, and at the same time, the Ghost Shadow hovering above him flashed brightly, activating the soul transformation.

At first, he had thought that he could deal with Huang Xiaolong easily, therefore he did not soul transform. But now he didn't have the luxury to choose. Soul transforming at the fastest speed, his strength rose to another level, with black vapor swimming around him. Two additional arms grew out from Qin Yang shoulders, bulkier than his own arms, ten long fingers equipped with nails that were more similar to ten sharp daggers, glimmering a dark red glow.

The two new additional arms extended out, ten sharp nails spun to block Huang Xiaolong's Absolute Soul Finger, another thunderous blast rang out and sparks flew in all directions. Qin Yang only knew that his ten fingers and two arms were numb from

the impact. He quickly checked his condition only to find blood dripping out from all ten fingers. This greatly enraged him and astonished him at the same time.

This pair of ghost arms grew after he fused with his martial spirit Ghost Shadow, they were harder than steel even when compared to blades and swords tempered from cold steel. Warriors of the same level could merely leave a slight white mark on these arms of his, but even so, they failed to block Huang Xiaolong's single finger attack!

His judgment clouded by rage, Qin Yang hollered and rampaged forward instead of retreating. His long nails slashed out like ten sharp blades, glowing strangely red, cutting down on Huang Xiaolong.

At this time, a cold light glinted and two black blades appeared in Huang Xiaolong's hands. The Blades of Asura appeared and swung out, countless blade lights were seen rotating out, forming an eerie red eyeball in the air.

Eye of Reincarnation!

The eerie red eyeball continued to rotate, shooting out sharp blade lights, totally blocking Qin Yang's attack, but it did not stop there, the red glow shone brightly, expanding. Very quickly, it covered a large area, stunning Qin Yang with a momentary dizziness.

Shaping both of his hands into claws, Huang Xiaolong slashed towards Qin Yang across the void—Asura Demon Claw, Lament of Thousands of Demons.

Screams of wraiths echoed in the valley, scaring the four other people. All of them turned their heads to look and saw a dazed Qin Yang, under the Eye of Reincarnation's influence. Failing to dodge, the claws slashed down vertically on Qin Yang's torso, "Poof!"

Qin Yang buckled back, crashing straight into a mountain cliff

wall some distance away, tumbling down to the ground.

When it says, flickered into a blur

## Chapter 282: Four Seas Mountain

---

All four directions fell into abrupt silence.

The three fighting in the distance, Jie Dong, Liu Chong, and Fen Encheng, were dumbstruck as their attention shifted to Huang Xiaolong's side of things, where Qin Yang lay sprawled on the ground, barely able to move.

Lifei fared better than them, after all, to be able to control Black Demon City from the shadows without real strength was an implausible feat. Recovering from their brief shock, Jie Dong and Liu Chong abandoned Fan Encheng and hastened to their Master's side.

"Master!" Jie Dong and Liu Chong called out anxiously as both of them carefully helped Qin Yang up.

At this time, Fan Encheng finally recovered his senses, panicked at the circumstances of his situation, he leaped to the sky in an attempt to flee. What he didn't know was that Huang Xiaolong was watching his every movement, from the moment Fan Encheng stood up, Huang Xiaolong took a side step, and he was already blocking in front of Fan Encheng.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong in front of him, fear filled Fan Encheng's eyes, but he managed to force himself to calm down, squeezing an ugly smile on his face, "May I know this Little brother's great name? Many thanks for Little brother's help earlier, this one is hardly Qin Yang's opponent."

Many thanks for Little brother's help? Huang Xiaolong shook his head inwardly. This Fan Encheng's skin was quite thick, knowing his goal was the same as Qin Yang's group, yet could still pretend so naturally he didn't know.

"Hand over the map part." Huang Xiaolong had no interest in babbling nonsense with Fan Encheng. His expression remained

indifferent as he extended his hand, cutting the chase short.

Fan Encheng's face tightened for the briefest time, smiling even milder: "Map part? What map part? Is Little brother perhaps misunderstood something? There is no map on me."

Huang Xiaolong smiled coldly "Don't have it?" he glanced over at Lifei, "You're saying she lied to me?"

Lifei hurried forward, "Young Lord, this subordinate absolutely dare not deceive Young Lord!" She turned to Fan Encheng, "Fan Encheng, I advise you to hand over the map part, don't place your hopes on a slim chance of luck. If my Young Lord were to seize the map part from your body, you can imagine the consequences."

Lifei's threat shook Fan Encheng's resolve.

A painful grunt sounded at this time, coming from Qin Yang. Being helped up by Jie Dong and Liu Chong, Qin Yang barely managed to stand up. Visible to everyone's eyes was the horrifying black claw print on Qin Yang's chest that seemed to emanate death aura, accompanied by thousands of shrieks of wraiths that sent shivers to the soul. The flesh around the claw print had started to rot and die, revealing the whites of bones underneath.

Qin Yang's eyes too were filled with unprecedented fear as he watched Huang Xiaolong. At the same time, his face twisted with pain, obviously he wasn't having an easy time trying to suppress the Asura frigid qi that was wreaking havoc within his body.

Huang Xiaolong did not bother with Qin Yang and the other two people, he stared at Fan Encheng saying, "I'm giving you a last chance, hand over the map and I can spare your life, otherwise, I'll kill you and then search for the map!"

Seeing Qin Yang's tragic state, hesitation flitted back and forth on Fan Encheng, struggling to make a final decision.

In all honesty, this ancient God Tribe master's partial map was something he had gotten by killing someone else, but he held a

great blood grudge in his heart, with this piece of ancient God Tribe master's partial map, he had hope for revenge, but now...!

"Fine!" A short while later, Fan Encheng relented, albeit reluctantly through gritted teeth. He took out something from his spatial ring that seemed to be made out of some kind of beast hide leather. This was the said ancient God Tribe master's partial map.

Looking at the piece of map in his hand, Fan Encheng sighed deeply, exerting a mild strength from his hand, the piece of map floated towards Huang Xiaolong. Although the map was important, what would it matter if he was already dead, what could he do about his hatred and blood-feud at that time?

Huang Xiaolong received the map and studied it briefly; the map itself was probably made of some kind of ancient beast's hide, eroded by time, the edges were frayed and most indications on the map were blurred and hardly discernible. Without another word, Huang Xiaolong kept the partial map in his ring, Fan Encheng wouldn't dare to trick him by giving him a fake map.

Close by, Qin Yang, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong could only stare begrudgingly as Huang Xiaolong kept the map away. They had been chasing Fan Encheng for ten days and ten nights straight, yet the map still fell into someone else's hands. Deep as their unwillingness may run, none of them dared to make a move to snatch it from Huang Xiaolong.

The three of them stood there, wary and somewhat scared to move.

After keeping the map, Huang Xiaolong turned his attention back to Fan Encheng, "I can spare you,"

Fan Encheng's face lit up.

"But, on the condition you swear allegiance to me just like her, with me as your master." Huang Xiaolong indicated a finger at Lifei. Of course, Huang Xiaolong couldn't let Fan Encheng leave

like that, once a rumor spread, he would be the next Fan Encheng.

Looking at Lifei, Fan Encheng's resistance was evident from his expression. But he already knew that Huang Xiaolong wouldn't have let him go just like that.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong branded Fan Encheng's soul sea with a soul mark. Watching the whole thing right in front of them, Qin Yang, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong each was preoccupied with their own thoughts.

After taking care of Fan Encheng, Huang Xiaolong finally turned to Qin Yang's group of three. He continued to watch them without saying anything, an inexplicable pressure spread out, covering the four directions of heaven and earth.

Under this immense pressure, the gravely injured Qin Yang turned even paler as he needed to suppress the frigid Asura qi inside his body at the same time, whereas Jie Dong and Liu Chong sweated bead-sized drops of perspiration.

Not much time had passed when Qin Yang opened his mouth: "I, I'm willing to submit to you," pausing here momentarily, he added, "But I have a condition."

"Condition?" Huang Xiaolong coldly repeated, shaking his head at Qin Yang in refusal saying: "You're not qualified to negotiate any condition."

This remarked greatly pierced Qin Yang's pride.

"Master, you need not beg this person! Even if Senior Apprentice-Brother and I die, we will make sure to send you out of here safely!" Liu Chong shouted righteous sounding words. "You can avenge us later by killing that bastard and that wench!" Wench referred to Lifei.

As his last word was uttered, Huang Xiaolong disappeared from where he stood, the next thing everyone heard was howling pain. Searching for the origin, everyone saw the middle of Liu Chong's



forehead had been pierced and now had a finger-sized hole that sprayed out blood like a red pillar. When Liu Chong's body tumbled to the ground, Huang Xiaolong's figure gradually reappeared, standing on the same spot as he did before.

Everyone present stared dumbly at Liu Chong's stiff corpse, including the first amongst them who submitted, Lifei!

No one saw exactly how Huang Xiaolong killed Liu Chong, not even Qin Yang next to him.

The power to manipulate space?! Qin Yang watched Huang Xiaolong, drastically astounded. Only a Saint realm expert had the ability to manipulate the power of space, but Huang Xiaolong was not a Saint realm warrior!

Ignoring the shocked looks directed at him, not even sparing a glance at the dead Liu Chong, Huang Xiaolong looked at Qin Yang, "Now, do you still want to negotiate conditions?"

Qin Yang paled in his speechlessness.

It didn't take long for Qin Yang to submit to Huang Xiaolong without any condition. Following Qin Yang's submission, Jie Dong also submitted without much resistance.

Huang Xiaolong proceeded to mark their souls, and when all was done, he relaxed. With this, the Ghost Shadow Sect was under his control now, in other words, the Blood River City was already in his pocket.

In fact, this was an unexpected harvest to him. Telling the four of them to deal with Liu Chong's corpse, the five of them left the valley and traveled forth. Half a day later, they came to a stop at the foothill of a certain mountain.

Taking out the map, Huang Xiaolong began to study it. In the past, while he was still studying in Cosmic Star Academy and Duanren Institute, he researched many times this ancient text and writing, therefore he managed to decipher what was written on

the partial map.

“City of Myriad Gods, Four Seas Mountain?” After several hours of going over the map, the location the map pointed to was close to the City of Myriad Gods, in a place called Four Seas Mountain.

In other words, the place where this ancient God Tribe master cultivated during his life was at this Four Seas Mountain!

# Chapter 283: Saber Imperial City

---

“Four Seas Mountain...” Huang Xiaolong took out the Bedlam Lands map, searching for the said location on it, but ended up creasing his brows. From what he could see on the map, among the hills and mountains surrounding the City of Myriad Gods, none were called Four Seas Mountain. Then he called Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng over, asking them about the Four Seas Mountain.

“Four Seas Mountain?” Qin Yang shook his head, “Replying to Young Lord, around the City of Myriad Gods there is a Hundred Venom Hill, Golden Leaf Mountain, and others, but this subordinate has never heard of Four Seas Mountain.”

Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng all shook their heads simultaneously at Huang Xiaolong, the three of them had never heard of the name either.

Huang Xiaolong’s brows locked together, there was no Four Seas Mountain in the proximity of City of Myriad Gods? Perhaps due to the passage of time, the name Four Seas Mountain was replaced by another name, maybe the Four Seas Mountain doesn't exist anymore.

Several tens of thousands of years had passed, countless ancient cities had submerged in the river of time, what more a mere Four Seas Mountain!

This is truly a headache! But, a light shone in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes, he still needed to make the trip to the City of Myriad Gods. No matter what, he had to find this Four Seas Mountain, find the location stated on the map. Only this way could he break through to Saint realm before the Deities Templar’s next disciple selection began.

The sky started to brighten, sunlight streamed over the Savage Sanguine Wasteland, penetrating the layer of sanguine fog that

was slowly thinning and dissipating.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the vast wasteland and stood up, saying to the four people with him: "Let's go."

"Yes, Young Lord!" The four answered.

Thus all five people continued on their journey to the City of Myriad Gods.

On the way, Huang Xiaolong gave Qin Yang injury healing pellets and forced out the extreme cold poison caused by the Asura Demon Claw from his body. Huang Xiaolong then questioned Qin Yang regarding Ghost Shadow Sect and Blood River City, which were all truthfully answered by Qin Yang.

As the Ghost Shadow Sect's Patriarch, the things he knew were undoubtedly more than Lifei, extending to some of Five Poison Cult's confidential secrets.

Two days later, the group was out of the Savage Sanguine Wasteland, arriving in a place called Saber Imperial City.

This Saber Imperial City was one of the Bedlam Lands' ten mega cities, although in the lower ranks, at number nine. According to rumors, that person's comprehension and skills in the art of Saber were bordering perfection, even gods and demons needed to give way.

Huang Xiaolong stood before the gates of Saber Imperial City, looking at the large stone saber hanging on the gate arch that exuded a sharp saber energy that seemed to pierce the passersby straight at their souls. He was amazed, a mere stone saber could exude this extent of pressure, affecting even one's soul.

"Young Lord, it was said that this giant stone saber was the Lord Saber Emperor's personal weapon before breaking into the Saint realm." Qin Yang walked up, explaining to Huang Xiaolong respectfully, there was a look of awe and worship in Qin Yang's eyes as he faced the stone saber, "After Lord Saber Emperor broke

into the Saint realm, he made a Fiend Saber. Later, when he built Saber Imperial City, he hung this stone saber on top of the city gates.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

The Saber Emperor was one of the few top rank experts of the Bedlam Lands famous for his saber skills. Since this sword was his personal weapon before he broke through Saint realm, it must have absorbed a certain amount of Saber Emperor’s saber intent.

I wonder who’s stronger, comparing Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu with this Saber Emperor... Huang Xiaolong mused.

Asura’s Gate was Star Cloud Continent’s super large sect. As Asura’s Gate Left and Right Custodians, not only were they considered as the sect’s top tier power, they were also Star Cloud Continent’s top-level experts.

“Let us enter.” Huang Xiaolong retrieved his sight from the huge stone sword on the gates and said to Qin Yang and the rest. The five of them no longer delayed, entering the Saber Imperial City.

By the time they passed through the gates, the sky already darkened, therefore Huang Xiaolong decided to first look for a place to rest for the night before continuing on their way. At the speed the five of them were traveling, they could make it into the City of Myriad Gods in good time before the auction date.

The five of them checked into an inn called Warm Fragrance.

The inn had a restaurant on the ground floor, medium-sized but packed with people, so many that they could hardly find a vacant table. When they walked in, a tantalizing wine fragrance filled every inch of the restaurant space; the moment Huang Xiaolong stepped inside, the scent of wine teased his nose.

Huang Xiaolong found a vacant table in a corner and sat down, whereas Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng stood behind him, hesitant to sit.

“All of you also sit down.” Huang Xiaolong pointed at the empty chairs around. The four answered with respect and each took a seat with Huang Xiaolong’s expressed permission.

Lifei called for the waiter after she sat down. Seeking Huang Xiaolong’s opinion, she ordered a table of dishes and two jugs of good wine.

The waiter returned a short while later, bringing up Lifei’s orders.

The table was laden with good food, fulfilling three main criteria: color, fragrance, and taste, rousing Huang Xiaolong’s appetite. Although with Huang Xiaolong’s Xiantian realm strength he could go more than half a month without food, he still kept the habit of eating.

Beside him, Lifei opened up one of the wine jugs, pouring out a cup for Huang Xiaolong, which he downed in one gulp. The wine smoothly passed his throat, spicy and austere with a slightly bitter taste lingering on the top of the tongue at the end, yet it filled his tastebuds with a memorable vibrance.

“Good wine.” Huang Xiaolong praised. Although it could hardly compare with the Beauty Allure Wine or Sapidity Wine, it was a different flavor on its own. He indicated Qin Yang and the rest to fill their cups, enjoying the wine together.

While the five of them were lifting their cups and drinking, a commotion sounded outside the inn and a group of five people walked in, amongst them were two women.

When Huang Xiaolong caught a clear glimpse of the women's faces, he was shocked.

Cui Li!

Ever since the Duanren Imperial City Battle ended, he rarely came across Cui Li. The last time he saw her was three years ago, before he departed from Duanren Empire to come here, to the

Bedlams, Xie Puti mentioned Cui Li in their conversation.

He'd never imagined he would run into Cui Li here, in the Bedlam Lands! What is Cui Li doing here? The other woman was Cui Li's young aunt, Huang Xiaolong met her once, many years ago, at Duanren Imperial Palace on the reward ceremony day. The other three people, from the way of their dressing, were probably members of Cui Family.

The moment she entered the restaurant, as if she sensed something, Cui Li raised her head and looked up, her gaze precisely meeting with Huang Xiaolong's. Seeing Huang Xiaolong there, Cui Li's beautiful eyes contained surprise, followed by melancholy.

Cui Li's youngest aunt also noticed Huang Xiaolong and she was just as surprised.

"Li Li, you know that kid?" At this time, the young man beside Cui Li asked as he watched Huang Xiaolong with hostile eyes...

Cui Li recovered her thoughts, but she didn't answer the young man, merely shaking her head. The group then proceeded to an empty table in another side of the restaurant and sat down.

Ordering some dishes, the five people started eating quietly when their orders were served. Each had their own thoughts, especially Cui Li, the frown on her forehead was too obvious in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

A short while later, the five paid and left.

Though curious about Cui Li's presence in the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong didn't think too much about it, nor did he care.

A quiet night descended over the Saber Imperial City.

Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged in his room and was about to start practicing when a noise came from outside his room and he focused to listen.

"Our Young Lord has spoken. In any case, tonight, those two Cui

Family women must be sent to his bed.”



## Chapter 284: Poison Saint Sect

---

Two Cui Family women? This sentence caught Huang Xiaolong's attention.

“Hehe, our Young Lord has lady luck smiling on him tonight, one young and one old, a pair of beauties, and I can tell the young one is still a virgin, it's going to be a lot of fun playing with her!” The voice added with a tinge of excitement.

Two muffled voices ringing with filthy laughter sounded in the night, gradually drifting far away.

A light gleamed in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

The two Cui Family women, without a doubt, referred to Cui Li and her young aunt. The world was so vast, with many people having the same surname, but Huang Xiaolong believed this was too much of a coincidence.

Listening to the two men's conversation for a while, Huang Xiaolong disappeared from his room in a flicker. Though it was not his principle to be nosy, it also wasn't in his character to ignore something happening right in front of him either.

Trailing behind the two people, Huang Xiaolong reached an abandoned little courtyard located in one of the more secluded corners of Imperial Saber City. Both men were seen entering the small courtyard.

Hesitating briefly, Huang Xiaolong followed in quietly, attaching himself to the roof when angry noises and sounds of battle rang out up ahead. Huang Xiaolong looked down.

In the yard below, four people were fighting, two of them were the people he followed over, whereas the other two were Cui Li and her young aunt. However, the three other people with Cui Li and her young aunt during the day were nowhere to be seen.

Huang Xiaolong watched the two men waving their hands and

two black shadows flew out, in the next instant, Cui Li and the other woman fainted and fell to the floor. It happened too suddenly and Huang Xiaolong was too late to stop it. After that small surprise, Huang Xiaolong focused on the black shadows, watching them fly back to the men's hands. Underneath the moonlight, two small black worm-like insects were revealed, with ink-black carapaces that reflected the moonlight and small beady green eyes.

Black Poison Beetles! Huang Xiaolong was astonished.

The Black Poison Beetles were a variant of toxic beetles. If bitten, the entire body would succumb to a numbing paralysis, dizziness, and even fainting, lasting an hour. Without the antidote, the victim's flesh would decay and rot, with pain so excruciating assaulting the body that death felt like mercy. He didn't expect that these two men actually bred this kind of Black Poison Beetles.

On the other side, the two men kept the poisonous beetles and approached the two women on the floor, snickering wickedly, with eyes roaming all over their bodies.

Beneath the soft moonlight, the two women appeared more alluring and beautiful. The high rise of their fair-skin curves exuded an inexplicable temptation, rousing a yearning in the hearts of the seer.

"No wonder Young Lord ordered us not to kill these two women." One of the men spoke lecherously, "Even I do not have the heart to hurt these two dainty little beauties."

The other man squatted down beside Cui Li's young aunt, his hands crudely brushed against her breast before kneading them with a vengeance, commenting: "Quite big, nice texture too, very comfortable." his hands slid down as he said that, planning to explore the lower region.

"That's enough, the Young Lord wants these two women, we need to bring them to him as soon as possible. Otherwise, if Young

Lord finds out about this, you know his methods.”

Only then did the man stop his actions.

“Rest assured, once Young Lord grows tired of them, he will reward them to us, you can play to your heart’s content at that time.” Both of them moved to carry both women, wanting to leave the courtyard.

Just as they prepared to carry them away, a shadow shifted and there was an additional person standing in front of them.

“Who?!” Seeing an unexpected person suddenly appearing right in front of them, both men were alarmed, both barked threateningly at the same time.

Huang Xiaolong stared at both men coldly: “Take out the antidote.”

The men exchanged a glance in silence. One of them broke out in mocking snicker, “Kid, you’re being too nosy in others’ affairs. You must know, nosy people come to no good ending.”

“Really?” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes turned icy.

Both men moved suddenly, waving their hands out, and two tiny black shadows shot out in Huang Xiaolong’s direction.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong sneered, the Blades of Asura appeared in his hand and slashed out cleanly. Both blades cut across the air and metal-like sounds were heard as two tiny sparks burned, issuing high-pitched shrieks. Two Black Poison Beetles fell, landing inches from Huang Xiaolong’s feet, both black beetles were halved by his blades.

“You!!” Watching their Black Poison Beetle split into two, both men were enraged and startled.

“Kid, you actually dared to kill our Poison Saint Sect’s Black Poison Beetles!” One man bellowed, whereas his comrade’s silhouette flickered into a blur, his hand holding a long sword

aimed at Huang Xiaolong's eyes. Underneath the pale moonlight, the edge of the sword shone with an opaque green, it was evident that it was smeared with toxic poison.

Huang Xiaolong stood unmoving as he watched the sword tip coming at him. When the attacker was inches from him, Huang Xiaolong's figure swayed to the side, leaving the sword barely grazing his skin while the Blades of Asura in his hands turned, slitting the man's throat.

All actions stopped. The long sword fell to the ground as the man's hands clutched at his own neck, filled with horror and despair feeling warm blood spurting out, seeping through his fingers. Moments later, he tumbled to the ground.

These two men were no weaklings, both were Xiantian Fourth Orders, one of them was even a late-Xiantian Fourth Order. Still, before Huang Xiaolong, all were but smoke.

"You, you...!" Watching Huang Xiaolong killed his comrade in the blink of an eye, he looked at Huang Xiaolong in horror, his feet moving back, voice stammering: "I beg you, don't kill me, I'm..." his voice was cut off here as a cold blade light gleamed across his neck, leaving behind a bloody hole in his throat.

Huang Xiaolong coldly watched the man fall to the ground. Releasing the Blades of Asura, he searched both bodies and found two jade bottles. Opening them. Huang Xiaolong took a sniff and determined they contained the antidote required.

Other than the antidotes, Huang Xiaolong found two secret technique manuals. A quick flip through them told Huang Xiaolong that one was the method of breeding the Black Poison Beetles and the other was a poison attack battle skill.

Everything was placed into the Asura Ring by Huang Xiaolong. Only when these were done did he approach the two women, prying open their mouths and pouring the antidote inside. The antidote worked almost immediately, it didn't take long for both

women to regain consciousness.

“Huang, Xiaolong!” When Cui Li opened her eyes, Huang Xiaolong’s face entered her vision, apart from surprise, there was a hint of happiness in her voice.

“Li Li!” Exactly at this time, an angry shout rang out. In the next moment, a figure launched an attack on Huang Xiaolong, a sharp double-edged sword swinging down on Huang Xiaolong’s back: “Let go of Li Li!”

Huang Xiaolong frowned, a displeased expression on his face but he did not dodge, releasing a sphere of vigor qi around himself, bouncing off the attack and the attacker who was none other than one of three men in Cui Li’s group during the day. It was clear he misunderstood that Huang Xiaolong wanted to do something unseemly towards both women, judging upon the scene he arrived on.

The other two men also entered the courtyard moments later.

“Wait, Big bro Duojie, he rescued us!” Cui Li shouted when that young man wanted to launch a second attack on Huang Xiaolong. The young man was stunned and sought Cui Li’s young aunt for confirmation. She nodded her head.

“Hmph!” Cui Duojie snorted disdainfully, “Although this kid saved both of you, who knows for sure if he wasn’t in cahoots with those Poison Saint Sect people from the beginning!”

Cui Li stood up facing Huang Xiaolong, “Xiaolong, I’m sorry, Brother Duojie he...”

Before Cui Li could finish her words, Huang Xiaolong merely glanced at the young man, turned around and left.

Watching Huang Xiaolong’s leaving silhouette, her eyes became red. A teardrop fell...

# Chapter 285: Great Demonic Yin Sound

---

Cui Duojie sneered coldly watching Huang Xiaolong's leaving figure.

"Huang Xiaolong, is it?" A cold gleamed flashed quickly across his eyes.

Cui Li and the others were watching Huang Xiaolong as he left, no one noticed Cui Duojie's odd behavior.

At this point, Cui Duojie moved closer to Cui Li, "Li Li, this person has devious eyes, he must be one with a cunning and sly character, it's best you don't come in contact with him often."

Cui Li looked over at Cui Duojie. Hearing her words, she staring fixedly at him with undisguised anger. Sensing the anger beneath, Cui Duojie clamped his mouth shut.

On the other side, Huang Xiaolong returned to the inn. Back in his room, Huang Xiaolong swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and started practicing the Godly Xumi Art.

While Huang Xiaolong concentrated on the Godly Xumi Art, in a secret underground chamber beneath a city, not far away from the Saber Imperial City, a young man clad in the darkest black robe, with eyebrows tinged with faint green, was observing the middle-aged man kneeling before him with an icy gaze.

On the young man's black robe was sewn a conspicuous '[poison](#)' character.

"You're saying, not only did Ma Lai fail to bring back the two Cui Family's girls, they were all killed?!" The young man questioned in an icy tone.

Catching the killing intent laced within the young man's voice, the middle-aged man trembled with fear as he hastened to reply, "Young Lord, it was an accident. We didn't expect someone would appear out of nowhere to save that two Cui Family girls."

“Who is that person?” The young man revealed a cold sneer.

“A little rascal called Huang Xiaolong.” The middle-aged man’s voice held respect as he answered, “This person knows Cui Li, he should be someone that came from the Snow Wind Continent.”

“From the Snow Wind Continent...” The young man had a disdainful sneer on hanging on his lips, “No wonder he’s so zealous, he even dared to kill my Poison Saint Sect’s disciples.” An aggressive aura suddenly rose in the chamber, ice formed on the floor’s surface, exuding a frigid coldness, ice that was black in color.

This young man was Poison Saint Sect’s Young Lord, Hu Er, whereas the middle-aged man kneeling on the floor was Poison Saint Sect’s Elder, Qiao Liang.

Hu Er looked at Qiao Liang, “You know what to do next, without me saying so.”

“Yes, this subordinate understands,” Qiao Liang answered. “This subordinate will definitely capture that Huang Xiaolong and the two Cui Sisters and bring them in front of Young Lord!”

“Go now.”

“Yes, Young Lord!”

The night passed quickly.

Huang Xiaolong spent some time practicing in the Godly Mt. Xumi, and by the time he came out, the sky was already bright. In recent days, Huang Xiaolong persisted in practicing the Ancient Puppetry Art and Absolute Soul Pearl’s Soul Mandate every day and he could feel an improvement at the end of each practice.

Huang Xiaolong believed that at this rate, it wouldn’t take long before he advanced into the third level of the Ancient Puppetry Art.

Coming out from the Xumi Temple, four people were already

waiting for Huang Xiaolong—Qin Yang, Li Fei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng. Settling the payment for the inn, they continued to journey on towards the City of Myriad Gods. No doubt, before leaving Huang Xiaolong's Asura Ring was well stocked with good wines.

Exiting the Saber Imperial City, the five of them chose to travel through mountain passes. As they rushed to make good time, Huang Xiaolong did not summon his martial spirits, but even so, his speed was faster than most, so much that Qin Yang and the rest could barely keep up with Huang Xiaolong.

“Looks like I should take some time out to refine a flying sword.” A thought came to Huang Xiaolong's mind.

Huang Xiaolong's Body Metamorphose Scripture had advanced into Stage Twelve: Hanging Tail Form and his internal force became ten times richer and more abundant, being able to sustain his sword flight within a certain time limit. When Huang Xiaolong reached the small perfection stage, a trace of true core energy would form in his dantian. At that time, using sword flight, he could cover several li in one breath's time.

In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong stopped abruptly. Seeing Huang Xiaolong suddenly stop, although feeling it was strange, Qin Yang and the other three also reduced their speed and came to a stop.

Just when Qin Yang was about to step up and ask, Huang Xiaolong suddenly turned around, fixing a deadly stare on a fallow slope: “How long is Sir planning to follow us, aren't you going to show yourself?”

The four people with Huang Xiaolong were stunned.

Moments later, a loud noise sounded as a figure emerged from the fallow slope, wearing a black robe that had a conspicuous ‘poison’ character sewn on it.



“Poison Saint Sect!” Qin Yang exclaimed the moment he saw the other side’s robe style, tensing up. It seems, he had knowledge about Poison Saint Sect.

That person seemed very satisfied with Qin Yang’s reaction, issuing another burst of strange chuckles, low, yet sharp to the ears. Qin Yang and the rest felt as if their eardrums were pierced with many sharp needles.

“This is the Great Demonic Yin Sound!” Huang Xiaolong’s voice sounded. At the same time, an invisible Buddha energy burst out from his body, enveloping Qin Yang and the rest. The piercing pain in their ears instantly vanished.

“Great Demonic Yin Sound!” Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest turned whiter than sheet at the name.

In the Martial Spirit World, there existed some horrendous battle skills that made one’s heart palpitate just by listening to their names and the Great Demonic Yin Sound was one of them.

The Great Demonic Yin Sound was a sound type battle skill. In the beginning, the victim’s eardrums would feel pain as if they were pierced with sharp needles. Next, the victim’s brain became enlarged, swollen, and bloated, and in the end, the victim would bleed to death from the seven orifices. At the point of death, the victim would suffer a torturous end, feeling like their brain was being pierced with thousands of needles continuously.

The other side was stunned seeing Huang Xiaolong countering his Great Demonic Yin Sound. He looked at Huang Xiaolong with obvious surprise, “This is Buddhism energy?”

In general, only people who practicing Buddhism related battle skills until a very high level would be acknowledged by the Buddha World, and only by receiving acknowledgment could one possess Buddhism energy within their bodies. In the whole of Martial Spirit World, those kind of people were scarce.

“Hehe, how was it Elder Jin? Didn’t I tell you this kid is not so easy to deal with.” At this time, another voice sounded and the owner gradually emerged from his hiding place. This person was none other than the person who was instructed by Poison Saint Sect’s Young Lord to come capture Huang Xiaolong, Poison Saint Sect’s Elder Qiao Liang.

The other Poison Saint Sect Elder, Elder Jin, looked ugly.

Qiao Liang’s attention shifted onto Huang Xiaolong, in truth, he was shocked that Huang Xiaolong could counter Elder Jin’s Great Demonic Yin Sound attack.

“No wonder this young man dared to kill my Poison Saint Sect disciples, you’ve got some skills.” Qiao Liang’s eyes turned sharp, “However, for hundreds of years, those who killed my Poison Saint Sect disciples died without any exception under thousands poisons piercing their intestines, gnawed on by thousands of poisonous insects!”

Huang Xiaolong approached them with an air of nonchalance, “People who want to kill me are no less than thousands in number, but in the end, all of them died in my hand.”

What Huang Xiaolong said was the truth. All these years, there had been too many people who wanted to take his life, instead, their lives ended under Huang Xiaolong’s Blades of Asura.

“Arrogant!” Elder Jin screeched. A frosty blue gleam flickered in his eyes.

Qiao Liang clapped his hands once and several shadows nearby moved, as a group of Poison Saint Sect disciples clad in black emerged, surrounding Huang Xiaolong’s group of five in the middle. At a quick glance, there were fifty to sixty people.

Watching the mob closing in on them, Qin Yang and the other three turned a ghastly shade of white. It was obvious to them that each of these Poison Saint Sect disciples was no weakling.

Although in a one on one fight, none of these disciples was qualified to be their opponent, but en masse, enemies ten times their number made them feel somewhat helpless. Moreover, Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies were known to be smeared with poison, a little negligence and they would be poisoned. The result could be imagined.

Huang Xiaolong surveyed the large group of Poison Saint Sect disciples surrounding them with no changes to his expression. When Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang saw Huang Xiaolong remain unperturbed, both of them exchanged a look, for they could clearly tell that Huang Xiaolong wasn't putting on an act... could Huang Xiaolong have a trump card up his sleeve?

毒-poison

# Chapter 286: Summoning the Giant Puppets

---

Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were doubtful watching Huang Xiaolong's calm demeanor, neither gave the Poison Saint Sect disciples the order to attack.

But seconds later, Jin Zhong suddenly jeered, saying "Little brat, you can really put on an act, I'll see how long you can maintain that calm facade!" Jin Zhong waved his hand, signaling the disciples: "Get him!"

Hearing Jin Zhong's command, the surrounding Poison Saint Sect disciples swarmed towards Huang Xiaolong's group of five.

Overwhelmed by the numbers, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest couldn't help but panic a little.

Just when the horde attacks were about to strike them, a blinding golden flash appeared above Huang Xiaolong. When it disappeared, it revealed six giant 'humans' floating in midair.

After the six giant 'humans' appeared, stalwart fists punched down onto the swarm of Poison Saint Sect disciples. A dozen booming blasts rang out in their midst almost simultaneously.

The disciples that were struck and affected by the shockwaves were sent flying, miserable screams rendered the air, however, all was quiet when they crashed into the soil several hundred meters away, no longer breathing.

The abrupt turn of events was out of everyone's expectations.

Qin Yang and the others stared dumbly at the six giant 'humans' guarding in front of them. Even Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were dumbfounded watching this, staring blankly in shock at the six giant 'people' that seemed to be coated with a layer of golden paint.

"This, this is the ancient Golden, Golden Giant Tribe?!" Something flashed in Jin Zhong's mind and he couldn't help

blurting out in extreme shock.

Ancient times' Golden Giant Tribe?

Qiao Liang's eyes were rounded in shock as well, he dared not believe the scene in front of him. He stammered, "An—ancient era's Golden, Golden Giant Tribe?! Didn't the Golden Giant Tribe go extinct?"

Of the many big tribes of the ancient era, now there were only the elf and dwarf race left, the others had gone extinct.

What were they seeing in front of them?

Their shocked eyes trailed towards Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong coolly admitted, "Correct, the ancient Golden Giant Tribe. More accurately, it's Golden Giant Tribe puppets."

"Ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets!" Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang shouted in unison. At this moment, they finally realized what Huang Xiaolong's trump card was.

Those six ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets were exactly the giant puppets found on the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. In the recent months, as Huang Xiaolong's Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate continued to advance, he had increased the number of puppets under his control to six.

Six supreme giant puppets, the weakest one was at the early Xiantian Sixth Order, while the strongest puppet's strength was at mid-Xiantian Seventh Order. A mid-Xiantian Seventh Order puppet possessed battle power comparable to a peak early-Xiantian Eighth Order. Moreover, the giant puppets were immune to poison. That was why Huang Xiaolong didn't put these Poison Saint Sect disciples in his eyes.

The strongest amongst these Poison Saint Sect disciples were Xiantian Sixth Order, more than half of them consisted of Xiantian Fourth Order and Fifth Order, not many disciples were above these levels.

In a mere few breaths' time, the six ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets sent another batch of Poison Saint Sect disciples flying. A sharp gleam flickered in their eyes, with a body twirl, they deployed another attack into the midst of disciples.

A wave of panic hit the remaining Poison Saint Sect disciples, they were all thumbs and toes as they tried to defend and counter at the same time, some used poison and some drew their swords.

Sharp swords slashed onto these puppets and loud clashes reverberated in the air, but to the horror of these Poison Saint Sect disciples, they discovered that their full force sword attacks merely left harsh white lines on these puppets' bodies. The poisonous insects' bites felt no different than a gentle tickle to these puppets. Completely ineffective.

This result scared the Poison Saint Sect disciples even more, each of them was at a loss of what to do.

Although the size of these puppets was enormous, they were by no means slow. At lightning speed, another dozen of Poison Saint Sect disciples were sent flying off.

The giant puppets' bodies were extremely tough, their fists were harder than steel. Being struck by these fists, most of the Poison Saint Sect disciples' internal organs shattered from the impact.

Watching this happen before their eyes, Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were shocked and enraged.

Shocked due to these giant puppets' defense, power, and toughness, angry because their disciples were so vulnerable and weak before these giant puppets.

"Forget about the giant puppets, go kill them!" Qiao Liang raged, pointing at Huang Xiaolong's group.

The Poison Saint Sect disciples reacted one by one, avoiding the puppets, all aiming their attacks at Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng.

Still, no more than half of the initial fifty to sixty disciples were left, for Qin Yang's group, this much did not constitute a threat.

This time around, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the other two dashed into the midst of Poison Saint Sect's disciples.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong controlled four puppets to continue attacking the Poison Saint Sect disciples, while the two strongest puppets at Xiantian Seventh Order rushed towards Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang. As Elders of Poison Saint Sect, Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang's strength weren't weak, respectively at mid-Xiantian Eighth Order and peak mid-Xiantian Eighth Order.

Although their strength was marginally higher than the puppets', their every attack being capable of pushing the puppets back, it still failed to cause any actual damage. Both giant puppets were impervious to pain, if they were pushed back, they would just charge again and again. The longer Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang fought the puppets, the angrier and frustrated they became.

A short while later, Jin Zhong struck a palm against the puppet he was fighting. Seizing the window, he sprinted forward, targeting Huang Xiaolong with another palm, "Qiao Liang, you delay the giant puppets, I'll kill that brat!"

Jin Zhong finally realized these puppets were controlled by Huang Xiaolong, kill him and the biggest part of their problem would be eliminated. Qiao Liang too noticed the same issue.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the same spot, the corners of his mouth suddenly curved up watching the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong coming at him with a palm attack, full of sarcasm and a taunting flavor.

Judging from the expression on this Poison Saint Sect Elder's face, did he think he could easily deal with him?

On the surface, Huang Xiaolong was but a mid-Xiantian Seventh Order.

When Elder Jin Zhong was a little more than an arm's length away from Huang Xiaolong, rolling demonic black fog enshrouded Huang Xiaolong, a terrifying aura of slaughter flooded out in all directions.

The abrupt rush of terrifying slaughter aura made Jin Zhong's heart palpitate with unease, quickly anchoring his attack. In the next instant, he saw wings as black as ebony erupting from Huang Xiaolong's back, with dark red runic patterns adorning their surface. The dark red runes contained a mysterious power that made hearts recoil in fear.

Huang Xiaolong's hair defied gravity and turned white, as his eyes turned crimson red.

"This is...?!" When Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang not far away saw Huang Xiaolong's transformation, the word 'shock' couldn't describe what they were feeling.

Before the blow receded, a dragon's roar resounded in their ears. In the split second they were stupefied, a giant black dragon materialized behind Huang Xiaolong.

"Black Dragon... martial spirit!" Jin Zhong, and Qiao Liang shook.

The giant black dragon's emergence also attracted the attention of nearby Poison Saint Sect disciples.

Summoning out the black dragon, Huang Xiaolong soul transformed immediately, layers upon layers of shiny black dragon scales covered his arms, chest, legs, and the rest of his body, his arms bulked up, with ten fingers akin dragon claws. Dragon's might soared towards the sky.

Before Jin Zhong recovered from his stupefied shock, Huang Xiaolong moved. A palm struck out—Earthen Buddha Palm!

Buddha statues covered the heavens, filling four corners of the world in Buddha luminescence.



Jin Zhong was jolted back to his senses, desperately trying to retreat while calling out his martial spirit at the same time. A giant figure emerged behind Jin Zhong, covered entirely in crystal ice that reflected a ghostly green glow.

This was Jin Zhong's martial spirit, Soul Glacier Green Demon.

# Chapter 287: Godly Xumi Art Resurfaced!

---

Soul Glacier Green Demon!

Looking at the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's martial spirit, Huang Xiaolong was a little surprised. Jin Zhong's Soul Glacier Green Demon was the most tyrannical among the ice element martial spirit—a top grade eleven superb martial spirits, and most of all, it was rare for top grade eleven martial spirit to appear!

Huang Xiaolong did not expect this Poison Saint Sect Elder's talent to be so high. A person's martial spirit grade indicated their future achievements in battle qi cultivation, if there were no mishaps, this Poison Saint Sect Elder could breakthrough until the peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order. That is to say, an existence infinitely close to a Saint realm expert.

Unfortunately, this person came across him!

Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong summoned his Soul Glacier Green Demon and instantly soul transformed. An armor made of crystallized ice covered Jin Zhong's body, reflecting an eerie green glow underneath the sunlight, while in his immediate proximity floated wisps of frigid white air.

About a hundred meters away, Qin Yang, Li Fei, and the others felt the chilling cold despite the distance between them.

“Ten Thousand Li Glacial Storm!” At this time, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's icy voice cut through the air. The green glow on his body shone like the sun, covering the four directions. Where the light spread, from the ground up, everything was frozen into ice; pieces of rock, dust and sand were all covered with a layer of glacial ice.

Under this cold assault, Huang Xiaolong's worldly Buddha luminescence and and Earthen Buddha Palm were affected, its attack power reduced significantly by the time it reached the

Poison Saint Sect Elder.

“Truly unexpected that your martial spirit is actually a Primordial Divine Black Dragon!” After breaking Huang Xiaolong’s Earthen Buddha Palm, Jin Zhong hovered in mid-air, glowering at Huang Xiaolong with surging killing intent. In his several hundred years of cultivation, this was his first time he came across someone who possessed a higher grade martial spirit than his own.

“Dai~!” Jin Zhong suddenly shouted; invisible soundwave rushed toward Huang Xiaolong, and he followed up with a punch.

Perceiving the violent energy fluctuations, Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent. He then wrapped the Buddhism energy around his body and projected it out, disrupting the opponent’s Great Demonic Yin Soundwave attack easily. Simultaneously, Huang Xiaolong raised both arms, countering with the second wave of attack.

Bang! A thunderous explosion resounded. The explosion shook the eardrums of Qin Yang’s group with pain, causing them to look over at Huang Xiaolong’s side with concern. What they saw was Huang Xiaolong and the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong both staggered backward at the same time.

Jin Zhong looked at his arms to find the glacial armor covering his body was actually shattered by Huang Xiaolong’s fist in the arm area. Multiple crack lines traveled up to his upper arms from his fists. This result both shocked and angered him, he hurried to look over at Huang Xiaolong’s side. Seeing that Huang Xiaolong’s black dragon scale armor was tainted with a green glacial ice, Jin Zhong became ecstatic. He sneered, “Punk, you’ve been poisoned with my extreme cold poison, very soon, you’ll be turned into an ice sculpture, hehe.”

Extreme Cold Poison, this was Jin Zhong’s Soul Glacial Green Demon martial spirit’s innate ability. His Soul Glacial Green Demon was the strongest amongst ice element martial spirits and

its extreme cold poison was no doubt one of the most tyrannical cold poisons in existence, even deadlier than an ice element martial spirit one grade above. Not even a Xiantian Ninth Order expert could easily resolve being poisoned with his extreme cold poison.

“Ice sculpture.” Huang Xiaolong glanced nonchalantly at the green glacial ice dotted his fists keep spreading. One breath, two breaths, the green glacial ice had covered Huang Xiaolong’s arms entirely and was spreading to other parts of Huang Xiaolong’s body at rapid speed.

Qin Yang and the others were anxious and fretful.

“Young Lord, quick, cut your arm off!” Qin Yang even cried out in agitation.

Qin Yang was aware how horrible the extreme cold poison’s effect was, only by chopping off his arm could Huang Xiaolong be saved. Otherwise it would be too late once the poison spread to his body.

Yet, Huang Xiaolong doesn’t seem affected as he studied the green glacial ice calmly, and in the blink of an eye, the green glacial ice already spread to Huang Xiaolong’s chest, head, both legs, until his whole body was covered.

In less than a dozen breaths’ time, Huang Xiaolong was turned into an ice sculpture.

Seeing this, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong heavily breathed out in relieved. In the next second, he laughed heartily as he approached the green ice sculpture that was Huang Xiaolong.

“Hehe, top grade twelve martial spirit, Divine Black Dragon is only this much!” Jin Zhong was vainglorious, “The way I see it, this Black Dragon’s grading should be switched with my Soul Glacier Green Demon!”

Watching this result, the other Poison Saint Sect Elder, Qiao

Liang, sighed in relieved.

However, before Qiao Liang's breath of relief ended, the two giant puppets that he was fighting abruptly attacked, scaring Qiao Liang in a flustered retreat. His face was ashen realizing something; logically, with Huang Xiaolong's death, these giant puppets controlled by him should not be moving, but why were they...?!

His head snapped around toward where Huang Xiaolong was, frozen in green colored glacial ice, and cried out: "Jin Zhong, careful!" Just as his voice fell, the green ice sculpture exploded. Pieces of green glacial ice ricocheted all around, Huang Xiaolong's figure was seen shooting straight up to the air, and with a sway, he vanished from sight.

Jin Zhong retreated in alarm. Watching Huang Xiaolong vanished right before his eyes, Jin Zhong was stunned again. His face tightened the next moment, but it was too late when he wanted to dodge.

Huang Xiaolong reappeared, printing a palm directly on Jin Zhong's chest.

Jin Zhong grunted from the force, half flying half stumbling backward, as far as several meters. When he finally managed to steady himself, Qiao Liang saw that Jin Zhong's chest was imprinted with a black palm print. Black demonic qi spread rapidly, covering Jin Zhong's entire body, melting the layer of green glacial ice armor while Jin Zhong wailed miserably.

"Elder Jin!" Qiao Liang and the Poison Saint Sect disciples cried out.

Huang Xiaolong moved again, this time, his body shrouded brightly in holy Buddha luminescence; in front of an astounded Qiao Liang and Poison Saint Sect disciples, more than a dozen arms 'grew' from Huang Xiaolong's back! A dozen arms formed a fist simultaneously, punching onto Elder Jin Zhong's chest in a torrent

of fist, all at the same time.

Bang! A loud rumbling sound rang out as the layer of green glacial ice shattered and Elder Jin Zhong was seen sprawled on the ground.

All of a sudden, the noisy fighting scene quieted.

A brief moment later, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong tottered as he tried to get up from the ground, spewing out blood.

“You, what battle skill was that just now?!” Jin Zhong’s voice sounded hoarse, unable to conceal the fear in his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at Jin Zhong, ever indifferent: “Godly Xumi Art.”

Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang blanked, before the shock set in as if they saw a ghost in broad daylight; their entire bodies trembled even as they pointed a finger at Huang Xiaolong.

“Xu, Xu, God—, Godly Xumi Art?!!”

“No, no, not possible, Godly Xumi Art! How could it be the Godly Xumi Art!!” Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were stammered like people with a severe stutter.

Godly Xumi Art!

The number one battle skill in this heaven and earth! After more than several tens of thousands of years, it finally resurfaced again! Furthermore, it happened right in front of them!

When the words left Jin Zhong’s mouth, muffled blasts came from his body. Qiao Liang looked over and saw one after another golden fist imprint hovered close to Jin Zhong as he screamed. Moments later, Jin Zhong disappeared from the world.

# Chapter 288: Arriving in the City of Myriad Gods

---

Qiao Liang looked as Jin Zhong's body turned into a golden light, vanishing right in front of his eyes, he was stupefied and frozen on the spot. Jin Zhong, a Xiantian Eighth Order died just like that?

Dead!

At this time, in mid-air, a ring dropped to the ground: Jin Zhong's spatial ring.

Watching Jin Zhong's spatial ring falling down, the stupefied Qiao Liang woke up from his daze. His eyes lit up, hand reaching out, preparing to snatch the ring, but when he was about to move, a strong suction force came from Huang Xiaolong's palm, the spatial ring fell into Huang Xiaolong's hands.

Qiao Liang was dumbfounded for a second before staring at Huang Xiaolong with jealousy and fear.

Godly Xumi Art!

This black-haired young man in front of him actually possesses the number one battle skill on this piece of heaven and earth, the Godly Xumi Art!

Without wasting any time to think, Qiao Liang jumped back, and in the next moment, he turned around to escape. But, right after he twirled around, a silhouette flickered in front of him, and Huang Xiaolong was already blocking in front.

"You, Little brother, no, Senior!" Qiao Liang cried out in fear, but just as he opened his mouth to plead, several dozen arms once again appeared on Huang Xiaolong's back; claws, palms, fingers, all struck out simultaneously.

Demonic air soared to the sky, ten thousand demons shadowing heaven and earth, Asura Demon Claw!

One after another, golden rings of light spread out, piercing through the air. Wherever they passed, all living beings stopped, the God Binding Palm!

Gray fog rolled and black strange creatures were shrieking, the Absolute Soul Finger!

Qiao Liang watched helplessly as the Asura Demon Claw engulfed him. Feeling the terrifying power of the God Binding Ring and Absolute Soul Finger, he lost all will to resist. The only thought was to escape, to run, but it was too late; the God Binding Palm and Absolute Soul Finger already reached him. Despair filled his eyes.

In these last moments of his life, Qiao Liang suddenly thought of his Young Lord, wondering if it was a fortune or a disaster that their Young Lord provoked someone this terrifying.

It was said that the person who has the Godly Xumi Art has the power to change the entire Martial Spirit World!

Asura Demon Claw, God Binding Palm, and the Absolute Soul Finger struck Qiao Liang's chest, pushing him back like a broken kite. Crashing to the ground, like Jin Zhong before him, bright lights of claw, palm, and finger imprints shone from inside Qiao Liang's body. He then vanished forever into thin air.

Huang Xiaolong's expression remained the same from the beginning until the end, with a small suction force from his palm, Qiao Liang's spatial ring flew to Huang Xiaolong's hand. His spiritual sense probing inside the rings, Huang Xiaolong found heaps of gold coins, spirit stones, spirit pellets, and also two secret techniques, one being the Great Demonic Yin Sound and the other Great Void Divine Fist.

Great Demonic Yin Sound? Although Huang Xiaolong practiced many different types of skills, he had yet to learn one that used sound to attack, thus he was delighted to find the manual for the Great Demonic Yin Sound in Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's spatial ring.



In fact, this Great Demonic Yin Sound was not a weak battle skill, combining it with his extreme Yin and frigid Asura qi, executing the Great Demonic Yin Sound would have twice the power of what Jin Zhong displayed. But what kind of battle skill was this Great Void Divine Fist? Huang Xiaolong took out the skill manual from spatial ring and started to scan through the pages on the spot, and the more he read the more shocked he became.

This Great Void Divine Fist was actually a battle skill from the Great Void Divine World!

Grade wise, the Great Void Divine World was perhaps lower ranked compared to the Asura Netherworld or Buddha World, but it was still one of the Divine Worlds. How did this Great Void Divine Fist manual fall into a Poison Saint Sect Elder's hand?! The spatial ring belonged to Elder Qiao Liang.

Furthermore, why did that Qiao Liang not use this skill just now? If he did, Huang Xiaolong probably wouldn't have been able to kill him so easily. However, when he flipped to the last page of the Great Void Divine Fist manual, only then did Huang Xiaolong understand, to practice this Great Void Divine Fist one must possess at least a grade twelve martial spirit.

No wonder... it seems Qiao Liang's martial spirit grade failed to meet the prerequisite condition, thus he couldn't practice it. Still, where did this Qiao Liang get his hands on this manual?

At this time, tragic screams rendered the air, causing Huang Xiaolong to turn around. With the six giant puppets' assistance, Qin Yang, Li Fei, and the other two dealt the remaining Poison Saint Sect disciples cleanly.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong kept the Great Void Divine Fist into the Asura Ring and went over to join Qin Yang's group.

When Qin Yang and the rest saw Huang Xiaolong approaching, there were changes in the way they looked at him, there was trepidation and hot fanaticism. They witnessed clearly the scene

where Huang Xiaolong used the Godly Xumi Art to exterminate Elders Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang.

The Godly Xumi Art! Thinking of these three words, all four couldn't help shaking with hard to contain excitement.

Stopping his steps not far from the four people, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, a bright light flashed as all six giant puppets returned to the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Glancing at the Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies around, he said: "Clean up, we'll continue forward."

"Yes, Young Lord!" All four answered in sonorous voices.

It didn't take long for the four of them to deal with the corpses around, then the group of five moved on. As for the spatial rings on those Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies, they were all taken away by Huang Xiaolong. These Poison Saint Sect disciples were all mid-levels Xiantian and above, there were quite a lot of good things inside their spatial rings.

Half a day later.

In an underground secret chamber in Knife Imperial City, Poison Saint Sect's Young Lord, Hu Er, was looking gloomy, one of his subordinates just reported that they lost contact with Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang. Dubious lights flickered in his eyes.

Ten days passed quickly.

After ten days, Huang Xiaolong's group of five was currently standing before the giant gates of a city. From the distance, this massive city was like a godly mountain supporting the heavens! This was one of ten largest cities in the Bedlam Lands, ranked at number two, the City of Myriad Gods!

Standing in front of the gates, an ancient and mysterious atmosphere blew against their faces, that was greatly different with the Knife Imperial City. The atmosphere around Knife Imperial City surged with an overbearing dominance and vigor,

whereas City of Myriad Gods was akin to a vast ocean that stretched endlessly.

“This is the City of Myriad Gods.” Huang Xiaolong studied the four ancient texts on top of the city gates. Rumor has it, those four ancient texts were carved out by an ancient God Tribe King using the power of his eyes.

The ancient God Tribes had six famous Kings.

“Let’s go in.” Moments later, Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze as he spoke to Qin Yang and the others. The four answered respectfully, following behind Huang Xiaolong as the group entered the city.

The City of Myriad Gods was Bedlam Lands’ second largest city, naturally, it was bustling and lively. On top of that, with the time for the start of the auction nearing, the number of people in the city was more than usual. Fortunately, the streets in the City of Myriad Gods were wide and spacious, so it didn't feel crowded.

Huang Xiaolong strolled along the streets while scanning the shops and the surroundings. Busy pedestrians moving up and down the streets wore different styles of clothes, the shops were like mushrooms after the rain, with most of them selling cultivation techniques and battle skills.

An hour later, it was close to midday, Huang Xiaolong’s group found a restaurant and went inside.

The restaurant was big and business was booming, guests came in and out constantly and there were loud noises of discussions that perked Huang Xiaolong’s interest.

“I heard that the final item in this time’s auction isn’t Big Thousand Temple’s Wind Breaking Finger!”

“Oh, then what is it?”

“It’s a piece of jade! A piece of jade left behind by the ancient God Tribes!”

## Chapter 289: The Ancient Herculean King

---

“A piece of jade left behind by the ancient God Tribes!?” Huang Xiaolong was slightly astonished. Why were relics related to the ancient God Tribes surfacing one after another lately?!

“Moreover, I heard this piece of jade was left behind by the ancient Herculean King!” At this time, the discussion at the table nearly continued.

“Ancient Herculean King! This, how can it be!” The friend exclaimed in awe.

Huang Xiaolong too found it incredible and hard to believe—there were six great kings during the ancient times, and the Herculean King was one of the stronger ones amongst the six kings. Thus, a piece of jade left behind by the ancient Herculean King was priceless, but someone actually brought it out to be auctioned?!

“Perhaps the auction house is deliberately fabricating fake news to heat up the auction? Who would take out the Herculean King’s jade to auction? Unless that person is a fool!” Another person interjected full of doubt.

“No one is clear about this, rumor says that the auction house was bequeathed by a masked person to auction the jade. All three high-level City of Myriad Gods senior appraisers have examined the jade and agreed unanimously that the jade is the same one the Herculean King had with him at all times, called the Herculean King Jade.”

“A jade that the Herculean King had with him at all times, Herculean King Jade?!” Shock washed over everyone. The Herculean King Jade was noted in some ancient text manuals claiming that the Herculean King Jade contained the Herculean King’s cultivation technique, whoever could comprehend it would have the power to flip mountains and overturn seas.

Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest were just as shocked that the Herculean King Jade appeared in this time's auction.

“Young Lord, it is truly a pleasant and unexpected surprise that we would come across the Herculean King Jade in the auction!” Qin Yang said excitedly, and went on with respect, “If Young Lord could obtain that Herculean King Jade, at that time...”

At this point, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand at Qin Yang, Qin Yang immediately stopped what he was saying seeing Huang Xiaolong shaking his head. Though the rumor was extremely tempting, claiming that the jade recorded the cultivation technique of the Herculean King, despite that, for someone like Huang Xiaolong that had the Asura Sword Skill, Godly Xumi Art, and Body Metamorphose Scripture, the allure failed to stoke his interest.

Furthermore, being auctioned, the piece of jade was sure to garner tough competition from many strong and powerful experts, even if Huang Xiaolong successfully bid for it, he lacked the power to protect the jade.

A short while later, the dishes were served. Finishing quickly, Huang Xiaolong and his group paid and left the restaurant.

Next, Huang Xiaolong went inside a shop and spent a hundred thousand gold coins to procure a detailed map of the Bedlam Lands. Studying the map, Huang Xiaolong was surprised to find that even this detailed map did not pinpoint the location of Four Seas Mountain. Left with no option, Huang Xiaolong visited a bookstore and bought several books related to the Bedlam Lands, returning to his room to study.

There were three more days until the auction, thus other than practicing, Huang Xiaolong spent all his time pouring over the books. After going through more than a dozen books, as well as his own study, Huang Xiaolong deduced that the mountain called Broken Tiger Rift somewhere close to the City of Myriad Gods was

once the Four Seas Mountains he was searching for.

“Broken Tiger Rift.” Huang Xiaolong said aloud.

Having a target location in mind, Huang Xiaolong exited the City of Myriad Gods, speeding in the direction of Broken Tiger Rift. Broken Tiger Rift was not far from the city, thus Huang Xiaolong could leave and return in half a day’s time. But, he went to scout alone, leaving the four others in the city.

Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of a tall mountain that bore a close resemblance to the shape of a tiger. Taking out the map, he checked the surroundings to confirm that it was indeed the Broken Tiger Rift. In the middle of the mountain, there was a large rift that made it look like a tiger that was cut into halves from afar, thus the name Broken Tiger Rift.

With a quick flicker, he landed atop of Broken Tiger Rift’s peak, spreading his spiritual sense out to survey the area. But after one hour of practically searching every inch of the mountain, there was no harvest.

“Did I make a mistake in my deduction?” Huang Xiaolong doubted.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes searched around, in the end, his gaze fell on the large rift separating the mountain into two sections. Other than going down this rift, he had nearly flipped the mountain over. Coming to one side of the rift’s edge, he looked down. Even relying on Huang Xiaolong’s keen eyesight, he only managed to see as far as twenty meters down, further down was nothing but a stretch of darkness.

Extending one of his hands out, he sucked a several meter tall boulder nearby over, throwing it down into the rift. Despite waiting for a long time, Huang Xiaolong did not hear the echoes of the boulder crashing.

“This?!” Huang Xiaolong was dumbstruck, eyes flickering.

Judging from afar, this Broken Tiger Rift was at most several hundred meters tall. Under normal circumstances, it wouldn't take long for a stone to reach the bottom after being thrown from such a height, issuing echoes of a crash, but now, there was actually no echo!

Did the rift connect to the underground? Otherwise, it was illogical for the boulder to not reach the bottom by now. Huang Xiaolong stood there pondering for some time, in the end, he still decided to go down the rift.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong leaped off the edge, diving into the rift, initiating battle qi and internal force to control his falling speed. Passing a hundred meters down, Huang Xiaolong's range of view only extended ten meters around him. He continued to drop when a sudden chilly wind rose from the bottom of the rift, striking his skin, Huang Xiaolong felt as if he was slashed by a cold sword and his flesh was slightly stinging from the pain.

Huang Xiaolong was truly shocked. Since he had broken through the Xiantian realm, especially after entering high-level Xiantian, his skin was extremely tough, even surpassing most average Xiantian Eighth Orders' toughness, and had no fear towards the general swords and spears. Not forgetting that the Asura qi flowing inside his body was of extreme Yin and extreme cold, but he felt pain from a cold wind that came from the bottom of a rift? What kind of cold wind was this?!

While Huang Xiaolong was immersed in his thoughts, another gust of cold wind blew up and he quickly twisted his body away, barely dodging the cold wind. Controlling his speed, his vigilance peaked. The lower he got, the presence of the cold wind became more common, frequent, and bigger.

In the beginning, it was one or two gusts, as he fell lower, it rapidly increased to ten, then twenty, so much that Huang Xiaolong had no choice but to project out his Asura battle qi to create a protective Vigor Qi barrier that wrapped around his body.

Nevertheless, strands of cold wind eroded through the barrier, causing Huang Xiaolong much discomfort.

Passing six hundred meters, Huang Xiaolong had no choice but transform into the Asura Physique, at the same time summoning the black dragon, fusing as one. At one thousand meters, Huang Xiaolong summoned the blue dragon and soul transformed. Despite all these, Huang Xiaolong felt like the blood in his body was frozen stiff, unable to flow.

One thousand two hundred meters later, Huang Xiaolong was forced to stop to catch his breath. Raising one hand, he struck a side of the rift wall and drilled into the cave mouth, using more than an hour's time, he finally made it back to the rift top with great relief. Broken pieces of ice fell off his body with a small shudder.

It seems I can only check this place out after the auction. Huang Xiaolong looked downward at the bottomless rift, thinking to himself.

The sky was already dark and tomorrow was the day of the auction, he needed to rush back to the city.

He had a feeling, at the bottom of the rift, there should be a different world.



## Chapter 290: Meeting Yao Fei Again

---

Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong made it back to the City of Myriad Gods from Broken Tiger Mountain, it was already midnight.

“Young Lord!” Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest waited in front of a small courtyard for quite some time, when they spotted Huang Xiaolong, all of them hurried up to greet him.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and entered the courtyard.

Taking into consideration the time needed to explore the Four Seas Mountain’s dwelling, they would be spending quite a few days in the City of Myriad Gods, hence Huang Xiaolong decided to purchase a courtyard. The courtyard wasn’t large, but the price reached millions in units, although gold coins were the thing that Huang Xiaolong lacked the least of all.

Huang Xiaolong had lost count of the amount of gold coins the Nine Tripod Commerce earned these years, adding the riches acquired from the spatial rings of the Xiantian realm experts he killed on the way, these built up to a substantial wealth. Especially the band of exterminated Poison Saint Sect Elders and disciples.

Entering the yard, Huang Xiaolong excused Qin Yang and the other three people, reappearing in the Xumi Temple in a muted flash. Once there, he took out the two manuals, Great Void Divine Fist and Great Demonic Yin Sound, and started practicing. In recent days, ever since he had gotten these two manuals, Huang Xiaolong allocated some time to practice both skills and managed to achieve favorable results.

Within the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong’s silhouette was seen constantly jumping and shifting positions, both hands forming firm fists as they punched out many times over, creating a series of intangible and surreal giant fist imprints that pierced through the air, striking onto the void. Intangible one moment and solid the

next, mystical and strange. This was the Great Void Divine Fist.

Time elapsed, then Huang Xiaolong flicked his wrists, changing the energy circulation in his body as his pupils suddenly glowed dark, his mouth opened and soundwaves burst forth from Huang Xiaolong's mouth like surging tidal waves, hitting the walls of Xumi Temple and bouncing out in all directions. The echoes lasted for a long time in the Xumi Temple hall.

Compared to that Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's display of the skill, the power of Huang Xiaolong's attack had doubled the damage. By the time he was done with practicing these two skills, the sky already started to brighten, Huang Xiaolong stopped and exited the Godly Mt. Xumi.

When he came out of the Godly Mt. Xumi, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong were already waiting for him in a humble manner. Not wasting more time, the group of five headed to the auction house.

Due to the auction's attraction this time around, people rushed from all over to the City of Myriad Gods, the crowd heading towards the auction house was like an endless river of people flowing in one common direction.

Although the distance wasn't far, Huang Xiaolong's group still used no less than half an hour to pass through the crowded doors. The message related to the Great Thousand Technique mid-grade Heaven rank cultivation technique, Peerless Wind Breaking Finger battle skill, and also the Herculean King's jade had spread far and wide in the Bedlam Lands. Experts of different forces were rushing into the city to attend the auction.

"Look, that is Sin City's Young Noble, Zhao Chen!" A sudden ruckus swept the crowd.

Attracted by the noisy crowd, Huang Xiaolong turned over to look, following the gazes of the crowd. A small path opened by itself between the initially crowd packed entrance, where a

handsome young man dressed in a rich brocade robe walked in, escorted by a team of bodyguards.

“I didn’t expect that even Young Noble Zhao Chen would come here! I heard the Sin City’s Castellan has thirteen children, Young Noble Zhao Chen possesses the highest talent and is most favored by the Sin City’s Castellan!”

“I wonder what Young Noble Zhao Chen’s strength is, there were rumors about him breaking through the Saint realm as early as thirty years ago!” Boisterous discussions happened all at once amongst the crowd, many disciples of families and sects were looking at Zhao Chen with burning eyes full of worship.

Huang Xiaolong was a little surprise hearing the surrounding peoples’ discussions; the handsome young man in black brocade robe was actually one of the Sin City Castellan’s children?

Sin City, one of the top ten hegemony forces in the Bedlam Lands, in fact, it stood at the top of the list.

At this moment, protected by his guards, Zhao Chen was passing in front of Huang Xiaolong. Unsure whether it was intentional or not, when Zhao Chen was passing by Huang Xiaolong, he glanced at Huang Xiaolong from the corner of his eyes. Their eyes met, and at the same time, an invisible pressure swiftly enveloped Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong’s soul shuddered, but it was only for the briefest moment, and he managed to recover almost instantly. When he did, Zhao Chen and his guards had already entered into the auction hall.

“Young Lord?” Qin Yang moved closer to Huang Xiaolong, venturing cautiously.

Huang Xiaolong looked unblinkingly at Zhao Chen’s back: “Let us go in too.” Although it was only a split second collision, it was enough for Huang Xiaolong to have an estimate of Zhao Chen’s

strength: without a doubt, Zhao Chen was genuine Saint realm expert, that kind of momentum couldn't lie.

Not only that, Huang Xiaolong could see it in Zhao Chen's eyes: he knew who he was?

Arriving at the auction house's entrance, Huang Xiaolong paid a million gold coins and entered the auction hall with Qin Yang and the rest. Going up to the first floor, Huang Xiaolong scanned around, choosing a slightly secluded corner, and sat down.

There were a total of three floors in this City of Myriad Gods auction house, the second and third floor were reserved private rooms, which were specifically built for Saint realm experts. Thus, Huang Xiaolong could only stay on the first floor, like most of the other guests.

In the private room number nine, on the third floor, Zhao Chen sat down. Through the special crystallized walls of the room, he noted Huang Xiaolong taking a seat on a more secluded corner on the first floor below.

"He's Huang Xiaolong?" He questioned a guard beside him.

A silver-haired old man that was standing to the left of Zhao Chen's back stepped forward: "Yes, Young Lord."

Zhao Chen nodded, eyes twinkling, but no one knew what was on his mind. Whereas on Huang Xiaolong's side, noisy chatters sounded next to him just as he took a seat.

"This time's auction, even Millennium City's Senior He Yunxiong is here!"

"Senior He Yunxiong is here?!"

That's right, it was said that Senior He Yunxiong's ancestor was the Herculean King, one of the six ancient kings. Surely, the Herculean King Jade has attracted Senior He Yunxiong over. In my opinion, Senior He Yunxiong is determined to get his hands on the piece of jade!"

“I heard that Young Noble Zhao Chen is also here this time, he must also be aiming for that Herculean King Jade, Senior He Yunxiong might not be able to have his wish come true so smoothly.”

He Yunxiong? Listening in to the small talk taking place beside him, Huang Xiaolong was surprised. He didn't expect even He Yunxiong would attend this time's auction, all because of that piece of jade.

Millennium City was one of the ten largest cities of the Bedlam Lands, but it ranked slightly to the bottom, and He Yunxiong was the Castellan of Millennium City—also one of Bedlam Lands' top ten experts.

Any one of Bedlam Lands' top ten experts rarely showed their faces in public in dozens of years, everyone was excited to see He Yunxiong attending the auction in person.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong's eyes suddenly narrowed as he stared fixedly at a figure seated in one the auction hall's corners. This person was actually Yao Fei! Huang Xiaolong's eyes turned icy, Yao Fei appearing here in the Bedlam Lands was probably not a coincidence.

As if he had a feeling, Yao Fei turned his head around, his sight collided with Huang Xiaolong's. At first, Yao Fei was stunned, then it was replaced with the wonderful joy of a hunter locking onto its prey, the desire to kill shone through his eyes.

Fixing a dead stare at Huang Xiaolong, Yao Fei mouthed soundlessly: Huang Xiaolong, you're dead now!

Huang Xiaolong's lips pulled back into a cold sneer.

# Chapter 291: Life Soul Grass

---

Huang Xiaolong's and Yao Fei's eyes met briefly and then both looked away.

Since this Yao Fei came here, to the Bedlam Lands, then he should stay here forever. A flash of killing intent flitted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

A short while later, the doors to the auction firm hall closed, signaling the start of the auction. The auction was presided by an old man with spirited dark pupils and a full crown of white hair, the only high-grade auctioneer in the City of Myriad Gods, named Fang Dong.

Standing on the stage, Fang Dong explained some auction rules and things to note in a candid manner, then swiftly proceeded with the first auction item. The first auction item wasn't an elixir of any type nor was it spirit pellets or spirit stones, it was a sharp cutlass named Demon Blood.

The cutlass was short in length, with a dark maroon-black body, as if it was smeared with a layer of black-colored blood.

According to Fang Dong's introduction, this Blood Demon cutlass was a weapon left behind by a Saint realm warrior called Chen Fei from a thousand years ago. The cutlass was extremely sharp and its most terrifying ability was that it could suck blood! Sucking the enemy's blood. The victims that fell under this cutlass, when they died, all the blood in their bodies would be sucked dry, akin to a mummified corpse.

When the warriors present in the auction hall heard that Demon Blood had the terrifying ability to suck the blood of the enemies, their eyes lit up noticeably. For them, who lived in the Bedlams where killings happened every day, a good weapon was essential for a higher chance of survival.

However, when Fang Dong revealed the bidding price for the cutlass, the majority of the warriors below drew a sharp intake of breath.

Fifty million!

Fifty million gold coins, and it was only the starting price!

Although for some big forces and families the sum of fifty million wasn't a lot, it still wasn't like pebbles on the mountains.

Just as Fang Dong's voice stopped, there were already people bidding: "Sixty million!"

Sixty million!

An increase of ten million in an instant, the warriors turned to look at private room six.

"Sixty-one million!" While everyone was still in shock, another voice rang out.

"Seventy million!" Private room six again.

The price continued to go up and soon it broke one hundred million! Regardless what price others bid, the guest in private room six increased it by ten million each time.

The entire time, Huang Xiaolong sat calmly. Although the Blood Demon Cutlass seemed like a good weapon, to him, who possessed the Blades of Asura, bidding for Demon Blood was redundant.

In the end, the Demon Blood cutlass was bought by the private room number six for one hundred and ten million.

The second auction item after the Demon Blood cutlass was a jade box containing three stalks of spirit herbs—Life Soul Grass, an extremely rare spirit herb. Every single one of those stalks of Life Soul Grass was above one thousand years old. The value of a stalk of Life Soul Herb older than one thousand years was immeasurable.

Watching the three stalks of Life Soul Grass of the stage, Huang

Xiaolong's eyes brightened. If he took these three stalks of Life Soul Grass, his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate cultivation could definitely have another breakthrough, doubling his spiritual force power, perhaps triple it or even more!

“For these three stalks of Life Soul Grass, the starting price is thirty million each, all three are auctioned together at the starting price of ninety million.” Auctioneer Fang Dong briefly described the many uses of Life Soul Grass, at last stating that all three stalks of Life Soul Grass would be auctioned together.

This time, unlike the previous time, the hall was silent. No one made any quick bid.

Although the Life Soul Grass was a spirit herb greatly beneficial for the soul, one needed to complement its dosage with a spiritual force cultivation technique to reap any actual benefits. Otherwise, its effect would barely reach the minimum, moreover, there weren't many spiritual force cultivation techniques available. Therefore, not many people had any interest towards Life Soul Grass.

“One hundred million.” After a short silence, someone finally made a bid. Everyone in the hall turned to look, once again it was private room number six.

“One hundred and ten million.” came a raise from the private room number seven.

“One hundred fifty million.” private room number six.

One hundred fifty million! Private room number six spiked the price forty million higher, scaring everyone in the hall below. Shocked voices erupted in the hall.

Huang Xiaolong remained taciturn, not showing any impatience to join in. However, at one hundred fifty million, private room number seven quieted down. It was clear that the expert within did not feel the three stalks of Life Soul Grass were worth one hundred



and fifty million, despite their rarity.

“Anyone else wishes to offer a higher price?” A short silence lapsed, auctioneer Fang Dong scanned the crowd and asked.

All Fang Dong received was silence.

“One hundred fifty million, once.” Seeing that no one was responded, Fang Dong declared.

“One hundred fifty million, twice.”

When the people present thought there won't be anyone bidding, a voice suddenly rang out: “One hundred sixty million.”

Stunned, the people turned over to look at the source. Huang Xiaolong, who wanted to bid, was also surprised, for that person was Yao Fei!

Huang Xiaolong sneered coldly, he didn't expect that Yao Fei would also be interested in these three stalks of Life Soul Grass.

“One hundred seventy million!” Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong's voice, Yao Fei turned around, two pairs of eyes locked with ill-will.

“One hundred eighty million.” Yao Fei made a bid, his eyes filled with frost glaring opposite him.

“One hundred ninety million.”

“Two hundred million.”

Huang Xiaolong and Yao Fei's voice sounded in the auction hall tit for tat, each increasing the bid by ten million every time, quickly hiking the price to two hundred million. By this time, private room six had stopped bidding.

The people in the hall were left dumbstruck as each expert tried to guess Huang Xiaolong and Yao Fei's identities. After all, most big forces couldn't simply chuck out two hundred million just to

bid for three stalks of Life Soul Grass.

“Two hundred and ten million!” Hearing Yao Fei increased the bid price to two hundred million, Huang Xiaolong called out, unperturbed.

Strong killing intent flickered across Yao Fei’s eyes, his fingers dug into his palm, but they gradually relaxed.

Surprisingly, Yao Fei did not continue to bid, thus, in the end, Huang Xiaolong got the three stalks of Life Soul Grass for two hundred and ten million gold coins.

Huang Xiaolong kept the Life Soul Grass in the Asura Ring after he paid for them. His eyes looked at Yao Fei’s without much expression, he could naturally guess what Yao Fei was scheming. Most likely, Yao Fei planned to kill him after the auction, grabbing the Life Soul Grass at that time was just the same.

After the Life Soul Grass, roughly twenty items were auctioned. Every item was rare and precious and bidding voices rang out endlessly in the auction hall, but despite that, neither Huang Xiaolong nor Yao Fei bid for anything else.

“Next, our auction item is grade one spirit stones.” After sealing the deal for some spirit wood, Fang Dong introduced the next item.

Grade one spirit stones!

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes lit up. Finally, they have brought up the grade one spirit stones, this was Huang Xiaolong’s main objective in attending this City of Myriad of Gods auction.

“Grade one spirit stones’ value and usage, I believe everyone here already knows and I don’t need to explain; this time, there is a total of fifty-nine pieces of grade one spirit stones, the bidding price starts at five hundred million.” Fang Dong’s voice rang out in the hall.

Five hundred million! Many experts in the auction hall couldn’t help but shudder when the amount was mentioned.

Five hundred million was considered a sky high price in the Bedlam Lands.

“Six hundred million.” At this time, Zhao Chen’s voice came from private room number nine.

Six hundred million! The auction hall fell into immediate silence hearing Zhao Chen’s voice.

# Chapter 292: Our Young Lord Wants to See You!

---

Six hundred million!

Hearing this figure made the hearts of many experts in the auction hall jump... The starting bid price was horrifying enough, they didn't expect there would be someone who would increase the price by a hundred million at the first go!

"This sounds like Young Noble Zhao Chen's voice!"

"Sin City's Young Noble Zhao Chen?" The auction hall boiled up with whispers.

Because Zhao Chen did not disguise his voice in any way, the people in the auction hall guessed the owner of the voice almost immediately.

Zhao Chen? Huang Xiaolong frowned, he didn't expect this Zhao Chen would be interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones. The other experts that were interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones hesitated hearing Zhao Chen's voice, the majority of people had misgivings about Zhao Chen's identity.

"Private room number nine offered six hundred million, is there anyone else with a higher offer?" Seconds later, Auctioneer Fang Dong surveyed the crowd and asked.

"Seven hundred million." When everyone thought there wouldn't be anyone increasing the bid, a sonorous voice sounded from private room number twelve, raising another commotion in the auction hall.

"Seven hundred million! I wonder who this person is, daring to challenge Young Noble Zhao Chen?!"

Many suspected that this person might be Millennium City's Senior He Yunxiong. Knowing full well that it was Zhao Chen,

there were only a handful of people who still dared to bid. Undoubtedly, that person must be one of ten strongest experts in the Bedlam Lands, Senior He Yunxiong.

Inside private room nine, a tiny crease appeared on Zhao Chen's brows, others perhaps couldn't recognize He Yunxiong's voice, but he could. Years ago, He Yunxiong once visited the Sin Palace. At the same time, the silver-haired old man standing on the left side behind Zhao Chen approached, saying, "Young Lord, since it is Senior He, do we...?"

Zhao Chen snorted dismissively, "Senior He? So what, are we afraid of him?"

Hearing this, the silver-haired old man dared not persuade further and retreated to his position.

"Eight hundred million!" Zhao Chen waved his hand and ruthlessly increased another hundred million.

Eight hundred million! His voice echoed like the crashing waves, hitting the auction hall below.

"Nine hundred million." The moment Zhao Chen's voice sounded, He Yunxiong's voice followed.

"One billion!"

"One billion one hundred!"

The rest of the auction hall was quiet, only Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong's voices reverberated. The experts below shuddered every time Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong called out.

One billion one hundred! What kind of concept was that? One billion one hundred gold coins pooled together was probably higher than a hundred zhang tall mountain. In fact, that many gold coins were enough to reclaim a river.

Listening to Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong's price war, even Huang Xiaolong was shaking his head inside.

He could afford the price of one billion one hundred, but He Yunxiong being interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones was something Huang Xiaolong didn't expect. Thus, he could only give up, it was unnecessary to form a conflict with He Yunxiong for these spirit stones. Moreover, he wasn't in any rush to have these grade one spirit stones.

Huang Xiaolong looked around and once again his sight fell on Yao Fei's silhouette. From Huang Xiaolong's seat, he has a clear view of Yao Fei profile, watching Yao Fei sitting there unmoving in a pensive manner. After the Life Soul Grass, like Huang Xiaolong, Yao Fei didn't bid for anything else.

In the end, the batch of grade one spirit stones was bought by He Yunxiong with two billion two hundred.

Inside private room nine, Zhao Chen's eyes turned a chilling cold.

The next auction item was a large blade, a large blade that was broken by an unknown entity. The remaining body of the broken large blade was filled with dense ancient language writings and diagrams.

"This large broken sword was determined to be an ancient relic after it was inspected by our expert." Auctioneer Fang Dong explained. "Although we cannot determine what materials this large blade is made from, it cuts through steel as if it were mud. Furthermore, engraved on the body of the large blade is an ancient sword skill. It may be incomplete, but our expert has confirmed it to be at least a Heaven rank battle skill."

A Heaven rank or above sword skill! Regardless of it being an incomplete one, it was enough to stir the interest of many experts in the auction hall.

Huang Xiaolong directed his spiritual sense, wrapping around the broken large blade. Finding nothing special about it, he lost interest immediately. A Heaven rank sword skill was tempting, too

bad it was incomplete, not to mention he wasn't lacking in battle skills.

This large broken sword was bought by the guest in private room two.

“Next up is the Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger.” Auctioneer Fang Dong's voice resounded once again.

Great Thousand Technique!

Peerless Wind Breaking Finger!

The whole auction hall erupted with excitement. Most of the people present at the auction this time had set their sights on these two items.

“Both Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger are Heaven rank skills,” Auctioneer Fang Dong continued, “I'm sure everyone is aware of what a Heaven rank cultivation technique or battle skill is, thus I shall not waste any more time.”

“According to the owner's requirements, both Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger will be auctioned together, and their bidding price starts at twenty billion.”

Twenty billion! The noisy auction hall fell into a dead silence that they could hear their own heartbeats drumming in their ears.

Twenty billion! Some experts almost stopped breathing on the spot, they already knew the Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger would fetch an exorbitant price, but twenty billion was too horrifying.

Who even had the capability to take out twenty billion in one go? In the Bedlam Lands, only a scarce number of people had that background.

Yao Fei's brows scrunched together tightly, more than twenty billion wasn't much for his Yao Family, but the gold coins he

currently had on him would barely suffice.

“Twenty billion and one hundred!” Zhao Chen’s voice rang out in the silent hall. After Zhao Chen, He Yunxiong’s voice trailed behind, just like the scene earlier, when both were fighting for the batch of grade one spirit stones, Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong’s voices called out one after another.

Huang Xiaolong sat calmly, watching things unfold. To him, it was inconsequential whether it was Zhao Chen or He Yunxiong who got the Great Thousand Technique and the Peerless Wind Breaking Finger.

In the end, both Heaven rank cultivation technique and battle skill were bought by Zhao Chen for thirty billion. The next item was the Herculean King Jade, also the final item the auction, and this piece of ancient Herculean King Jade was bought by He Yunxiong for a steep price slightly over thirty billion.

With that, the auction ended.

This time, although Huang Xiaolong failed to get any grade one spirit stones, he didn’t leave empty handed, with three stalks of Life Soul Grass over one thousand years old.

Huang Xiaolong led Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng out from the auction hall. When Yao Fei spotted him, his figure flickered, blocking right in front of Huang Xiaolong, “Huang Xiaolong, hehe, you never thought you would run into me here, right?” As he said that, a dark energy fluctuated around Yao Fei.

“What, you want to fight here?” Huang Xiaolong faced the other side, an unconcerned expression on his face.

Fights and killings were the norm in the Bedlam Lands, but even so, it was forbidden to fight within the ten main cities. Not even a Saint realm expert would dare to break this rule, fighting inside the city.

Yao Fei glared icily at Huang Xiaolong, “Don’t worry, I won’t do



anything inside this City of Myriad Gods. Hopefully, you can hide here forever and never take half a step outside the city.” Yao Fei disappeared amongst the crowd with a sway after throwing the sentence to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong stared at Yao Fei’s silhouette, a cold sneer appeared on his face as he turned around to leave. However, when Huang Xiaolong turned, two young men came towards him. Huang Xiaolong recognized them at first glance, these two young men were part of Zhao Chen’s guards.

The two young men stopped in front of Huang Xiaolong, obstructing his path.

“Little rascal, our Young Lord wants to meet you, come with us for a little trip.” Halting Huang Xiaolong’s steps, one of them stated with a disparaging tone as he grinned widely.

## Chapter 293: So, It Was Like This

---

“Your Young Lord wants to see me?” Huang Xiaolong took a quick glance at the two pompous young man, “What if I decline...?”

Ideally, Huang Xiaolong preferred not to have any conflict with this Zhao Chen, but he was not a soft persimmon that everyone could pinch or squash as they liked.

“Decline?” Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu exchanged a look between them before laughing in a brazen manner.

Still laughing, Chen Cheng said, “Little rascal, perhaps you don’t know who our Young Lord is? Our Young Lord is Young Noble Zhao Chen. In the Bedlam Lands, there is yet anyone who dared to defy our Young Lord’s words!”

“Our Young Lord orders you to go meet him, that is your greatest honor,” Zhang Chu snickered, “Little rascal, I advise you to follow us obediently, otherwise, hehe...” an undisguised antagonistic spark shone in his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong remained nonchalant, “If your Young Lord wants to see me, tell him to roll over himself.” Not waiting to see the two young men’s reaction, Huang Xiaolong looked over to Qin Yang and the other three, saying “Let’s go.”

“Yes, Young Lord.”

Roll over?! Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu were enraged hearing Huang Xiaolong actually dared to tell their Young Lord to roll over even after knowing his identity.

“Bastard, you’re courting death!” Chen Cheng struck his fist out in rage towards Huang Xiaolong. Trailing the powerful punch was a surreal shadow of a tiger’s wide opened jaw.

Feeling the strong energy fluctuation coming at him, Huang Xiaolong dared not underestimate the enemy, his feet swiftly

retreated as his hands formed a fist and punched out—the Great Void Divine Fist!

The Great Void Divine Fist, ethereal, yet tangible the next moment, reality and illusion overlapped, collided head-on with the tiger fist.

A booming explosion resounded, raising a curtain of sand and dust.

Huang Xiaolong's body shook, retreating more than ten meters back, however, Chen Cheng also retreated more ten meters back.

“You!” Chen Cheng was astounded as he stared at Huang Xiaolong, he was a peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order expert and he could see that Huang Xiaolong hadn't even broken through to the early Eighth Order.

Zhang Chu was no exception.

“Brat, no wonder you're so arrogant, relying on these few points of strength.” Zhang Chu smirked derisively, “Do you think with only this much strength you can defy our Young Lord's order?! Let me enlighten you, even if you were a Saint realm expert, there's only death in defying our Young Lord!” A dark teal light burst out from Zhang Chu's body, both hands formed into claws, slashing down towards Huang Xiaolong.

More than a dozen dark teal lights transformed into dozens of snakes that were as thick as an adult's arm, flaring out in Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Zhang Chu was an early-Xiantian Ninth Order, a mere difference of a small order, but his attack was many times more powerful than Chen Cheng.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed, his expression turning grim. Both his hands struck out and glowing golden rings pierced the air. Where the golden rings passed, all attacks slowed down and gradually stopped in midair.

Zhang Chu was dumbfounded: what kind of battle skill was this?!

At this time, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest moved, blasting off the dozens of teal green snakes.

“Who is it? So audacious as to fight inside the City of Myriad Gods!” From afar, a voice thundered, echoes reverberated in the street, even building structures seemed to shake. In less than a breath’s time, a team city guards clad in shiny black armors appeared riding on Earth Tiger mounts, galloping into the scene.

Seeing this, Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu had no choice but to stop.

Moments later, the team of city guards arrived. A seemingly captain-like middle-aged man of the team nudged his Earth Tiger mount closer, stopping in front of Huang Xiaolong and the others.

“Captain Wang.” Seeing the middle-aged man, Zhang Chu cupped his fist and greeted with a smile.

Wang Hai was surprised, seeing it was Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu both, he laughed and said, “So it was Brother Zhang Chu and Chen Cheng.” Wang Hai dismounted from the tiger beast’s back as he did so.

Huang Xiaolong stood where he was, watching. It was surprising to see that Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu were familiar with City of Myriad God’s city guards captain. Judging from their greetings, they seemed to be on good terms too. He waited expectantly to see how this captain would handle the matter.

At this time, Zhang Chu proceeded to ‘explain’ the situation with a smile, “Captain Wang, you truly arrive at the right time,” with one finger pointing at Huang Xiaolong, Zhang Chu continued, “We have some previous grudges with this punk, we didn’t expect him to ambush us while we weren’t paying attention.”

Wang Hai nodded, “So it was like this...” then, his expression became cold as he turned to look at Huang Xiaolong, “Brat, don’t

you know it's prohibited to fight inside the City of Myriad Gods?" Without waiting for Huang Xiaolong to explain, Wang Hai waved at his subordinates at the back, "Arrest all of them first, throw into the dungeon."

"Yes, Captain."

The team of city guards quickly surrounded Huang Xiaolong's group of five.

This result raised a mocking sneer on Huang Xiaolong's face; since this was the way they wanted to play, he didn't mind slaughtering his way out.

Just as Huang Xiaolong was about to call out the Blades of Asura, preparing to let blood flow, suddenly a voice sounded from the void above: "Stop!" The voice wasn't loud but it contained a strong deterrence force that crushed any objection. Everyone turned to look.

A gray haired old man in mulberry robe strode over, on the chest of his robe was embroidered a double-headed celestial beast emblem, and surrounding the beast were extremely life-like dark, fiery red flames.

Noticing this person's arrival, Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu's face tightened, ashen a little. In the next moment, Wang Hai hastened forward to greet the old man, "Greeting Senior He!"

Senior He? The name struck Huang Xiaolong's mind: He Yunxiong! This old man was none other than Millennium City's He Yunxiong, one of the top ten experts of Bedlam Lands—that He Yunxiong.

He Yunxiong ignored Wang Hai, walking straight towards Huang Xiaolong as his eyes observed him up and down. There was praise in his eyes, rubbing his barely-exist beard in an appreciative gesture, He Yunxiong smiled, "Not a bad brat, are you interested in worshipping me as your Master?"

Worship He Yunxiong as master?

People who gathered closeby was dumbfounded hearing He Yunxiong's words, especially Wang Hai, Chen Cheng, and Zhang Chu, their mouths agape.

Huang Xiaolong sweated quietly, if he didn't know that this old man in front of him was He Yunxiong, he'd definitely suspect whether this old man was crazy. Before Huang Xiaolong could answer, Zhang Chu stepped forward, venturing with caution, "Senior He, this kid is someone our Young Lord..."

However, his sentence has yet to finish when He Yunxiong flick his robe sleeve and Zhang Chu felt as if he slammed into a tall mountain. His entire body shot away in a tragic holler until he reached the end of the street. Crashing onto the street pavement, not even a grunt came.

"I, He Yunxiong, am talking, it is not a place where a slave like you can interrupt." He Yunxiong scoffed, not even turning around to look.

Chen Cheng looked over at the end of the street where Zhang Chu's corpse laid, he was so terrified that even his bones were shivering, falling butt first to the ground. Wang Hai and the team of city guards sweated profusely, looking pale as white sheets.

He Yunxiong pointed a finger at Chen Cheng, and he was thrown back several hundred meters away, blood spurting from his mouth as he landed.

"Return and tell that brat Zhao Chen that I like this kid." He Yunxiong's light, fleeting voice sounded.

"Yes, yes, yes, many thanks for Senior He's mercy in sparing my life!" Chen Cheng fled for his life in panic after a series of kowtows, in a mere few seconds, his figure disappeared in the crowd.

Wang Hai felt an itching thirst in his throat, standing there and not daring to move.

“Why aren’t you scrambling away?” He Yunxiong snapped at Wang Hai.

“Yes, yes, Senior He.” Immediately, not even climbing onto his mount, he led his subordinates and ran away on foot.

# Chapter 294: Back to Explore Broken Tiger Rift

---

As Wang Hai and the city guards fled further away, Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze, looking at He Yunxiong, he really couldn't figure out what about him He Yunxiong liked enough to receive him as a disciple.

He Yunxiong was one of top ten experts in the Bedlam Lands, as long as he said the words, the people who wanted to be his disciples could line a hundred miles long!

As though He Yunxiong saw through Huang Xiaolong's doubts, he laughed lightly, "Brat, you must be puzzled about the reason I want to accept you as my disciple? To be frank with you, I practice a kind of secret law that could roughly estimate a person's talent, moreover, your character matches well with mine."

Huang Xiaolong was nonplussed; that simple? However, He Yunxiong's secret law that could estimate a person's talent astounded Huang Xiaolong, such techniques, admittedly, were a little terrifying. Even if it was only a rough estimation.

He Yunxiong went on, "Brat, up to now, you haven't cultivated over a hundred years, right? Less than a hundred years and you can already defeat a peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order, this level of talent, amongst the geniuses I've come across, you can be considered one of the top three."

A hundred years? Huang Xiaolong smiled, if He Yunxiong knew he was only twenty-something, how would he react? Most people in general, once they entered the Xiantian realm, would use some secret techniques or take certain elixirs that made them look younger than their real age. Hence, it was difficult to guess a person's actual age just by judging from appearances.

"How about it? My words are accurate." Seeing that Huang



Xiaolong kept silent the entire time, He Yunxiong thought Huang Xiaolong acquiescence to his evaluation, smiling, he said, “Brat, for now, let’s make it a simple kowtow acceptance ceremony. Once we return to Millennium City, I will send out the invitations for the official ceremony with top experts as witnesses, we’ll do the proper master-disciple ceremony at that time.”

When He Yunxiong assumed Huang Xiaolong would kowtow with joy, Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead, “Many thanks for Senior He’s assistance earlier, however, I have a Master.” In Huang Xiaolong’s mind, he only had one Master—the previous Asura’s Gate Sovereign, Ren Wokuang!

Though he acknowledged Shi Tianfu as Senior Brother in that trip to the Blessed Buddha Empire, those were unexpected circumstances and it was merely a title.

He Yunxiong looked stupefied for a moment, this brat actually refused him?! Then he broke into a grin, he had been explaining without introducing himself to the little brat, this brat surely wasn’t aware of his identity.

“Little brat, I think you don’t know who I am, right?” He Yunxiong smiled amiably, “I am He Yunxiong, Millennium City’s Castellan.” Fearing that Huang Xiaolong might still be lost, he added another sentence at the end, “One of Bedlam Lands’ top ten experts.”

Huang Xiaolong smiled helplessly at his words, “Senior He, I’m aware of this.”

It was He Yunxiong’s turn to be bewildered, frowning, he stared fixedly at Huang Xiaolong. This little brat knew who he was, yet he still refused to worship him as Master?

“Why?” He Yunxiong’s voice was solemn.

Huang Xiaolong replied, “In my heart, I only have one Master.”

He Yunxiong paused, “In Martial Spirit World, most of the Saint

realm experts have more than one Master in their lifetime, I myself worshipped four different Masters.”

What He Yunxiong said was the general truth, in Martial Spirit World, the majority of Saint realm experts had more than one Master. Despite that, Huang Xiaolong still shook his head and declined.

He Yunxiong looked at Huang Xiaolong, suddenly an intangible pressure burst forth from He Yunxiong’s body, enveloping Huang Xiaolong, causing the other four, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng to pale visibly.

But, facing the pressure from He Yunxiong, Huang Xiaolong appeared calm, even as He Yunxiong gradually increased the pressure. In the next moment, the solidified pressure from He Yunxiong retreated like the tide, vanishing.

He stared at Huang Xiaolong like a defeated rooster in a match as he smiled, saying “Little brat, since it’s like that, I shall not force you, if you ever change your mind, come look for me in Millennium City. This is a Millennium Medallion.” Fishing out a small pendant-size medallion, he gave it to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong received the grayish medallion inscribed with a double-headed celestial beast. The same celestial beast on He Yunxiong’s robe.

Without another word, He Yunxiong’s hand reached out, tearing space, his body entered and disappeared from the spot in a flicker.

Keeping the Millennium Medallion into the Asura Ring, Huang Xiaolong returned to the small courtyard residence they bought with Qin Yang and the rest.

On another side, in the south section of the city, within an exquisitely decorated grand mansion, Zhao Chen was extremely sullen as he glowered at Chen Chen, who was kneeling before him.

“Garbage!” Zhao Chen kicked Chen Cheng, who was kneeling on

the floor, without mercy. A woeful scream came from Chen Cheng as he was sent tumbling to a corner of the yard.

Zhao Chen's hands grasped at the chairs beside him, turning them into powder. An intense sharp light glinted in Zhao Chen's eyes, "This He Yunxiong, acting against me every time, one of these days I'm going to crush Millennium City and toy with his wives and concubines to their death!"

All the guards behind Zhao Chen lowered their heads, none dared to utter a sound.

Crush Millennium City? Not even Sin City's Castellan dared to speak of crushing Millennium City lightly. Millennium City had existed for thousands of years, the forces within were deeply rooted, would it be so easily destroyed?

Zhao Chen swirled around towards the silver-haired old man behind him, "Steward Feng, keep a tail on that Huang Xiaolong kid, once they leave the City of Myriad Gods, come report to me immediately."

"Yes, Young Lord." The silver-haired old man answered respectfully.

Zhao Chen nodded as a light gleamed in his eyes. 'Little punk, as long as you come out from the City of Myriad Gods, I'll let you know the consequences of defying my, Zhao Chen's orders! Don't assume just because there is He Yunxiong, that old fogey, shielding you that I won't dare to kill you!'

As for Huang Xiaolong, he entered the Godly Mt. Xumi upon arriving back to the courtyard. Swallowing all three stalks of Life Soul Grass in the Xumi Temple hall, he concentrated on practicing the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate.

Due to He Yunxiong's intervention, Huang Xiaolong believed that Zhao Chen wouldn't act against him in public, at least not while he was still inside the city.

Sitting cross-legged in the center of the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong distinctively felt waves spreading out from his soul sea as his spiritual force gathered into a twister of energy, rotating like a violently howling storm, with strands of azure energy multiplying constantly. Sensing this, Huang Xiaolong quickly ran the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate to absorb this energy.

Ten days passed.

Under constant refinement, the energy inside all three stalks of Life Soul Grass was absorbed by Huang Xiaolong. Finally, his soul sea returned to its prior calm, while in the space above his soul sea, the black and blue dragons hovered, dragons roars echoed endlessly, exuding dragon might in every direction.

At the same time Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, the Eye of Hell of the center of his forehead opened as well and two beams of deep scarlet glow materialized like a thunderstorm.

After refining the three stalks of Life Soul Grass, Huang Xiaolong's Ancient Puppetry Art finally broke through to the third level, greatly enhancing his spiritual force, and combined with his Eye of Hell, his spiritual attack was even more powerful than before. Huang Xiaolong astutely felt that after this time's practice, even his battle qi and internal force benefited.

'It's time to visit the Broken Tiger Rift again.' Huang Xiaolong decided.

Huang Xiaolong had a strong feeling that the Broken Tiger Rift was the said Four Seas Mountain. In the depth of that rift was where that Ancient God Tribe master's dwelling was, he was as sure as he could be.

Despite his rapid increase in strength over these years, Huang Xiaolong still felt that he was too weak. Disregarding experts like He Yunxiong, merely facing Yao Fei or Zhao Chen at his current level of strength, it would be a tough battle to fight. Therefore, he had to break through to the Saint realm as soon as possible.

# Chapter 295: Beneath the Rift

---

Exiting the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong summoned Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng, telling them that he would be absent for the next few days, and in that period, they should stay and wait for him in the residence. After giving them certain tasks, Huang Xiaolong took out Godly Mt. Xumi, controlling it to fly in the direction of Broken Tiger Rift, he stealthily left the City of Myriad Gods.

Leaving the city using the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong needn't worry about being found by Zhao Chen. Very soon, Huang Xiaolong arrived at Broken Tiger Rift, standing at the edge of the same sharp rift, looking down.

Staring down at the dark, endless bottom, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi and internal force, cautiously adjusting his speed as his body fell. Due to the previous experience, this time, his speed was much faster than before.

However, six hundred meters down, Huang Xiaolong was forced to transform into the Asura Physique and soul transformed with the black dragon martial spirit simultaneously, and by one thousand meters, he summoned his blue dragon martial spirit and fused with it as well.

Soul transforming with the twin dragon martial spirits, layers of black and blue dragon scales covered Huang Xiaolong like an armor, yet he still felt the frigid cold wind blowing up, invading his body through the dragon scales.

Regardless of the spherical barrier of vigor qi around him, the wind still affected him, its effect was minimum.

The frigid cold energy gradually spread through Huang Xiaolong's body, freezing the blood in his veins, even the battle qi within his Qi Sea showed signs of solidifying.

There's actually such terrible ice energy in this Martial Spirit World! Huang Xiaolong made every effort to control his speed of falling, feeling shocked in his heart. The Asura Tactics required him to absorb the netherworld's spiritual energy, and the netherworld's spiritual energy was deemed the coldest and most yin energy in this heaven and earth, but now, this unknown cold wind actually surpassed the netherworld's spiritual energy by at least ten times.

I cannot continue like this, otherwise I'd turn into an icicle before reaching the bottom! Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Now, he was one thousand and three hundred meters down, yet there was still no sign of the bottom. Perhaps he might not see it even after another two or three hundred meters further down. Relying on Huang Xiaolong's current level of strength, he had no hope of succeeding.

What do I do?!

Leave...? Come back when he breaks through to Xiantian Eighth Order?

But, how long will it take for him to breakthrough to Xiantian Eighth Order? It might be half a year, or even longer. Ever since he broke through to Xiantian Seventh Order, Huang Xiaolong clearly felt his cultivation speed slowing down drastically.

Huang Xiaolong's feet landed on a protruded boulder on the rift wall, his brows furrowed deeply in thought as he stared downward. There were less than three years until the next Deities Templar disciple selection, he didn't have much time to waste. Furthermore, Yao Fei came searching for him in the Bedlam Lands and found him, this would very likely lead more people belonging to Deities Templar over here.

Therefore, no matter what, he had to find that ancient God Tribe master's dwelling. But, how could he resist this unknown cold wind?! Then, a thought flashed in Huang Xiaolong's mind—Godly

Mt. Xumi!

Godly Mt. Xumi was the Buddhist World's heavenly treasure, as terrifying as this cold wind was, it shouldn't be able to penetrate into Godly Mt. Xumi's space... right? Immediately, Huang Xiaolong brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi and went inside the Xumi Temple hall in a flicker.

Stepping into the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi and guided it to fly down slowly. Several gusts of cold wind blew up, wrapping over the Godly Mt. Xumi, and moments later, Huang Xiaolong confirmed that this cold wind could not penetrate into the Godly Mt. Xumi's space. This finding greatly relieved him.

At last, he found something that could block this damn nameless cold wind. Nevertheless, Huang Xiaolong was still shocked, although the cold wind failed to penetrate into the Godly Mt. Xumi space, it formed a layer of crystallized dark azure-colored ice around the outer exterior! And this layer of dark azure ice actually affected the speed of Godly Mt. Xumi.

Huang Xiaolong immediately pushed the Ten Buddha Formation, Buddhism energy poured down from the void above, spreading out inside the temple hall and outwards, slowly melting away the dark azure ice enveloping the Godly Mt. Xumi. When all is done, Huang Xiaolong continued to travel down further, ever more cautious as he tried to avoid the increasing number of nameless cold winds blowing up, covering the Godly Mt. Xumi with another layer of ice.

Further and further down, reaching two thousand meters down, Huang Xiaolong finally caught a glimpse of the ground.

The sand and stones at the bottom of the rift were a brownish azure, barren as far as the eyes could see, not even a leaf of grass growing, it gave a desolate and gloomy atmosphere.

Huang Xiaolong surveyed the spacious surroundings. On both sides, the rock walls were thickly layered with crystallized dark

azure-colored ice, and above, a dark azure blue twister rotated in a never-ending cycle, with howling winds that left the hearts of those who heard it full of apprehension.

Not only that, this dark azure wind twister's form was ever changing, sometimes it was a dragon, next it was a serpent, a tiger, and other times it was shaped like a phoenix.

This cold wind actually gave birth to intelligence! Huang Xiaolong was shocked. And his first thought was impossible!

Between Heaven and Earth, it was not easy for living beings like trees and flowers to grow intelligence, something that cannot be achieved without tens of thousands of years, and that required fulfilling strict conditions. As for elements like wind, it was even harder compared to trees or flowers.

Like this wind, in another few thousand years or even a few hundred years, it could evolve into a real solid entity of existence, such as an ice element dragon or phoenix.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong calmed down, his eyes gradually brightened as he studied the ever-changing azure wind.

‘This is some good stuff, ah!’ Although this azure wind hadn’t fully evolved and taken shape into dragon or phoenix, if he could absorb it, someone practicing the Asura Tactics like Huang Xiaolong would definitely reap an unimaginable harvest. But... this azure cold wind that had given birth to intelligence was no doubt extremely frigid, with Huang Xiaolong’s current strength, merely coming in close contact was enough to turn him into an ice sculpture.

Lights flickered in his eyes when he thought about the Thousand Beast Cauldron on the second layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

“I wonder if the Thousand Beast Cauldron could absorb this cold azure wind that has intelligence, if it's possible, then I can absorb



it!” Instantly, with a single thought, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda that was combined into the Godly Mt. Xumi flew out into midair, guided by Huang Xiaolong, it slowly approached the gales of the azure cold wind.

However, the closer the Linglong Treasure Pagoda got, the more terrifying the frigid coldness became, the surrounding space turned into a domain of ice.

The battle qi and internal force within Huang Xiaolong’s body spurred madly to support the Linglong Treasure Pagoda getting closer to the azure cold wind until it was within a ten meters range. Then, he initiated the array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron to absorb the azure cold wind.

Huang Xiaolong dared not devour the azure cold wind all at once, bidding his time, slowly absorbing tiny strands, but even at this rate, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda was covered by a layer of ice on the outside. Seeing this, he had no choice but to divide a portion of battle qi and internal force to initiate the Ten Buddha Formation, using Buddhism energy to melt the layer of ice away.

In this manner, Huang Xiaolong stayed there for more than two hours, absorbing the azure cold wind until he felt it was enough and retrieved the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. He then concentrated his battle qi and internal force on the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array to refine the azure cold wind, expelling the extreme cold element.

# Chapter 296: Fish of Natural Spiritual Energy

---

One hour passed and Huang Xiaolong was delighted, the extreme cold element of the dark azure wind was gradually dispelled by the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron.

The refinement process went on for ten long hours before all the extreme cold element was expelled. When it finally ended, Huang Xiaolong was ecstatic and relieved at the same time, his eyes sparkled staring at the cloud of refined azure green wind inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron. Although the cold element had been separated, it did not affect the spiritual benefits it would bring.

Then, Huang Xiaolong opened the lid of the Thousand Beast Cauldron, revealing within an azure snake about ten meters long and thick as an adult's arm that flew out, trying to escape. Dazzling azure energy flashed in midair, filling up an area of a hundred zhang in azure light, emanating a pulsating vibrant spiritual energy.

Such a dense natural spiritual energy!

Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up as he quickly sat down in a meditative pose, running the Asura Tactics. He opened his mouth and sucked in akin to a whale drinking water, swallowing the cold azure energy flow into his body.

Not only did Huang Xiaolong not feel cold when the azure energy entered his body, instead, he felt extremely warm and comfortable, to the point of almost groaning aloud. Huang Xiaolong made every effort to run the Asura Tactics, controlling it to refine the azure natural spiritual energy. Instantly, Huang Xiaolong felt the fog pool of battle qi accumulated within his Qi Sea rumble violently.

Above his Qi Sea, the three mandate shapes—golden Primordial

Divine Dragon, Archdemon, and the Golden Buddha shone brightly, while battle qi roared inside every inch of his meridians and veins.

Further down, Huang Xiaolong's dantian glowed a hazy aureate as the internal force in his dantian increased rapidly.

One hour, two hours...

In a mere two hours, Huang Xiaolong's battle qi cultivation broke through a small order. Gold, azure, midnight ink, and ember colored glows whirled endlessly around him.

Three days and three nights passed.

Huang Xiaolong, who had been sitting in a meditative pose, suddenly opened his eyes, a dark azure light flashed and disappeared in midair as the four-colored lights of gold, midnight ink, azure, and ember dissipated.

Huang Xiaolong immersed his spiritual sense internally to check the situation inside his body and cultivation and was delighted to discover that after three days of refining and absorbing the azure energy, his cultivation broke through from mid-Xiantian Seventh Order to peak mid-Xiantian Seventh Order.

Moreover, the internal force in his dantian was more abundant, with signs of transforming into a liquid state. This was the precursor to internal force evolving into true essence force! This made Huang Xiaolong unable to calm down for a long time.

If his internal force could evolve into true essence force, it meant that he could successfully step into a stage where generations of Huang Family ancestors had failed, becoming 'Immortal' as civilization on Earth would term it.

An atmosphere of strong confidence burst forth from Huang Xiaolong's body.

Huang Xiaolong turned to look at the remaining azure cold wind hovering in the space above. Previously, the Thousand Beast

Cauldron only sucked and refined in a tenth of the extreme cold wind. Once again Huang Xiaolong guided the Linglong Treasure Pagoda to approach the hovering azure cold wind and initiated the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron to expel the cold element within.

Once the cold element was eliminated, Huang Xiaolong absorbed and refined the Xiantian spiritual energy within, time and again, repeating the same steps.

It was slightly over a month later that Huang Xiaolong finally finished refining the azure cold wind, propelling him to break through to Xiantian Eighth Order, reaching peak early-Xiantian Eighth Order at the end.

If word got out that someone broke through to peak early-Xiantian Eighth Order from a peak mid-Xiantian Seventh Order in slightly over a month's time, it would be hard to imagine the stir it would cause in the cultivation world.

Before arriving at the bottom of the rift, even Huang Xiaolong would find it hard to believe it himself.

Not only his battle qi, even his internal force took a great leap forward, the fog-like internal force in his dantian turned dense and viscous, floating above his dantian.

This was definitely a sign that his internal force was on the verge of turning into liquid form! Just a little bit more was needed to succeed.

Nourished by the half-formed true origin force in his dantian, Huang Xiaolong felt that with every breath he took, his flesh and body grew stronger visibly. Once the force in his dantian was fully turned into true origin force, his flesh and body would continue to be nourished at all times, every minute, every second, being strengthened. This was more beneficial and effective to Huang Xiaolong than taking grade eight or grade nine spirit pellets that enhanced physical strength.

'Now that I've advanced to Xiantian Eighth Order, I wonder how many giant puppets I can control now.' Huang Xiaolong mused. Not wasting time, he disappeared from the spot, entering the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Running the Ancient Puppetry Art, he started gathering spiritual force to brand the seventh giant puppet's mind. It didn't take long for him to succeed.

He then moved on to the eighth puppet. When Huang Xiaolong finished branding the tenth puppet and wanted to control the eleventh puppet, his spiritual force was unable to support him and the attempt failed. Only then was Huang Xiaolong willing to stop, but he was still satisfied with the result.

He realized that to fully control all nineteen giant puppets, he had to break through to the Saint realm. After branding the tenth giant puppet, Huang Xiaolong appeared inside the rift, exploring the ground by flying with Godly Mt. Xumi.

After flying slowly for half an hour, all he could see was barren ground the entire way. Not a single leaf of green grass. In an environment dominated by the azure cold wind, not to mention plants, even a Saint realm expert could not survive in such conditions for long. Still, the path stretched further, the end had yet to be seen even after an hour of flight.

Although Huang Xiaolong had refined the azure cold wind, the frigid cold air remained, thus he continued to explore using the Godly Mt. Xumi. What baffled Huang Xiaolong was, the deeper he went, the stronger the cold atmosphere seemed to grow.

Another half an hour passed before Huang Xiaolong detected a small lake, perhaps a cold spring would be more accurate. The water bubbling up from the spring was dark green in color, whereas above the spring were flows of azure cold air that formed endlessly.

"This, could it be...?!" Huang Xiaolong was stunned. Did the

azure cold wind at the bottom of this rift originate from this cold spring?!

What was this cold spring exactly! There was a hundred zhang distance between them and he was inside the Godly Mt. Xumi, yet Huang Xiaolong felt the terrifying extreme frigid air coming from the cold spring.

However, just as terrifying the extreme frigid air was, it also contained abundant spiritual energy. Huang Xiaolong activated the Eye of Hell to search within the small lake and saw that there were actually fish swimming within!

Fish!

But these weren't normal fish, they were something transformed from the natural spiritual energy in the air. Fish born from natural spiritual energy!

Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed, this was a treasure even a Saint realm expert would go crazy for, ah. Taking one could not only enhance one's strength, it also tempered one's flesh, muscles, and bones, akin to being reborn from the soul to every inch of the physical body, including internal organs, even to the ends of the hair. Removing the body's impurities, when one cultivates later on, it brings unimaginable benefits, especially in terms of absorbing spiritual energy.

# Chapter 297: Tree of the Divine World

---

He would never have expected that at the bottom of this rift would exist such a treasure! Even with Huang Xiaolong's calm demeanor, he couldn't help getting excited, moreover, in this small cold spring pond, he detected two natural spiritual energy fish, not one!

Two natural spiritual energy fish! It took Huang Xiaolong some time before he could calm down...

It was fortunate that he had Heavenly Treasures like Godly Mt. Xumi, otherwise, not even Saint realm experts could reach this far in the rift. 'Even the top of the Heavenly Treasures List, Godly Mt. Xumi, was covered with a layer of crystallized ice due to the cold azure wind, as strong as a Saint realm expert's flesh is, it cannot compare to the Godly Mt. Xumi.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Then, the next step he needed to think of was how to refine those two fish.

The truth is, although Huang Xiaolong had broken through to Xiantian Eighth Order, his strength was still lacking in order to refine these natural spiritual energy fish, even taking into consideration the existence of the Thousand Beast Cauldron in the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, it was a trying task.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong observed the spiritual energy gathering around the cold spring like fog and decided to first refine it, increasing his strength. If he could advance to Xiantian Ninth Order after refining the spiritual energy around, he would have a chance to absorb and refine the two spiritual energy fish.

Although the spiritual energy around the cold spring could not compare to the two fish, it was sufficiently dense, the spiritual energy contained here was ten times stronger than the azure cold wind Huang Xiaolong had refined earlier.

Immediately, Huang Xiaolong brought out the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and started the Thousand Beast Cauldron array. Slowly but steadily, he absorbed and refined the spiritual energy with the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array, only stopping when he sensed that it was nearing the limit. Then, he initiated the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array to dispel the cold element within, before swallowing and refining the pure spiritual energy in his body.

One day after another passed.

As Huang Xiaolong refined the spiritual energy around day in and day out, his battle qi cultivation enhanced rapidly, advancing into late-Xiantian Eighth Order before long.

One month later, he stepped into late-Xiantian Eighth Order.

The spiritual energy here was ten times or more abundant and rich than the azure cold wind he first came across. As Huang Xiaolong's strength continued to climb higher, the time required to refine the spiritual energy shortened as his speed increased. Two months later, he fully refined every shred of spiritual energy around, successfully advancing into peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order.

Peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order!

Half a step more to breakthrough to Xiantian Ninth Order.

Huang Xiaolong's enthusiasm dampened slightly. According to his original plan, if he could advance to Xiantian Ninth Order, there was a bigger chance he could refine and absorb the two spiritual energy fish, but now...

Huang Xiaolong hesitated a little as he stared at the two spiritual energy fish inside the pond. If he forcefully refined them, there was a possibility for the frigid cold element to enter his body. At that time, not only would his cultivation not increase, he would bring upon damaging consequences upon himself, the gains



wouldn't make up for the loss.

He pondered for a moment and decided to first explore the place. After all, the two fish were in the pond, they couldn't fly away. With that in mind, Huang Xiaolong guided the Godly Mt. Xumi deeper in.

Flying using the Godly Mt. Xumi for a short while, suddenly the scenery up ahead changed, the barren and dry environment was replaced by lush greenery full of vitality, the soil was covered with a luxurious green coat. Furthermore, the rock walls on both sides, which were supposed to be hidden underneath a layer of ice, had plants and foliage covering the rocky surface.

They were like two different worlds.

What is happening?! Huang Xiaolong was stunned. Quickly guiding Godly Mt. Xumi to the edge of the greenery, Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple and appeared outside. The moment he was out, he felt a gentle warm breeze blowing, just like the summer wind, extremely comfortable, whereas taking a step back, biting cold wind seemed to penetrate bone-deep, as if his internal organs would freeze solid any moment.

This was like a two-layer world of ice and fire. Merely the distance of one step, yet two very distinct sensations.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong returned to his senses. Looking in front, he was sure there was something strange, hence, he flew forward.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong was standing in front of a tree!

A tree ten zhang tall, with flowing red energy at its trunk that looked like flames! In fact, this tree, from the trunk, branches, leaves, was entirely flaming red in color! Growing among the branches were a dozen or so fist-sized fiery red fruits. These pieces of fiery-red fruit exuded vast spiritual energy no weaker than the

spiritual energy around the cold spring.

The only difference was that the spiritual energy from the cold spring contained extreme frigid energy within, tyrannical at the same time, while these pieces of fiery red fruit contained a gentle fire element. Standing beneath the tree was like standing in the sunlight, warm and cozy, serene and content.

“A tree like this could actually grow in this deep rift.” Huang Xiaolong muttered as he studied the red tree.

Back when he was still in the Duanren Institute, he had gone through many books that introduced Martial Spirit World’s odd wonders, but none of them mentioned about this particular tree or that cold spring.

Huang Xiaolong circled the tree as he pondered; could it be that this tree did not belong to the Martial Spirit World? A thought suddenly struck Huang Xiaolong’s mind.

Godly Mt. Xumi was a treasure hailed from the divine Buddhist World, the Asura Tactics was the Netherworld’s top cultivation technique... if things from Buddhist World and Netherworld could exist here in the Martial Spirit World, then there was a chance that this tree came from the Divine World!

“No matter, eat first, talk later.” Seconds later, Huang Xiaolong shook his head for thinking too much. Converging these nonsensical thoughts, he sat down cross-legged on the ground and opened his mouth. A suction force pulled one of the fiery red fruits straight into his mouth as he started to run the Asura Tactics to absorb the spiritual energy within.

The instant the fiery-red fruit melt into his body, a warm energy traveled to his four limbs and every part of his body. The same situation when he refined the cold spring spiritual energy, the battle qi in his Qi Sea rolled and rumbled.

...

Again and again, battle qi crashed against the Ninth Order barrier. Two days later, Huang Xiaolong finally refined a piece of the fire-red fruit. Though he had yet to break through, he was closer than before. Huang Xiaolong continued without stopping, sucking in a second fruit into his body and started refining.

By the time he finished refining the second fruit, he finally broke into Xiantian Ninth Order. Despite that, Huang Xiaolong did not stop. He continued to refine the fiery-red fruits one by one.

Sitting cross-legged underneath the big tree, the twin dragon martial spirits hovered above Huang Xiaolong's head, the atmosphere of dragon might flooded the entire rift as glows of midnight black, gold, dark ember, and fiery-red swirled around Huang Xiaolong.

Breaking through Xiantian Ninth Order, the black and blue dragons reached the size of a hundred zhang in length, seemingly covering heaven and earth. Ancient True Dragon qi poured from the void above.

One month later, Huang Xiaolong, who was sitting underneath the tree, stopped at last. Getting up slowly, the ground shook beneath his feet. After refining all the fiery-red fruits, his cultivation reached peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order!

Peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order!

Feeling the abundant power inside his body, Huang Xiaolong couldn't help roaring towards the sky like a dragon. His roar reverberated through the rift, piercing the sky, reaching as far as a hundred miles around the Broken Tiger Rift area.

Running his battle qi, Huang Xiaolong stomped his feet on the ground, raising a cloud of sand. With Huang Xiaolong as the center, deep fissures lined the ground surface. Stones and rocks rolled down from both sides of the rift walls and the entire rift area seemed to be shaking.

This was Huang Xiaolong's current strength—earth shattering might, enough to collapse a mountain.

# Chapter 298: Refining the Spiritual Energy Fish

---

Huang Xiaolong recalled the blue and black dragons back into his body, the powerful atmosphere surging around him slowly converged.

A short while later, rocks and stones stopped rolling down from the rift walls.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the tree in front of him. A thought came to him and he suddenly struck a palm out at the trunk, but the tree didn't even shake! With Huang Xiaolong's current strength at peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order, striking the flame tree actually didn't even make a single piece of tree bark fall. Not to mention, the branches and leaves remained still, unaffected.

Huang Xiaolong was amazed. Running his battle qi, increasing his power, he used both palms this time to strike on the tree trunk, 'Bang!' A loud blast rendered the air, yet the flaming tree didn't even shake.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong soul transformed with both black and blue dragon martial spirits, striking out at full force at the tree trunk. However, the three merely shook for a moment, just for a moment. Neither leaves or branches fell. Furthermore, at full force, Huang Xiaolong's palm didn't even manage to leave a print in the trunk. Forget palm print, there wasn't even a scratch at all.

Huang Xiaolong was greatly astonished. The sturdiness of this tree was a tad too terrifying. At his current level, the force from one of his palm was enough to blast an average Xiantian Seventh Order, even a Xiantian Eight Order into pieces without even soul transforming with his twin dragon martial spirits.

Yet, landing a full force attack on the tree trunk after soul transformation failed to damage this nameless fire tree in the

slightest.

With a quick leap, Huang Xiaolong landed on one of the branches on top of the fire tree. Sitting down in a meditative pose, he ran the Asura Tactics and found that cultivating on the fire tree was much faster than sitting underneath it.

While Huang Xiaolong absorbed spiritual energy, the fire tree branches, leaves, and trunk would absorb the fire element energy from the air. As the fire element energy enveloped the tree, it also enveloped Huang Xiaolong wholly, giving him inexplicable comfort.

One day passed and Huang Xiaolong felt as if he was reborn from his soul to his flesh.

‘This fire spiritual energy shouldn’t be some average kind of spiritual energy.’ Huang Xiaolong was delighted with the finding as the thought crossed his mind. Could the spiritual fire energy absorbed by this tree come from the Divine World?! Huang Xiaolong looked at the nameless fire tree, eyes twinkling.

Undoubtedly, this nameless fire tree was a great treasure, he had to think of a way to take it away with him. However, divine trees such as this one couldn’t be placed into a spatial ring. Including the Asura Ring.

Still, Huang Xiaolong wanted to try. With a thought, the Asura Ring emerged on his finger and he infused it with battle qi as he tried to move the fire tree into the ring. The fiery red of the tree seemingly came alive, exuding a force that repelled Huang Xiaolong. Huang Xiaolong was sent staggering backward, his blood roared violently in his veins before it calmed down some time later.

Seeing this result, Huang Xiaolong shook his head and let the Asura Ring submerge again.

Huang Xiaolong’s brows furrowed deeply staring at the fire tree.

Then, an idea struck him! Swiftly calling out Godly Mt. Xumi. The Asura Ring may have failed, but what about Godly Mt. Xumi?

Under Huang Xiaolong's control, Godly Mt. Xumi flew up, hovering right above the fire tree. Huang Xiaolong waved his hands, sending multiple streams of battle qi into the Ten Buddha Formation at the center, initiating the array formation. Instantly, a blinding light burst forth from the Godly Mt. Xumi, reaching the sky, Buddhism energy spread out akin to the morning sunlight. Golden light sprinkled over the fire tree, enveloping the entire tree.

When the Buddhism energy enveloped the fire tree, Huang Xiaolong was delighted to find out that the fire tree didn't put up a resistance like it did before, it only emitted a gentle fiery glow.

The fiery flow blended in with Buddhism energy, glowing brighter, lighting up the entire rift like it was a surreal fantasy.

A moment later, the fire tree shook as its roots gradually left the ground, flying into the Godly Mt. Xumi, disappearing in an instant into the Godly Mt. Xumi's space.

Huang Xiaolong jumped with joy. He expected to exert some effort to move the tree into Godly Mt. Xumi, but the tree actually went in so easily.

He finally got the fire tree!

In a flicker, Huang Xiaolong appeared inside the Xumi Temple and saw that the fire tree was rooted next to the Ten Buddha Formation and the entire Xumi Temple felt warm and comfortable as a fire element spiritual energy flowed to every corner of the Xumi Temple.

Looking at the fire tree, Huang Xiaolong was in an extremely good mood. With the fire tree within the Ten Buddha Formation, he had the confidence to breakthrough to Saint realm and higher—God Realm!

A while later Huang Xiaolong gradually calmed down and exited the Xumi Temple. Since he had broken through to Xiantian Ninth Order, reaching peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order, it was time to refine the two spiritual energy fish.

Although the fire tree was taken away by Huang Xiaolong, that area of the rift was just as warm as spring, and the cold energy from the other side did not encroach over, despite the absence of the tree.

Huang Xiaolong traced his path back to the cold spring, and before long, he was standing at the edge of the small cold spring lake.

Observing the two spiritual energy fish swimming merrily in the water, Huang Xiaolong called out the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and initiated the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array. A powerful suction force swallowed the two fish into the cauldron.

The instant the two fish entered the Thousand Beast Cauldron, a layer of ice formed on the surface of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Huang Xiaolong swiftly infused his battle qi into the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array within the Thousand Beast Cauldron to refine the two fish, expelling the cold element within. At the same time, a small part of his battle qi was sent into the Ten Buddha Formation, using the Buddhism energy to melt away the layer of azure ice on the Linglong Treasure Pagoda's surface.

But Huang Xiaolong was shocked when the layer of azure ice melted by the Buddhism energy formed again over the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. As if the two fish contained endless amounts of cold element, the layer of azure ice recurred time and again.

Even with Huang Xiaolong's peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order strength, maintaining both sides' requirements of battle qi was onerous. Later, Huang Xiaolong needed to use the internal force in his dantian as support.

Now that Huang Xiaolong's internal force had almost fully



transformed into true essence energy, he noticed that the Buddhism energy coming from the Ten Buddha Formation was denser and purer when internal force was used compared to his battle qi.

One hour passed.

Finally, the layer of azure ice covering the Linglong Treasure Pagoda's surface slowly melted and thinned, and three hours later, the layer of azure ice did not form again.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong was able to breathe out in relief at last, still, he dared not proceed carelessly, persevering in pushing the array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron to refine the two fish, expelling the remaining cold elements.

Five days and five nights later, the Thousand Beast Cauldron trembled, shining brightly, the last shreds of the cold element were expelled from the two spiritual energy fish. When the lid was opened, both spiritual energy fish flew out from the cauldron in sparkling splendor.

Huang Xiaolong opened his mouth and a suction force drew both fish into his body. In that instant, spiritual energy akin to a boundless ancient sea roared to every inch of Huang Xiaolong's body. Terrified, Huang Xiaolong hurried to run the Asura Tactics, fervently absorbing and suppressing the spiritual energy, not letting it run amok.

While Huang Xiaolong was refining the spiritual energy fish, two figures were rushing towards the Broken Tiger Rift, stopping at the same rift edge above.

The new arrivals consisted of an elderly and a young man. Both men were clad in dark violet brocade robes, on the chest of their robes was embroidered the pattern of a six-horned devil scorpion.

"Are you sure that dragon's roar came from the bottom of this rift?" The old man Fenggong questioned.

Dai Li hurried to answer, “Yes, Master. At that time I was nearby this area, I heard it clearly.”

Fenggong nodded as he stared down at the bottomless rift.

# Chapter 299: At the Bottom of the Cold Spring

---

“Stand guard here, I’m going down to have a look.” Fenggong solemnly said.

“Yes, Master.” Dai Li answered respectfully.

Not delaying further, Fenggong’s silhouette disappeared in a flicker, running his battle qi, he controlled his body to descend down the rift at a slow pace.

Similar to Huang Xiaolong’s experience, the deeper down he went, the stronger the gusts of azure cold wind blew, at a higher frequency too. Several hundred meters down, Fenggong was forced to summon his martial spirit, the Six-horned Devil Scorpion, and soul transformed.

However, passing the one thousand five hundred meters mark, Fenggong couldn’t withstand the frigid cold and had to return above.

Seeing his Master return, Dai Li quickly went up, inquiring cautiously, “Master, how was it?”

Fenggong shook his head saying, “The cold wind coming from the bottom of the rift is too strong, there’s no way to reach the bottom.” His body shuddered, expelling the frigid air that had entered into his body. Fenggong quickly took out a pellet and swallowed it down, circulating his battle qi. Only then did he manage to suppress the effects the azure cold wind.

Dai Li was evidently shocked at his Master’s words, for he was well aware that his Master was a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert, half a step into the Saint realm! Someone that was half a step into the Saint realm like his Master actually couldn’t reach the bottom of the rift!

Noticing his disciple’s expression, Fenggong explained, “In fact,

many Saint realm experts had tried to go down this Broken Tiger Rift, but despite that, in the last twenty thousand years, I've yet to hear about anyone succeeding."

"Even Saint realm experts failed to reach the bottom?!" Dai Li was flabbergasted, this was his first time hearing this matter.

Fenggong nodded, "I didn't believe it either, but after that attempt just now, that rumor should be true."

"But Master, that dragon's roar at the bottom...?" Dai Li inquired.

Fenggong's tone was solemn, "These tens of thousands of years, in our Martial Spirit World, the Primordial Divine Dragon has been an extinct existence. That dragon roar was not made by a real dragon, more likely than not it was issued by a certain treasure. We'll stay here for the time being, to confirm if there's really a treasure being born."

Whereas at the bottom of the rift, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged beside the cold spring, refining the spiritual energy from the spiritual energy fish. Although five days had passed, the amount of spiritual energy inside his body remained abundant. The airflow around Huang Xiaolong gathered into a giant energy vortex, and in the eye of the vortex, aureate, ember, azure, and a black light glimmered endlessly.

The vortex grew bigger as time passed.

On the surface of Huang Xiaolong's skin, plumes of black soot appeared, they were impurities that had built up in his body being cleansed out.

Half a month passed.

The energy vortex around Huang Xiaolong reached the height of ten zhang, with howling cries as it rotated at high speed, hiding Huang Xiaolong's silhouette in the center as a stalwart force surged out.

After more than twenty days, close to a month's time, the energy vortex around Huang Xiaolong suddenly stopped, bursting in the air like a giant bubble and dissipating, revealing Huang Xiaolong's muscular physique at its center.

By this time, the robe he wore was shredded and pieces of cloth scattered in the surrounding. Huang Xiaolong's muscles looked as if they were sculpted, masculine and perfect with a face that was carved out of an artist's knife, eyes that resembled the vast galaxy framed by thick sword-like brows.

More than twenty days passed, Huang Xiaolong fully refined the spiritual energy fish. Checking his body's condition with his spiritual sense, Huang Xiaolong found that his battle qi cultivation had reached peak late-Xiantian Ninth Order, with signs of advancing to Xiantian Tenth Order any time.

Furthermore, his meridians and veins were tougher and larger; the blood running through his veins, his marrow, and flesh seemed to pulsate with a faint golden halo. He felt much lighter, and his soul, much clearer.

'The benefits of these spiritual energy fish are amazing!' Huang Xiaolong exclaimed in his heart. After undergoing the cleansing from the spiritual energy fish, Huang Xiaolong's body burst with power and vitality, his soul was also greatly enhanced, becoming stronger, so powerful that he felt hints of breaking through the fourth level of the Ancient Puppetry Art.

Suppressing the joy in his heart, Huang Xiaolong took out a new robe from the Asura Ring and put it on. Then, he brought out the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, sucking in the second spiritual energy fish into the Thousand Beast Cauldron, initiating the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array to expel the cold element.

Twenty days came and went.

As the days passed, Huang Xiaolong managed to refine the remaining spiritual energy fish, finally entering Xiantian Tenth

Order.

Xiantian Tenth Order!

Though it may be early Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong's strength had always been higher than the average warrior's. Even without soul transformation, a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order would suffer gravely from Huang Xiaolong's punch.

Before entering the rift, Huang Xiaolong was still a Xiantian Seventh order, but now, several months later, he advanced into Xiantian Tenth Order. He couldn't help but marvel at the changes.

Huang Xiaolong stood up, eyes scanning around the rift, spreading out his spiritual sense. Being here for so many months, Huang Xiaolong had seen most of the places, but he did not find the so-called dwelling of that ancient God Tribe master.

Could that master's cultivation place not in this rift?

As Huang Xiaolong's spiritual senses spread out, a weak energy fluctuation rippled from the bottom of the cold spring lake. Weak as it may be, Huang Xiaolong detected it the moment the energy rippled.

His eyes were attracted towards the cold spring. Was there something hidden beneath the cold spring?

Pondering over the matter, Huang Xiaolong decided to enter the cold spring and check it out. He immediately brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi and disappeared within, guiding the Godly Mt. Xumi from the Ten Buddha Formation to enter the cold spring lake.

Submerged within, as far as the eyes could see was an endless blue.

And nothing else.

Going further down, he already reached the bottom of the cold spring, but other than sand and mud, there was only more sand

and mud. Huang Xiaolong frowned, he was certain that the weak energy fluctuation earlier originated under the cold spring, how could there be nothing around.

As Huang Xiaolong controlled the Godly Mt. Xumi to explore further, a turbulent force struck, causing Godly Mt. Xumi to shake.

What's happening?! The scenery in front of Huang Xiaolong shifted as he entered another space.

The view before him was a lush green space with fragrant flowers and cheerful birdsongs ringing in the air, all kinds of spiritual herbs and elixirs filled the ground, and a waterfall up ahead. This was paradise.

“This... could it be that ancient God Tribe master's cultivation space?!” Huang Xiaolong's eyes sparkled.

He must have guessed it right! That ancient God Tribe master's cultivation dwelling was actually built beneath the cold spring, it if weren't because of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda allowing him to refine the cold element within the cold spring, if it weren't for the Godly Mt. Xumi, if it weren't for that weak fluctuation earlier, he may have never located this place.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes looked around, falling onto the many herbs and elixirs on the ground.

“Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom!”

“Nine Leaves Purple Grass!”

“Fervid Yang Fruit!”

Huang Xiaolong was exclaiming the names of each one.

The herbs and elixirs spread casually over the space were all rare materials, and judging from their appearance, each and every one of them was over ten thousand years.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes shone with ecstasy; all these are treasures, ah! Not only that, there were also many that he couldn't name.

It was quite a while before Huang Xiaolong managed to tear his eyes away from these elixirs towards the several small straw huts nearby the waterfall.

‘This is where that ancient God Tribe master cultivated? Isn’t this a little too humble?’



# Chapter 300: Divine Grade Spirit Pellet

---

Huang Xiaolong flickered into a blur, landing close to the several straw huts...

There were a total of six straw huts, picturesque in their disorder, as if they were part of nature, carrying with them a charm from an ancient past.

He opted for the hut in the center and went in.

Inside the straw hut, a messy room welcomed Huang Xiaolong, odd things strewn over here and there. Catching sight of something in a corner, Huang Xiaolong walked over and blew the dust away with a flick of his sleeve, revealing a stack of books.

It was unknown what materials were used to make these books. They were pale yellow in colour and even after several thousands of years, they were still in good condition.

Huang Xiaolong's hand formed a suction force and one of the books flew to his hand. Looking at the cover, the four characters title was written in ancient text. Taking a moment to interpret the words, he read softly: "Fiendgod Treasured Reflection." He opened the book, reading page to page.

This book, Fiendgod Treasured Reflection, depicted events of ancient times related to the God Tribes and Devil Race.

After he finished reading the book, Huang Xiaolong moved on to the other books from the stack. Most of the contents in these books were records related to ancient tribes and races in that era, no cultivation techniques nor battle skills.

Huang Xiaolong was disappointed. To him, these books weren't of much use. What he needed most at the moment were things that could aid him in enhancing his cultivation.

Still, regardless of these books' usefulness, Huang Xiaolong moved all the books into the Asura Ring one by one as he read

through them. These books weren't useful to him, but if put out for auction, he would probably get some good stuff in exchange.

Having dealt with the books, his eyes wandered to another section of the hut and walked over.

In this corner, piled up high, were different ores and metals that were also covered in dust. Huang Xiaolong swept the layer of dust away with a simple wave of his hand.

“This is Purpleblood Silver Crystal!”

His gaze were attracted by a palm-sized, translucent red ore nestled amongst the pile of ores when the dust lifted and exclaimed out loud. This Purpleblood Silver Crystal was extremely rare, it was born from hard to find bloody mine veins. If taken out for auction, it would likely fetch a much higher price than ten pieces of grade one spirit stones.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes swept over the other dozens of ores and metals.

“Fire Flame Black Iron!”

“Ash-gray Blood Magnetite!”

“Moontide Stone!”

The other dozens of ores and metals were all materials hard to find in Martial Spirit World. Some of them even disappeared more than one thousand years back.

Eyes shining brightly, Huang Xiaolong moved all of them into his Asura Ring.

Moments later Huang Xiaolong came out from the central straw hut and entered the hut beside it. The inside of this straw hut was slightly smaller compared the one in the center. Placed at the center of the hut was a pill furnace. Again, Huang Xiaolong didn't know what materials the pill furnace was made of, the furnace body was a mass of matte black. There was a jade drawer placed at

a corner of the hut. On top of the flat surface, there were several small jade bottles.

‘It seems like this is a pill refining room.’ Huang Xiaolong thought to himself. Taking another look around the hut, his eyes once again fell onto the jade drawer. More accurately, on the several small jade bottles on top.

A suction force came from his hand and one of the jade bottles fell into his palm. The jade bottle was pure light red in color and felt warm to the touch, making him wonder what kind of jade it was made of.

Even more curious was what kind of medicinal pellet it held inside!

Carefully, Huang Xiaolong opened the lid and an alluring medicinal fragrance immediately filled the hut, spreading to every corner, actually forming into something that looked like a little elf.

Watching the scene in front of him, Huang Xiaolong's eyes were the size of fists due to shock.

This, could this be divine grade spirit pellet!

Divine grade! Only a divine grade spirit pellet could cause such a manifestation!

Huang Xiaolong peered inside the jade bottle excitedly and saw an amiable, floating little Daoist man in cross-legged position! The little Daoist man was shrouded in a hazy gray halo.

He was honestly stunned, then understanding set in. This little Daoist man was likely a transformation of the divine grade spirit pellet. Some high-grade divine spirit pellet like the spiritual energy fish could take shape in another form.

While Huang Xiaolong's thoughts were turning at rapid speed, the little Daoist man opened his eyes, taking a glance at Huang Xiaolong. A streak of lightning flashed in his eyes and Huang Xiaolong felt something collide with his mind with great

momentum, causing him to lose focus, however, he managed to recover in the blink of an eye.

Watching Huang Xiaolong recover so fast shocked the little Daoist. He purely focuses on soul force cultivation, warriors under the Saint realm shouldn't be able to break his soul attack. This brat in front of him was probably not a Saint realm expert, yet this young man wasn't overwhelmed by his soul force attack.

Whereas Huang Xiaolong, who nearly fell into the little Daoist man's plot of being controlled, was also taken aback. He didn't expect a little Daoist man evolved from a divine grade pellet knew method of soul control!

Judging from the attack earlier, this little Daoist man's cultivation wasn't weak at all, close to a human Saint realm expert!

"Young man, it's surprising that you managed to enter this Eminent Holiness space." At this point the Daoist spoke, "How about we discuss a deal?"

"A deal?" Huang Xiaolong remained calm on the surface while sneering inwardly. He wanted to see what this little Daoist was playing at.

The Daoist continued, "This Eminent Holiness space was opened by Supreme Eminent Holiness during the ancient era. Left inside here is an Eminent Holiness Technique that only I know how to get, as long as you let me go I will tell you where this godly Eminent Holiness Technique is."

"Oh~, really?" Huang Xiaolong remained calm on the surface but he was sneering inside. With a wave of his hand, a bright light flickered and the Linglong Treasure Pagoda materialized above his head.

What so-called Eminent Holiness Supreme Technique? Huang Xiaolong obviously didn't believe one word. Even if what the little Daoist man said was really true, Huang Xiaolong held no interest,

it was enough that he had the Asura Tactics and Godly Xumi Art, as for battle skills, he had them in abundance and was definitely not lacking.

What Huang Xiaolong truly lacked were miraculous pellets and elixirs that could help him enhance his battle qi cultivation, and this little Daoist man in front of him was exactly the panacea he was looking for!

This little Daoist man's cultivation was quite formidable, however, Huang Xiaolong has the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, wanting to refine 'it' wouldn't be difficult.

"This! A heavenly treasure, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda!" When the little Daoist saw the Linglong Treasure Pagoda Huang Xiaolong called out, he couldn't help exclaiming.

Huang Xiaolong paused briefly, this little Daoist recognized the Linglong Treasure Pagoda...

"Correct, this is the Linglong Treasure Pagoda." Huang Xiaolong smirked smugly.

"Not so fast!" How could the little Daoist not realize what Huang Xiaolong planned by this point, hastily shouted: "Young man, don't you desire the Eminent Holiness Technique?! That is a high-grade Heaven rank cultivation technique, even during the ancient era it was a much coveted high-grade cultivation technique. After cultivating it, you would possess a godly holy power."

"Refining me will only enhance your cultivation by a tiny level, it's a vast difference if you get the Eminent Holiness Technique!"

While the little Daoist was busy persuading Huang Xiaolong, a great suction force descended over it from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, pulling both the little Daoist and the red jade bottle into the Thousand Beast Cauldron. Then, the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array initiated, pressuring the jade bottle from all directions.

“You punk, let me out!”

“You think you can refine me by relying on the Linglong Treasure Pagoda?!”

...

“I’m going to kill you!”

The divine grade pellet Daoist’s raging wrath rang out endlessly from the Thousand Beast Cauldron.

Huang Xiaolong remained unperturbed as he continued to infuse the Thousand Beast Cauldron with battle qi, slowly melting away the hazy gray halo of protective vigor qi around the little Daoist.

Although this little Daoist was the manifestation of the divine grade pellet and a tough nut to crack, compared to refining the spiritual energy fish, this was by far easier many times over.

# Table of Contents

## [Invincible](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Acknowledgement](#)

[Chapter 201: My, Chen Qingfengs Methods](#)

[Chapter 202: What Exactly Happened?](#)

[Chapter 203: This Matter Wont Be Forgiven So Simply](#)

[Chapter 204: Then My Surnames Not Guo](#)

[Chapter 205: Are You Alright?](#)

[Chapter 206: Saint Pavilion](#)

[Chapter 207: Eye of Reincarnation](#)

[Chapter 208: Saint Pavilion Opens](#)

[Chapter 209: Searching for Absolute Soul Pearl](#)

[Chapter 210: Terrifying Valley](#)

[Chapter 211: Permutations](#)

[Chapter 212: Soul Mandate](#)

[Chapter 213: Heartless Hall](#)

[Chapter 214: All Of You Must Die Here!](#)

[Chapter 215: Guo Familys Ancestor Exits](#)

[Chapter 216: Saint Realm Expert?](#)

[Chapter 217: Duanren Emperor Rushes Over](#)

[Chapter 218: Deities Templar Appearing Again](#)

[Chapter 219: Crashing Yao Manor](#)

[Chapter 220: Yao Manors Annihilation](#)

[Chapter 221: Journeying to the Blessed Buddha Empire](#)

[Chapter 222: Blessed Buddha Altar](#)

[Chapter 223: Reaction from the Blessed Buddha Altar](#)

[Chapter 224: Astonished!](#)

[Chapter 225: Meeting Shi Fantian](#)

[Chapter 226: Entering Buddha Cavern](#)

[Chapter 227: Searching for Godly Mt. Xumi](#)

[Chapter 228: Clues of Godly Mt. Xumis Location](#)

[Chapter 229: Refining the Godly Mt. Xumi](#)

[Chapter 230: Practising on Godly Mt. Xumi](#)

[Chapter 231: Combining Four Treasures into One](#)

[Chapter 232: Werent You a Xiantian Third Order?!](#)

[Chapter 233: Back In Duanren Imperial City](#)  
[Chapter 234: Wounded My Xiaoer](#)  
[Chapter 235: Young Noble Huang!](#)  
[Chapter 236: Chen Tianqis Suspicion](#)  
[Chapter 237: Snow Wind Continents Number One Beauty](#)  
[Chapter 238: The Bedlam Lands](#)  
[Chapter 239: Ancient Puppetry Art](#)  
[Chapter 240: Trouble Really Came!](#)  
[Chapter 241: Under Brutal Siege](#)  
[Chapter 242: Formless Poison](#)  
[Chapter 243: Promoted to Holy Maiden](#)  
[Chapter 244: Breakthrough Xiantian Sixth Order!](#)  
[Chapter 245: Entering the Bedlam Lands](#)  
[Chapter 246: Shall We Entertain this Kid?](#)  
[Chapter 247: Not Willing?](#)  
[Chapter 248: Black Demon City](#)  
[Chapter 249: Ghost Shadow Sect](#)  
[Chapter 250: Controlling the Giant Puppets](#)  
[Chapter 251: An Impetuous, Death Seeking Slave!](#)  
[Chapter 252: Eye Of Hell](#)  
[Chapter 253: Geng Kens Doubt](#)  
[Chapter 254: Who Allowed You to Leave?](#)  
[Chapter 255: No Medicine for Regret](#)  
[Chapter 256: Chen Xiaotians Suspicion](#)  
[Chapter 257: Greeting the Young Lord!](#)  
[Chapter 258: Battling Chen Xiaotian](#)  
[Chapter 259: Taking Control of Sky Magi Sect](#)  
[Chapter 260: Death Gods Chain](#)  
[Chapter 261: Begin Swallowing the Blood Swallow School](#)  
[Chapter 262: Ally with Sky Magi Sect?](#)  
[Chapter 263: Chen Xiaotian's Too Presumptuous](#)  
[Chapter 264: Jiang Tianhua Paying A Visit](#)  
[Chapter 265: You Think This Is A Joke?](#)  
[Chapter 266: Eye of the Yellow Spring](#)  
[Chapter 267: Undying Devil Physique](#)  
[Chapter 268: Taking Over Blood Swallow School](#)  
[Chapter 269: Nosy](#)  
[Chapter 270: Young Lord!](#)  
[Chapter 271: Wheres the Young Sovereign?](#)



[Chapter 272: Annihilate the Sky Magi Sect!](#)  
[Chapter 273: Empty](#)  
[Chapter 274: Killing Hu Han](#)  
[Chapter 275: Unifying Black Demon City](#)  
[Chapter 276: City of Myriad Gods](#)  
[Chapter 277: Savage Sanguine Wasteland](#)  
[Chapter 278: Dont Dodge If Youve Got Guts](#)  
[Chapter 279: Remains From An Ancient God Tribe Master](#)  
[Chapter 280: Ghost Shadow Sect Patriarch](#)  
[Chapter 281: What Kind of Palm Power Is This?](#)  
[Chapter 282: Four Seas Mountain](#)  
[Chapter 283: Saber Imperial City](#)  
[Chapter 284: Poison Saint Sect](#)  
[Chapter 285: Great Demonic Yin Sound](#)  
[Chapter 286: Summoning the Giant Puppets](#)  
[Chapter 287: Godly Xumi Art Resurfaced!](#)  
[Chapter 288: Arriving in the City of Myriad Gods](#)  
[Chapter 289: The Ancient Herculean King](#)  
[Chapter 290: Meeting Yao Fei Again](#)  
[Chapter 291: Life Soul Grass](#)  
[Chapter 292: Our Young Lord Wants to See You!](#)  
[Chapter 293: So, It Was Like This](#)  
[Chapter 294: Back to Explore Broken Tiger Rift](#)  
[Chapter 295: Beneath the Rift](#)  
[Chapter 296: Fish of Natural Spiritual Energy](#)  
[Chapter 297: Tree of the Divine World](#)  
[Chapter 298: Refining the Spiritual Energy Fish](#)  
[Chapter 299: At the Bottom of the Cold Spring](#)  
[Chapter 300: Divine Grade Spirit Pellet](#)